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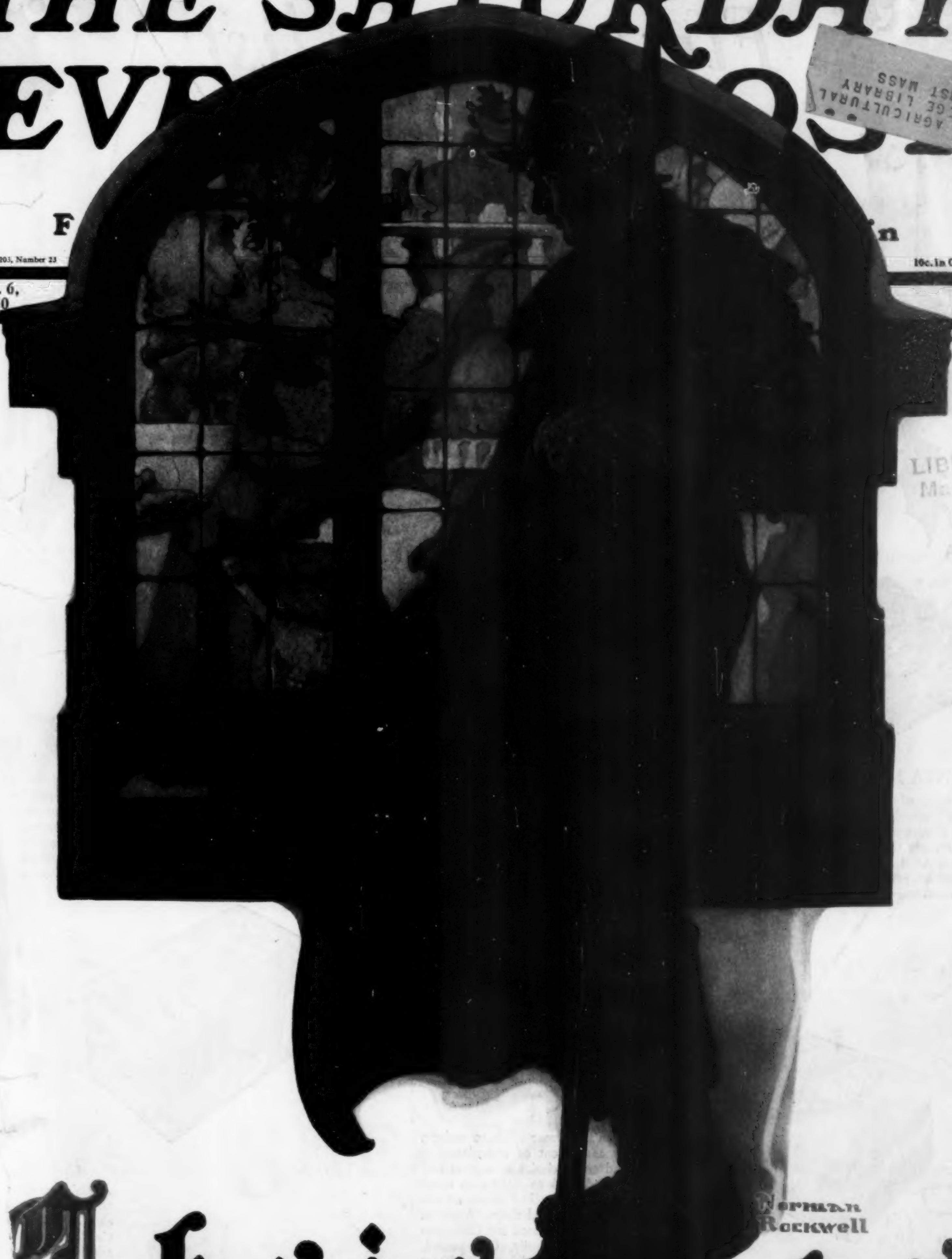

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Christmas

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First on the list

Whitman's CANDIES

Whitman's
Sampler

THE SAMPLER

Best known, best liked box of candy in all the world of sweets. A bit of holly and a gay ribbon, or a Christmas wrap, if you prefer, give this package the desired "giftie" touch. The gift dependable, desirable and always welcome. Made in 17 oz., two, three and five pound sizes, at $1.50 a pound.

SANTA MARIA

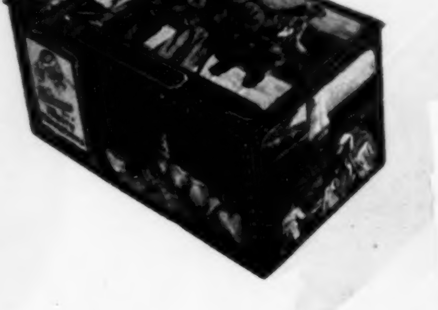
A voyage of discovery in candy delight with Columbus' flagship in full sail on the handsome metal cover. A special assortment that has long met popular favor. A delightful gift, sure of a hearty reception, prized both for the box and its contents—$4.

SALMAGUNDI

One of the most favored Whitman assortments of chocolates. In a metal box with one of the Parisian designs of Mucha. A gift of charm and art associations that lasts long after the chocolates are eaten. One pound and two pound boxes at $1.50 a pound.

PLEASURE ISLAND

Treasure from Trinidad, Caracas and points on the Spanish Main. Chocolates packed in a pitate chest that among other "loot" contains bags of bullion and chocolate Pieces of Eight.



PRESTIGE

Whitman's supreme effort to make a *de luxe* assortment of chocolates. A rare and costly choice of centers and lavish hand work to make each small piece notable. Packed in an artistic metal box of unusual shape. A gift in perfect taste, decorated for Christmas with ribbon and holly. One pound, two and three pound boxes at $2.00 a pound.

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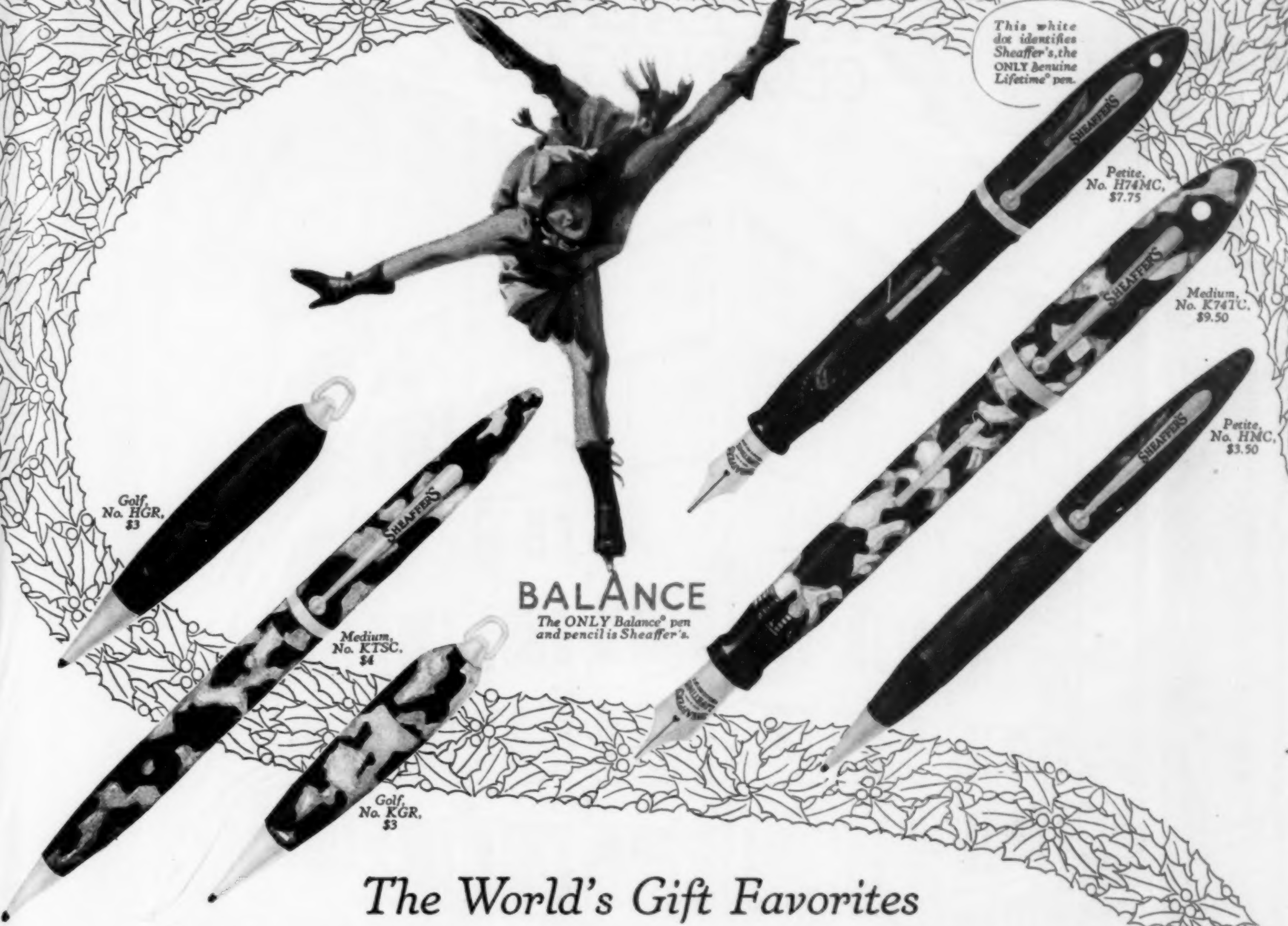
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Medium, No. K74TC, $9.50
Petite, No. HMC, $3.50
Golf, No. HGR, $3
Medium, No. KTSC, $4
Golf, No. KGR, $3
SHEAFFER'S
BALANCE
The ONLY Balance° pen and pencil is Sheaffer's.

The World's Gift Favorites

So many Christmas gifts are so soon worn out and forgotten. But not Sheaffer's Balance° Lifetime° pens. They are guaranteed to serve faithfully while their owner lives. And all that time they are living reminders of the giver, daily used and proudly worn. There are no others like these. Sheaffer alone makes Balance° Lifetime° pens. Internal Balance° gives them their flowing, streamlined contour, in key with modern design ideas, and Balance° also makes them cradle comfortably in the hand. Such beauty and utility have made these the vogue, and the world's gift favorites. Give Balance° Lifetimes°, singly or in noble Matched Ensembles, to commemorate a lasting Christmas sentiment!

4-piece Matched Lifetime° Ensembles $13 to $200. Others lower.

Matched writing equipment is the vogue.

6-piece Matched Ensemble. No. WQ16, $40. Others higher and lower.

Matched writing equipment is the vogue.

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The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All fountain pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De Luxe, $10; Ladies', $9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, $7 up. Pencils, $5 and lower.

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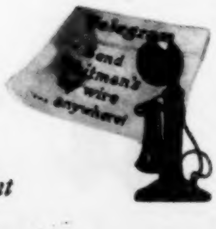

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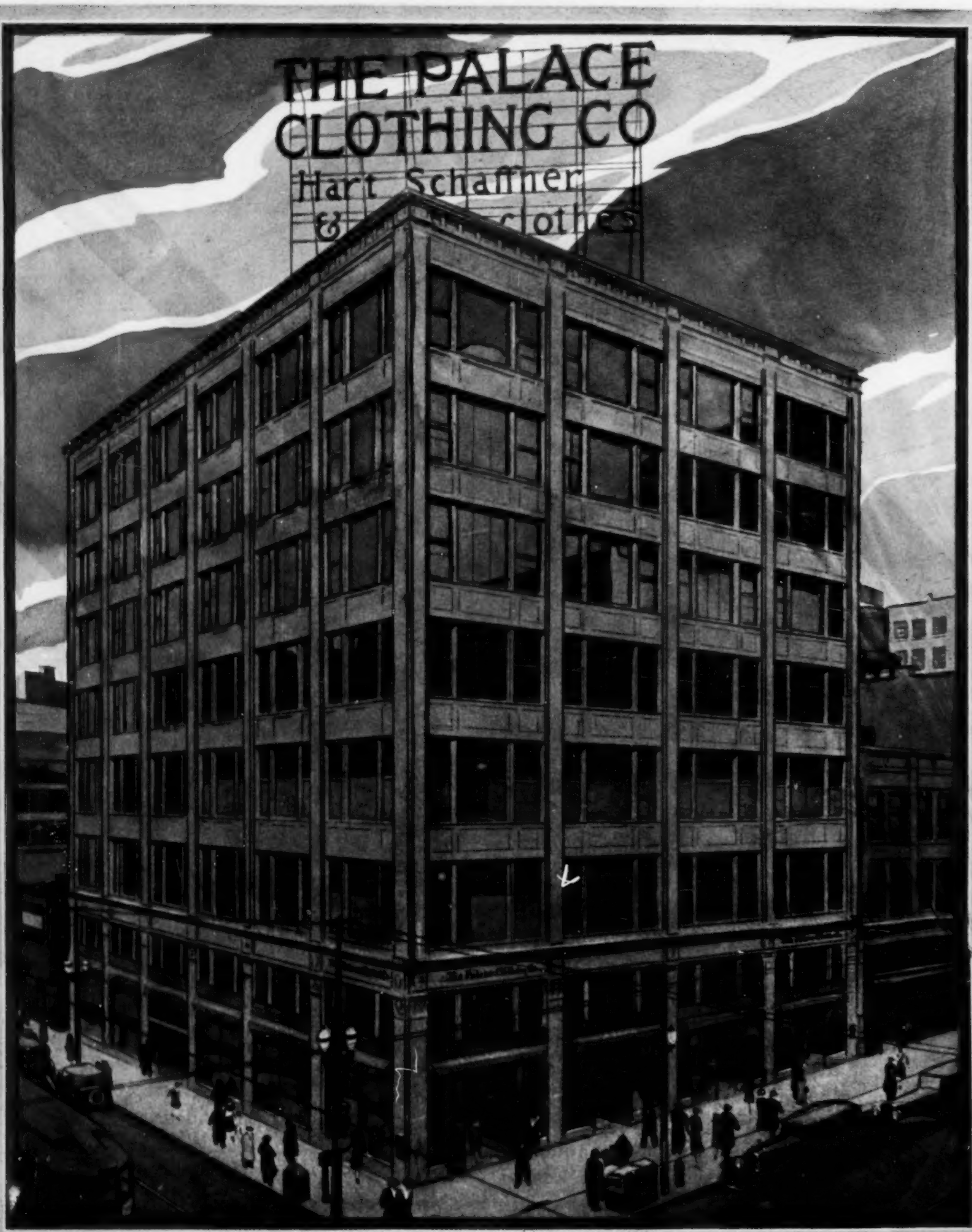

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The Secretary to the President

By EVERETT SANDERS

IN A MONARCHY the ruler of the country is supposed to have everything at his command. In this republic he has also. If the President of the United States wants to talk to a Cabinet member, a senator, a congressman, a captain of industry, a president of a university, he has only to say so.

President Coolidge called in from the country the great men of the times and had the advantage of their counsel. No matter whom he wanted, that person was invited to come, and considered it a command. It was usually a very pleasant command to obey. Almost everyone has a natural pride in being sent for by the Chief Executive of his country. The conferences with this daily stream of callers are not matters of record.

The President

There is an unwritten rule that those conferring with a President shall not discuss the subject matter of the conversation. But there was brought to him the best thought of America, which helped to furnish the groundwork for many of the important decisions he reached.

Watching the President's time and keeping his engagements was not a simple matter. For instance, when Chief Justice Taft called on the President, sometimes with an appointment and sometimes without, it was always an event. I never wanted to keep him waiting. He was a rather frequent caller.

One day I had to keep the Chief Justice waiting. He came in without an appointment, and I asked him to take a seat and said apologetically:

"Mr. Chief Justice, I am sorry I shall have to keep you waiting a moment; a senator has just gone in to see the President, and I dislike to hurry him out. Yesterday that senator announced that he was a candidate for President of the United States, and he might think we were showing too much preference as between ex-Presidents and prospective Presidents." I then said: "I rather think the senator is merely a favorite-son candidate."

Candidate Psychology

THE Chief Justice chuckled in his favorite way, and then said: "Mr. Secretary, this idea of a favorite-son candidate exists only in the minds of the voters of the particular state, and never in the mind of the candidate. If any man has a promise of the support of a single delegate to a national convention for his candidacy for President, he immediately thinks he has a leasehold interest in the White House."

One time Mr. Taft was near the close of his summer vacation in Canada, and President Coolidge sent a telegram to him, asking when he would return and saying he wanted to see him. He received no reply. After two days I instituted a vigorous inquiry through the telegraph office and found that the failure to deliver the telegram had been due to the neglect and indifference of an agent. The report from the telegraph office assured me that the agent had been discharged. I am always sorry to learn of anybody's losing his position on my account, but a telegram from the President of the United States to a former President, then the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a poor subject for indifference.

With those who were really entitled to see the President, there was rarely any embarrassment. They were usually the most deferential. The public generally knows that a President cannot see all comers. If those desiring to see him were not known to the President or his office, they usually came armed with credentials, appropriate letters of introduction, or with an appointment. If a stranger came without this indicia, he usually was not entitled to see the President. The man who really ought to see the President, but who thought his right would be recognized without proof or who was too modest to get an appropriate introduction, presented a real case for character study and diplomacy.

Sifting the Callers

WHEN the secretary to the President is asked to arrange an audience with the President for someone, there are responsibilities connected with his decision. There are some things that should not even be discussed with the President of the United States. Everyone does not understand that. There are some things that should not be told the President of the United States, even though he merely listens. The silence of a President during a conversation may be misconstrued. Everyone does not understand that.

The man who was almost entitled to see the President, but not quite, and yet was insistent upon doing so, gave me trouble. If time permitted we usually resolved the doubt against the President and in favor of the caller. I am afraid this was the wrong principle and merely following the line of least resistance.

The President rarely knew who was on the list until he saw the day's schedule. Engagements at the White House as distinguished from the office were directed by the President. Visitors were at the White House practically all the time. If someone had asked for an appointment whom we thought the President and Mrs. Coolidge might desire to have as guests at the White House, the President would be informed

PHOTOS. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Secretary

of their coming. But the invitation to the White House was on their own initiative. That was their home and was not to be confused with the President's office.

When over all other hurdles we still had to consider the President's time. The most important thing for the President was to have leisure of mind to solve the many daily problems, and frequently persons who were otherwise entitled to a conference were denied it because of lack of time.

The office of the secretary to the President is frequently considered important because of the constant confidential counsel he can give the President. The real service which he renders to his chief is in understanding the relative importance of the matters that are to be presented to him. The knowledge of most of the service of a secretary is kept from his chief. I mean by that that if even in a slight way he acquaints him with the problems that are kept away from him, that service is of little avail.

Anything I could do to save President Coolidge a half hour's otherwise wasted time during a day was worth more than all the advice and counsel I could offer. If he had the time to consult with the Cabinet members and others who had information about the multitude of things requiring action, the orderly dispatch of government business could go on.

Planning the Lindbergh Ovation

MUCH of the President's time was necessarily devoted to the incidents of the office, many of them of considerable magnitude. It may not seem so, but it is really important that a President have Cabinet dinners, diplomatic dinners, judicial dinners and congressional dinners. It is necessary that he receive newly appointed foreign diplomats and make an appropriate formal speech on such occasions and perform the part required of him in similar instances.

One incident almost swallowed up all official duties for a day or two, and that was the return of Colonel Lindbergh after his dramatic flight to France. Nothing before or since that flight has so captivated the imagination of the American people or created so much excitement in Washington. At first it was proposed that he be brought back from France on a destroyer. As the importance of the event grew on us, a newspaperman who was very friendly to the President came to me and said it was a great mistake to bring the hero home on a destroyer. He pointed out that it was a most uncomfortable voyage to be tossed about on this light craft for several days, and it was small and unimposing and was not in keeping with the importance of the flight.

I discussed it with the President, and Colonel Lindbergh was brought home on a battle cruiser. As the Memphis steamed up the Potomac on its arrival, greeted and escorted by his comrades of the air, we all realized what a great mistake it would have been for Colonel Lindbergh to have been brought back on a destroyer.

Everyone knows of this great national ovation. There was nothing like it before or since. The President and Mrs. Coolidge had invited the colonel's mother to be a White House guest and had sent the military aide to Baltimore for her the afternoon before. She had stopped there to escape publicity.

The President had a beautiful, brand-new touring car. When we arranged for meeting Lindbergh and bringing him to the Washington Monument grounds and thence to the White House, the President of the United States gave up his new car and rode in an old one that had been turned in. It was Lindbergh's day.

President Coolidge's speech that day was one of the finest he ever delivered. He never tried to be eloquent, but that brief speech was eloquent in composition and in delivery.

One close to the White House never thinks of an occasion like that without thinking also of the mechanics of the arrangements. The President had prepared the speech, as he frequently did, but had intrusted the biographical data to someone in the office. His printed copy of the speech was laid on my desk on the afternoon of the day before it was to be delivered. Printed press copies had gone to the correspondents.

The representative of one of the press associations came into my office and said there was a dispute about the statement in the copy of the speech that Colonel Lindbergh was a native of Minnesota. He said Detroit, Michigan, claimed the honor of being his birthplace. I was nonplused for a moment, although I personally had not had the responsibility of getting the biographical data.

It then occurred to me that Mrs. Lindbergh was a guest of President and Mrs. Coolidge at the Du Pont Circle home temporarily used while the White House was under repair. I called Ike Hoover, head usher, by telephone, and told him to ask Mrs. Lindbergh where her son, Charles, was born, and the answer came back: "Detroit."

I then asked Ike to put the President on the wire, and told him of the error, and he said:

"Are you sure you are right?"

"I have it on the highest authority—from Mrs. Lindbergh." The correction was promptly made.

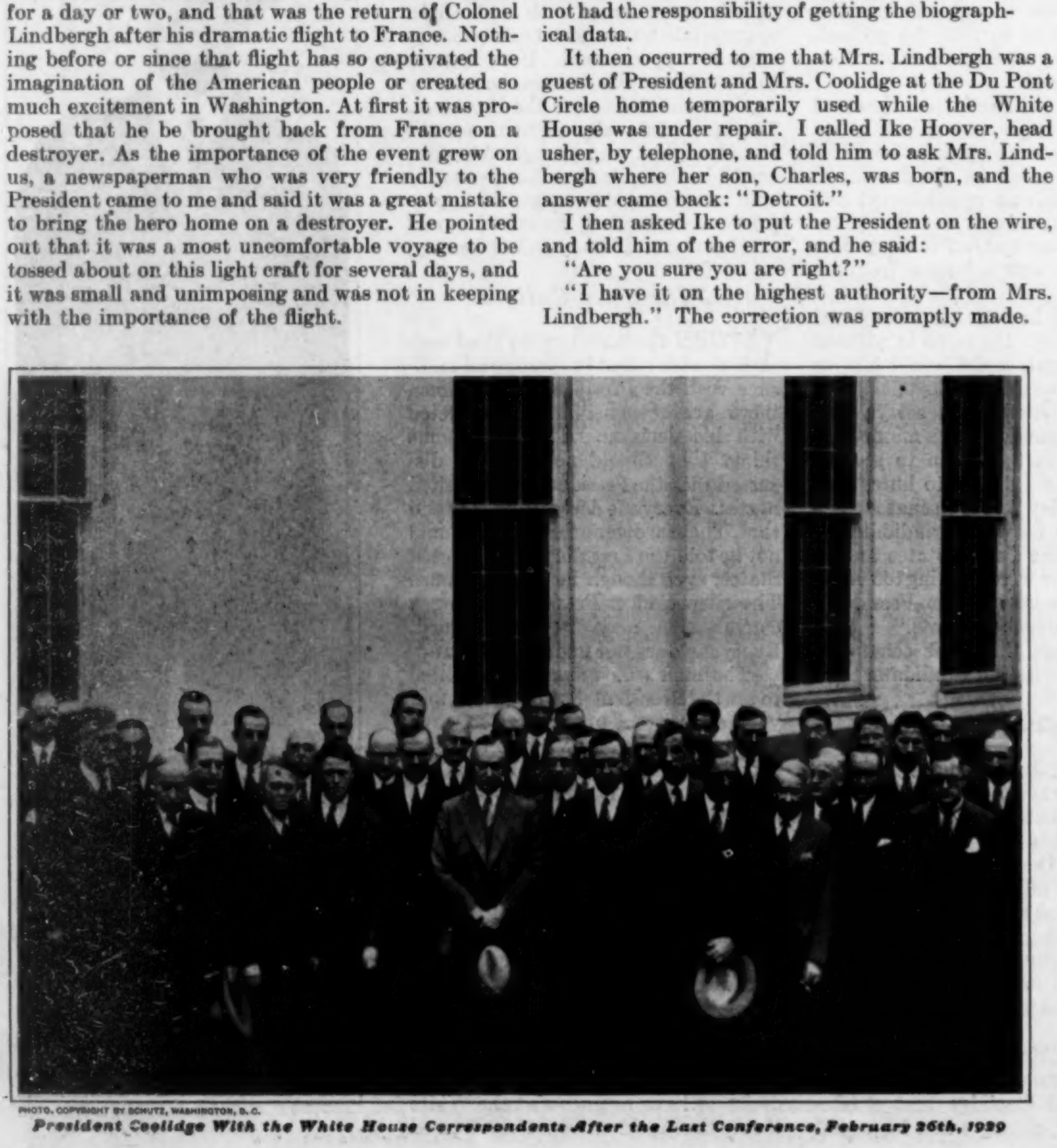
PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY SCHUTZ, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Coolidge With the White House Correspondents After the Last Conference, February 26th, 1929

Chief Executive and Mrs. Coolidge Arriving in the
The Group Includes Secretary of Commerce Hoover,
to the President, Mrs. Coolidge, Senator Butler,

That night the President gave a dinner, which all his Cabinet and Mrs. Sanders and I attended. Colonel Lindbergh was the honor guest, sitting on the right of Mrs. Coolidge, and his mother was the only other guest. A multitude of people gathered in Du Pont Circle before the temporary White House and cheered and cheered until the President and the colonel stepped out so they might get a glimpse of their new hero.

Another incident of presidential officeholding is to make journeys to various parts of the country. When the President traveled, the atmosphere of the White House moved with him. On a week-end trip in May, 1926, we were on the President's yacht down the Potomac River. But the Mayflower had a wireless and from the White House through the Navy wireless a message came that Commander, now Admiral, Byrd had flown over the North Pole. The message was handed to me as we all sat in the dining salon around the table. I glanced at the message, showed it to the President and asked permission to read it aloud. The guests around the table were all delighted.

When Great Deeds are Done

THE President penciled a message of congratulations, handed it to me and I sent for the wireless operator. Within fifteen minutes from the time this important message came from Byrd, congratulations were being broadcast to the intrepid commander.

Another time the President had journeyed to William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Virginia, and after his speech, was seated at a banquet table with three hundred guests. A Secret Service man handed me a telegram stating that Amundsen and Ellsworth had crossed the North Pole in the Norge.

I walked around to his seat, showed him the message, and he said:

"Send my congratulations," and in a few moments a message of felicitations went over the wire to these conquerors of the air.

Sometimes additional difficulties were encountered. For instance, when Byrd and his comrades were reported as hovering over Paris, the President was at the Summer White House in the Black Hills. A congratulatory message was worked out with him

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National Capital After a Vacation in New England. President Coolidge, Mrs. Sanders, Wife of the Secretary Secretary of State Kellogg and Secretary Sanders

over the telephone. The message as worded emphasized the safe landing of the plane. It was turned over to the newspapermen for release when Byrd landed. The first supposedly authentic reports said he had landed. Subsequently more accurate reports said he had alighted in the water and the crew swam ashore. It was a commendable feat, but, nevertheless, the message was all wrong, and I stayed up till two or three o'clock in the morning making sure that the press associations got a corrected message which did not lay so much stress on the landing.

It is a cumbersome performance for the President and his entourage to move about. On short trips both the President's military and naval aides attended him. On long trips or summer vacations there was usually but one aide. Frequently his personal stenographer was included. In addition he was accompanied by a number of newspaper correspondents and cameramen. Though they paid their own way, the White House made the arrangements for them. I usually went with President Coolidge. My office made the train arrangements.

The President on Vacation

IT WAS not a very paying railroad haul to move the presidential party, yet there was great rivalry on the part of the roads to get the business. Everybody likes to serve the President. Besides, the incidental publicity which came to the road by reason of the President's trip, I suppose, made it worth while. Crowds, sometimes very large, came to every station where the train made the short stops.

It was the occasion for many extra precautions. The switches were spiked to prevent accident. Extra engines were stationed along the route all ready for use if the engine played out. A pilot engine ran a short distance ahead, on the lookout for trouble. It was important to run just on schedule, neither behind nor ahead. Only one time do I remember our being delayed. A freight car had got off the track and we were held up an hour and a half. The next day the President received an apologetic letter of explanation from the president of the road.

Other detailed arrangements for the trips were frequently made by the Secret Service, and if not made by it, the plans had its approval. The Secret Service is not directly under the secretary to the President. This service, under a law passed a century ago, was organized by the Treasury Department to prevent and detect counterfeiting. Following the assassination of President McKinley, an amendment was passed making it the duty of the Secret Service to guard the President and his family. It still continues under the Treasury Department.

In addition to looking after the President's safety, it also does a great deal to keep him from inconvenience and annoyance. Generally speaking, people do not want either to inconvenience or annoy a President. Yet not infrequently someone would try to hold up a whole line in a noonday reception to get the President to write his name in an autograph book or to autograph a picture. Sometimes the amateur or even the professional photographer was too persistent in getting a photograph at close range. The ever-present Secret Service men handled the situation diplomatically, and usually without offense to the person interfering. In many other ways they smoothed the path. They are in plain clothes and a stranger does not know they are members of the Secret Service guarding the President.

Without publicity they go on their way performing their responsible duty. Neither the public nor any President will ever know of the great service they render. To write in detail of their work might hamper them in its performance.

President Coolidge adopted the plan of not using a special train or a special car. Many jokes were made about the danger of falling out of the upper berth when this innovation came. In reality the plan he substituted was quite dignified as well as quite comfortable. This was to have the railroad run a separate section of some regular train. With the President's retinue and others, there was always a fair trainload. It was, in effect, a special, but cost the Government much less. Of course, a special car with chef, and meals served in the President's car, would have saved the President's family from eating in the dining car. But he did not mind this, and he had ample accommodations for himself and members of his family in the last car, which was usually a combination compartment and observation car. No one except his family, his physician, aides and guests was in there.

When the President was on his vacation—a boat trip or otherwise—he was never allowed to forget that he was President of the United States. In 1925 we went on the Mayflower from Swampscott to the Charlestown Navy Yard to visit Old Ironsides. We drew alongside. The President started to leave the Mayflower and cross on a gangplank. We came to attention.

As President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Navy, when he started to disembark everyone came to attention and the Mayflower band played The Star-Spangled Banner. He then walked twenty feet across the plank and started to board Old Ironsides. Because of naval regulations everyone came to attention and the navy-yard band on the historic ship played the same strains.

We spent twenty minutes on an inspection tour, and as we started to leave we came to attention and the navy-yard band again played the patriotic anthem. Ten seconds later we had crossed the plank and were boarding the Mayflower, where we stood at attention and heard the same anthem played for the fourth time—this time by the Mayflower band.

Calvin Coolidge was merely sight-seeing as any other citizen might be, but he happened to be the President of the United States and, therefore, for official purposes he was inspecting a naval vessel.

The Burden of Speech Making

FOR one of those who stood at attention it was very good training. He was the Secretary of Commerce. Later he was destined to stand at attention when The Star-Spangled Banner would be played for Herbert Hoover, President of the United States.

President Coolidge made about twenty set speeches each year of the four I was with him, and he declined a thousand other invitations. The preparation and delivery of public speeches easily consumed one-quarter of his time and energies. Though this may not at all times have been performing a strictly official duty, it was most useful. I thought the number should have been considerably reduced, but making speeches in different parts of the country was helpful. It kept the President more closely in touch with the people. By formulating and expressing his policies in this way his own vision became clearer. The newspaper comment upon what he said gave him the benefit of criticism and commendation.

When President and Mrs. Coolidge went to Cuba they traveled by train to Key West, there boarded a battle cruiser, and soon were transferred to the battleship Texas, which landed them in Havana Harbor. This marked the only occasion of his leaving the country while he was President. The occasion was the Pan-American Conference, which the President was to open. Accompanying the President was

(Continued on Page 106)

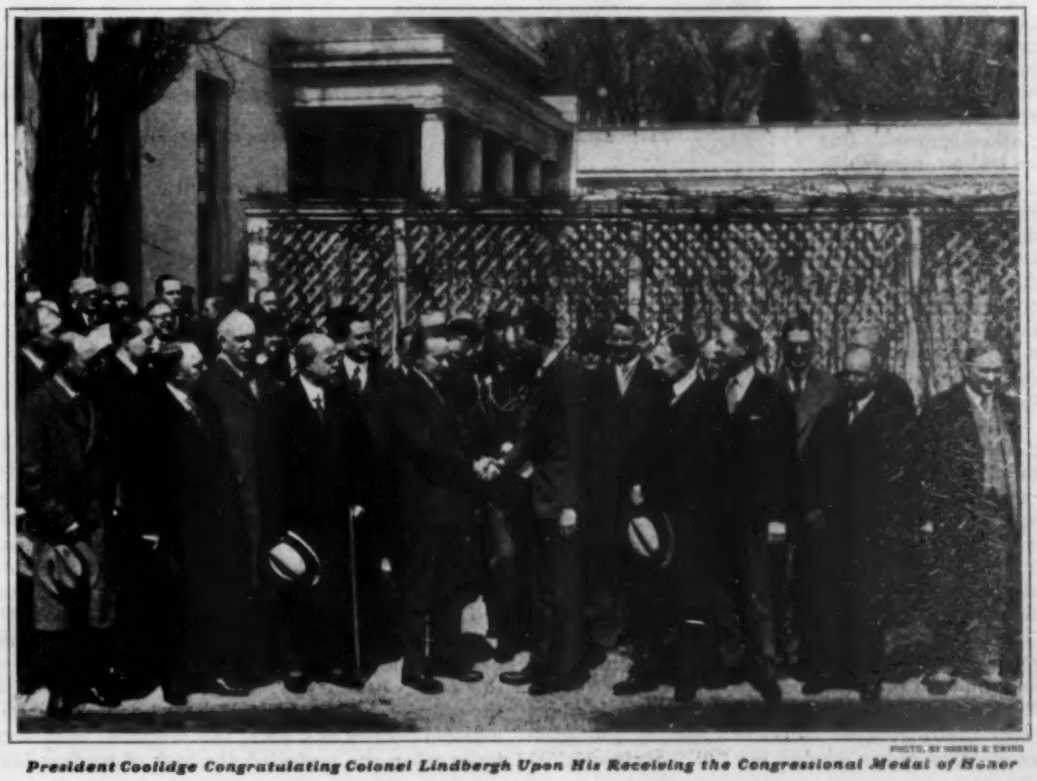


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING

President Coolidge Congratulating Colonel Lindbergh Upon His Receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor

A Perfectly Beautiful Time

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

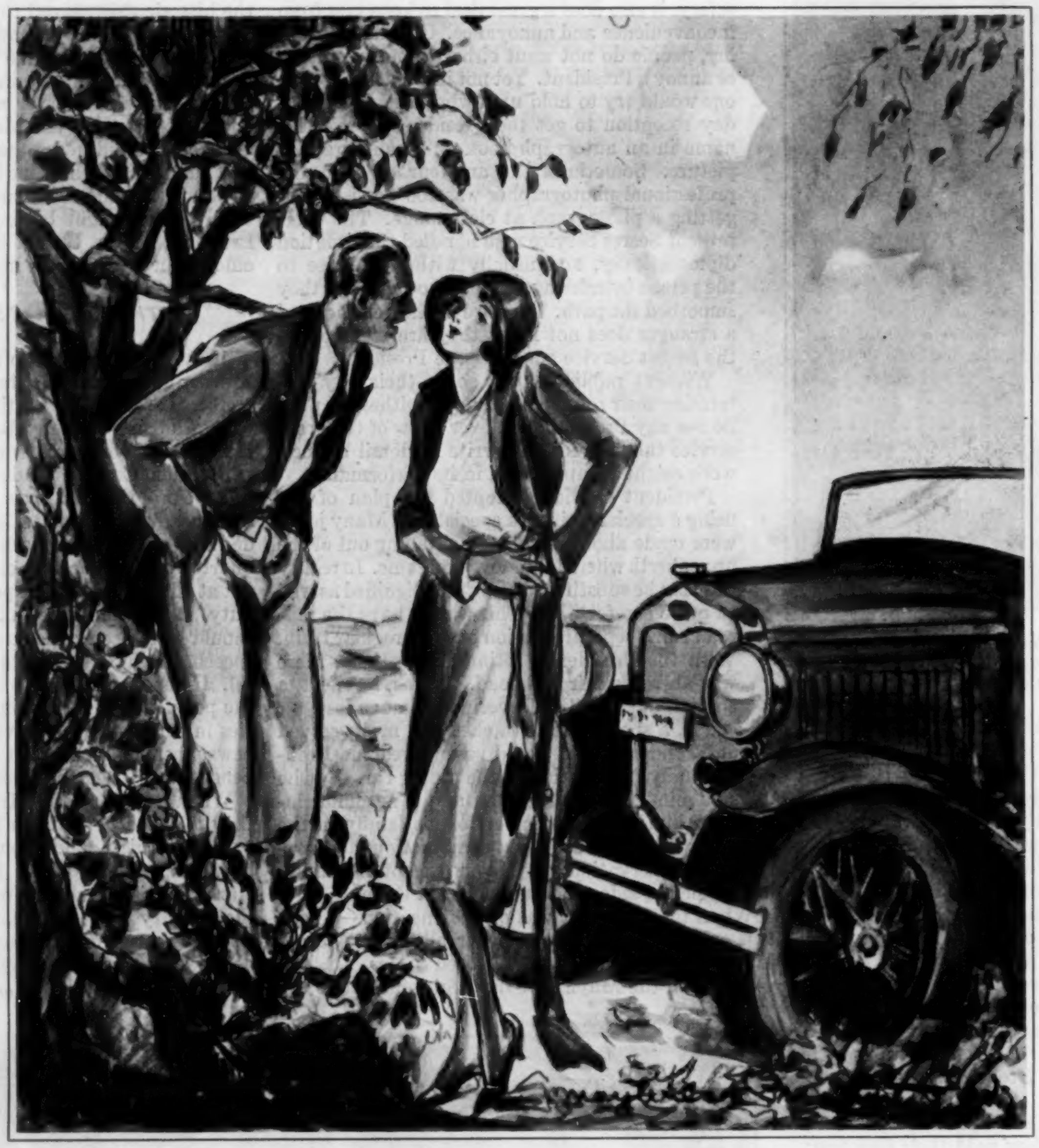
HENRY C. CODRINGTON, JR., was in the mood when the possession of one of the half dozen great fortunes in the world seemed no burden at all, but only a privilege and a power. He rose from behind the great walnût table which had once belonged to the Medicis and smiled at the three secretaries who had been helping him to run through sheaves of newspaper clippings.

"It has gone over," he said.

The three secretaries agreed in chorus that it had.

Mr. Codrington went to find Mrs. Codrington, and to urge Jane to drive in to New York with them to the luncheon of the board. He felt that somehow or other he had lost touch with Jane in the years since she had become much too grown up to sit on his knee and give artless answers to his questions. He no longer knew all that was going on in Jane's mind. But he smiled at the thought of Jane. Why worry about a daughter who was so handsome and so well brought up?

Mr. Codrington had announced, earlier in the week, his gift of twenty-five million dollars to create the Codrington Foundation for the Study of Family Life, and he was gratified and pleased by the newspaper reaction. He was not one of those men who expect excessive recognition for their philanthropies. But he had an intense distaste for appearing a fool. The foundation was a project of his own, and not something to which his advisers had sold him. He had hesitated about carrying out his plan only because he was afraid the great American public would not understand or appreciate the importance of studying family life, and discovering, if possible, what might be done to restore it in a day when so many millions of young people lived in two rooms and a bath and had no place to put so much as one baby.



"Yes," Eddie Talbot Said, "I Can. And I Like Your Eyes, if That's What You Want to Know"

Mr. Codrington had labored for weeks with his public-relations counsel, and dozens of assistant public-relations counsels, and one old and cynical newspaperman, to present the foundation in such a way that people would take it seriously. They had written and rewritten the statement for the press. They had expanded it to a volume and cut it to a single page and reëxpanded it to fill three columns in the New York Times. There was no longer any doubt that they had done a good job. The newspapers had appreciated the fact that the family is an economic problem, a moral problem and a psychological problem. They agreed that the foundation was worth while.

Mr. Codrington found his wife in a sunny, glassed-in veranda, tending a window box full of geraniums. It was a fine, bright, October noontime, warm as midsummer, but the first killing frosts were due. Mrs. Codrington was preparing for them, as scores of gardeners throughout the length and breadth of Sherwood Forest were preparing for them—bringing tender plants into hothouses, bringing hardier plants into cold houses, and mulching still hardier plants in the beds and borders.

"Where is Jane?" he asked.

Mrs. Codrington nodded toward the gardens. "Out there," she said.

Jane was sitting on a bench at the far end of a wide green panel of lawn and reading a newspaper. Mr. Codrington walked down the lawn. Jane was so absorbed in the newspaper that she did not note his approach. Her father was pleased to observe that the newspaper was the Paris Temps and that beside her on the bench were copies of the London Times, the Manchester Guardian, and the Berlin Tageblatt. He had given Jane the education of an international banker. She had learned to read between the lines of the world's newspapers. But there were times when she did not seem to be as much interested in international politics as she was this morning; there were times when she neglected the task of reading four foreign newspapers, two American newspapers, and the digests her father's secretaries prepared of the news in the leading papers of Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, India, China and Japan, in favor of trivial journals. Mr. Codrington had known his daughter to laugh aloud over an audacity in the New Yorker that pained him.

"Jane," he said, "would you like to go to the luncheon of the board with your mother and me?"

Jane lifted long lashes and smiled at him. He was struck, as he had been so often of late, by the reflection that she was no longer a child. Her skin still had the marvelous clearness and freshness of youth. But she wasn't a little girl. She was twenty-three years old, and handsome. Mr. Codrington was suddenly self-conscious. He was suddenly aware that he was middle-aged—a short, tubby man who was probably, from the point of view of the very young, rather solemn, even stuffy. He was asking this young, lovely and eager creature to go with him to a meeting of other middle-aged and rather solemn and even stuffy people to discuss what college president was best fitted to take charge of the Foundation for the Study of Family Life. The fact that she was his daughter did not help him to feel that he could make the afternoon interesting to her.

"I'll go if you like, father," she said. "But I thought I would run through the papers—I'm a little behind with them—and then take a walk through the forest. It's such a glorious day."

"To be sure," Mr. Codrington said hastily. "You're quite right. I wish I were going with you."

He said he wished he were going with her. But he did not really wish he were going with her. If he had been going with her he would have been afraid he would bore her. He went back to the house. The car was waiting.

"You know, my dear," he said to his wife, as they passed through the great stone gates of Sherwood Forest and swung into the Albany Post Road, "I sometimes wonder if Jane is quite happy."

"Of course she isn't," Mrs. Codrington said. "No girl is quite happy unless she's in love or surrounded by young men. Jane's had very little attention so far."

"That's true," Mr. Codrington admitted. "She doesn't seem to be much interested in the young men she knows."

"She doesn't know many."

"No, she doesn't. But those she does know have been well selected."

Mrs. Codrington refrained from saying that they were a little too well selected. "Jane doesn't find them interesting," she said. She added, with manifest irrelevance: "I shall feel much safer about her when she's married."

"Safer!" Mr. Codrington ejaculated.

"Yes," his wife said. "As long as Jane isn't married to the right man there is always a danger that she'll fall in love with the wrong man."

"But Jane wouldn't. In the first place, she has no chance to meet the wrong sort of young man. And in the second place, she wouldn't fall in love with him if she did. She's too well brought up and too well educated. The ordinary sort of young man would bore her. He wouldn't have the intellectual background."

"No," Mrs. Codrington said, "he wouldn't have the intellectual background. But suppose she did fall in love with some very ordinary young man."

"Some man she couldn't possibly be happy with?" Mr. Codrington asked. "I'd stop it. If I couldn't scare the man off, I'd have him given a chance of a lifetime in Kamchatka."

II

JANE CODRINGTON laid down the Temps and walked idly down a garden path, pausing now and again to look at this and that. After a hundred yards she saw that she was out of sight of the house. She ceased to idle. She struck into the woods at a great pace. After a quarter of a mile she came to the high stone wall that extends for miles and miles, completely inclosing the Codrington estate. A beech tree stood close beside the wall.

Jane shinned up the beech tree and, being careful to avoid touching the top of the wall, which was ingeniously electrified so that a slight pressure on it rang alarms where alarms would be heeded, climbed out on a limb that overhung the wall. She stood on the limb and looked up and down the lane. She could just see the chimney of one of the gate lodges. There was no one in sight. Jane walked out on the limb as far as she dared. It was not easy to get down on her hands and knees and swing herself under the limb so that she hung by her hands, but she did it. She hung until the limb ceased to sway, and dropped the four or five feet to the ground. She ran across the lane and into the woodland opposite Sherwood Forest. After ten minutes she emerged on a quiet suburban street. A somewhat battered roadster stood beside the curb. A young man in the roadster saw Jane and jumped out and smiled happily.

"Hello, Mary," he said.

Jane Codrington did an odd thing. On the only other occasion when she had met the young man she had guessed that if he knew she was Jane Codrington she would not see him again. People were, she had observed, appalled by the immensity of the Codrington fortune. She had told Eddie Talbot that her name was Mary Farnham and that she was Mrs. Codrington's secretary. He had called her Miss Farnham that other time. Now he called her Mary. Jane thought that meant he liked her, and she wanted him to like her.

"Hello, Eddie," she said.

Eddie handed her into the roadster and sat down beside her.

"I was afraid you didn't mean it," he said. "But you did." He pressed the starter. "How long can you stay?"

"An hour," Jane said.

"An hour!" Eddie said. "An hour! I thought you said the boss was going to New York today."

"She did," Jane said. "But I've got work to do just the same."

"You don't really mean an hour," Eddie said. "Because I've found quite a decent place ten miles down the road where we can have lunch. But you can't eat lunch in an hour."

"I can," Jane said.

"You know what I mean," Eddie said. "Couldn't you take two hours?"

Jane calculated rapidly. It was about half-past twelve. O'Brien and Burke wouldn't know she had escaped until after lunch, and at first they would be sure she was somewhere about the place. By the time they began to worry it would be half-past two, perhaps later.

"All right," Jane said, "let's go."

"That's the girl," Eddie Talbot said.

"Only," Jane said as the little old roadster gathered speed, "isn't there some back way to get there—I mean, why go down the Post Road?"

"I guess there's a back road," he said, and turned the next corner. "We'll see. But I think it's a bit snooty of you to avoid being seen with me. I'm perfectly respectable."

"It isn't that," Jane said. "It's—well, you don't know the Codrington family."

"No," Eddie said, "fortunately for me I don't. But they have their human side, haven't they? They know that girls have dates to go to lunch, don't they?"

"Sometimes I wonder if they do."

Eddie smiled. "Then let's educate them; let's teach them what life is like."

Jane smiled back at him. The thought had its alluring side. "The trouble is," she said, "that I'd have to tell Mrs. Codrington who you were and where you came from and what you did."

"Why not tell her? Tell her that I was born of respectable parents in Council Bluffs, and that I went to Iowa State for four years, and that so far I've never been in jail and that I've got a perfectly good job with the Morehouse people in New York, and that you're sure I'm the kind of young man your mother wouldn't object to."

"But they'd want to know more than that; they really would."

"For instance?"

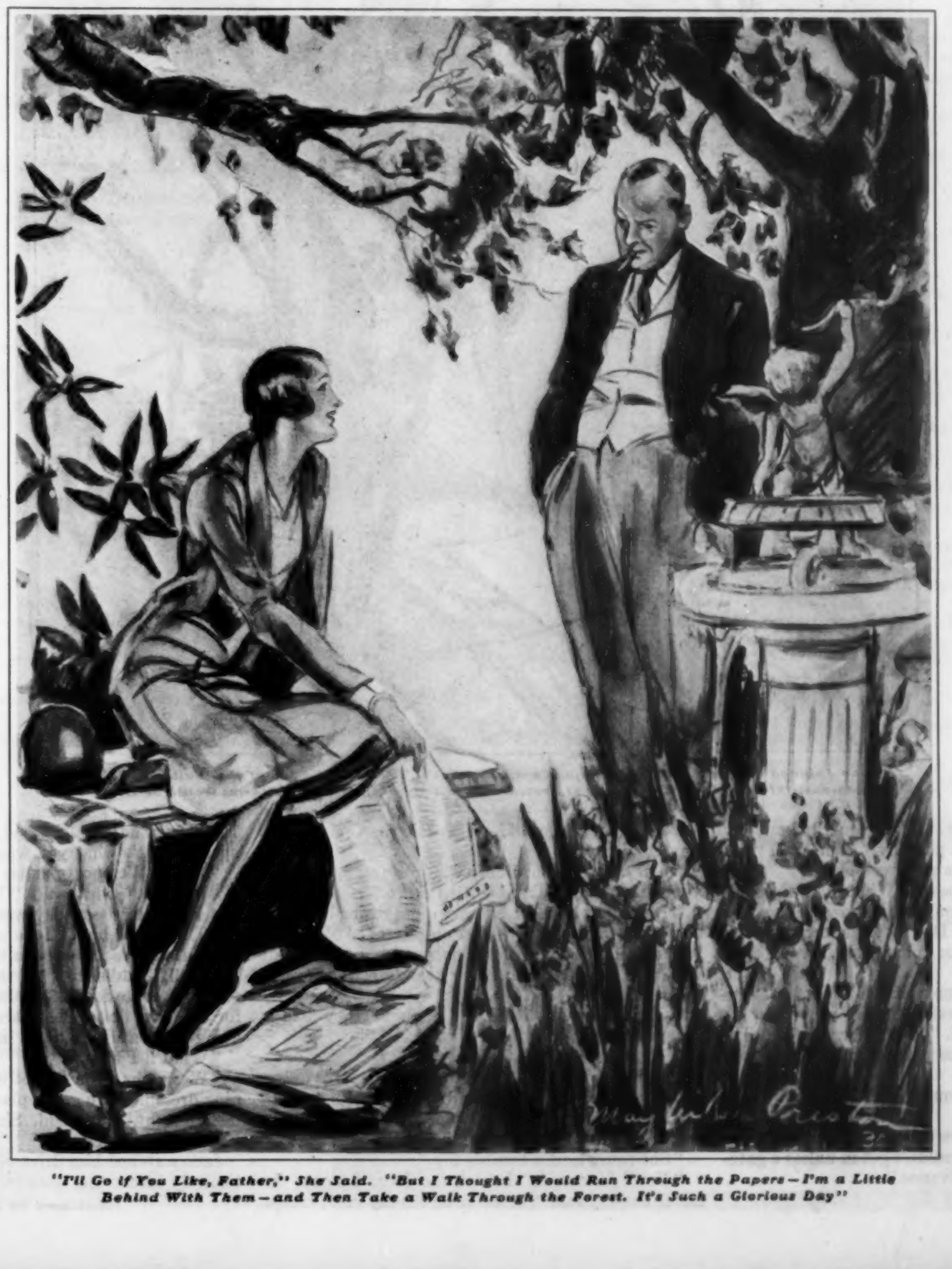
"Where I met you. I can't tell Mrs. Codrington that you picked me up in a drug store. She wouldn't understand it very well. And Mr. Codrington wouldn't understand it at all."

"They ought to know that such things happen."

"I don't believe they do know it," Jane said.

Eddie drew up in front of a road house. Jane had never been in a road house before. She was intensely curious about it, and secretly disappointed to discover that it was not conspicuously different from restaurants she had been in, except that the dining room was practically empty.

When the head waiter had given them a table in a



"I'll Go if You Like, Father," She Said. "But I Thought I Would Run Through the Papers—I'm a Little Behind With Them—and Then Take a Walk Through the Forest. It's Such a Glorious Day"

corner and gone off with their order, Eddie smiled across at her. Jane thought he had the nicest smile she had ever seen.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it's the first time I ever did pick up a girl and wasn't sorry three minutes after. What happens is that you see an awfully pretty girl and something tells you she wouldn't be offended if you spoke to her, and then you discover she can't speak English—you know what I mean—there's nothing to talk to her about, you have nothing in common, and you don't know how to get rid of her without being rude. It's disillusioning. It's so disillusioning that I got cured of trying it a long time ago. That is, I was cured of it until I saw you."

"Did I do something that made you think I wouldn't be offended if you spoke to me?" Jane asked.

"No," Eddie said. "I caught your eye once, and you looked right through me and I knew it wasn't any use. But when I saw you go over to that case of books in the drug store, I thought I could look over the books too. And standing beside you, I had to do something about it. I thought: 'If this girl were homely or ten years older than I am, I could say something about a book and she would probably reply, and in any case, she wouldn't be frightened or anything.' And then I took a long breath and spoke."

"But," Jane said, "I did do something."

Eddie Talbot shook his head. "If you did, I don't know what it was."

"I walked over and looked at the books, in the first place, just so you could speak to me, if you wanted to."

"Gee," Eddie said, "it's good of you to tell me that." His look was openly admiring. "Listen," he continued, "would you go to a party in Westport with me Saturday night?"

"Oh," Jane said, "I'm afraid I couldn't."

"It would all be perfectly regular," Eddie said. "The Winklers live there—Bill and Emily Winkler—and I know them well enough to ask them to ask you over for a week-end. You'd like them and they'd like you. I'll have Emily Winkler write you. I don't see any reason why you couldn't tell Mrs. Codrington all about it."

"I'm afraid I couldn't possibly," Jane said. "She doesn't expect me to be away week-ends."

"Good Lord!" Eddie said. "What kind of people are the Codringtons? Don't they know you have to have a life of your own? Don't they know you can't work for them twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week?"

"Yes, of course they know that. But I'm not supposed to take a whole week-end off."

"All right," Eddie said. "I'll call for you Saturday night and we'll go to the party and I'll drive you back after the dance."

"At four o'clock in the morning? The Codringtons would be horrified."

"Do they need to know how late you're out?"

"Yes," Jane said; "I couldn't get in unless a gatekeeper was notified in advance."

"Notify one."

"But you don't understand," Jane said. "He has to make a report every morning of who goes in and who goes out."

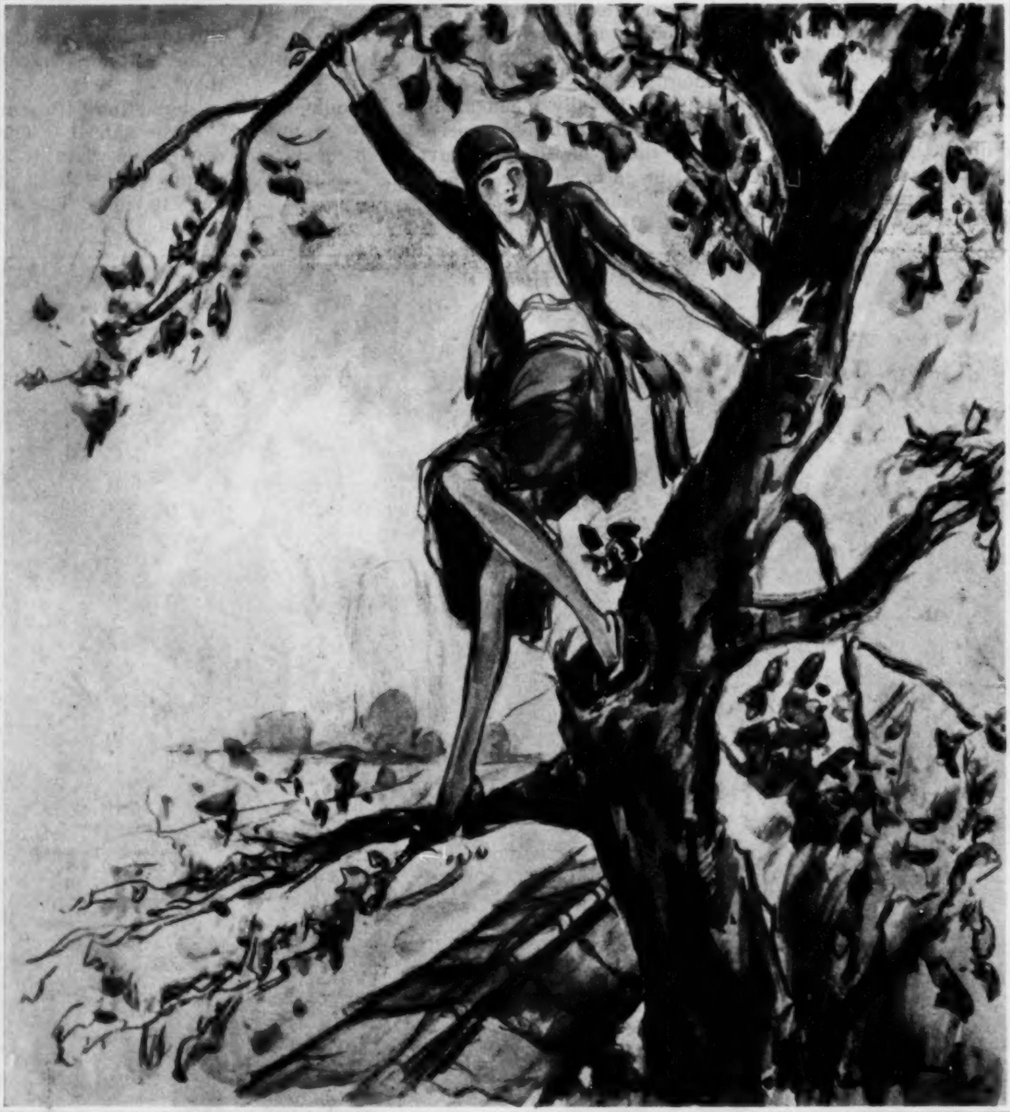
"How many gatekeepers are there?"

"Six—six gates, six gate lodges and six gatekeepers."

"And there isn't one of the six who'd forget to make a report?"

"Even if I did persuade one of the gatekeepers to let me out and in again without putting it on his report, I'd find it pretty hard to get into the house without being caught by one of the night watchmen. The family goes to bed at ten o'clock every night, and after that there's no going and coming without attracting attention."

Jane saw she had given Eddie pause. He was still a little incredulous, but he saw there were difficulties.



Jane Shinned Up the Beech Tree, Being Careful to Avoid Touching the Top of the Wall, Which Was Ingeniously Electrified So That a Slight Pressure on it Rang Alarms Where Alarms Would be Heeded

"Look here," he said. "Haven't the Codringtons any children?"

"They have a son, Henry C. Codrington, 3d. He's very much married and settled down."

"But didn't he teach his parents anything before he settled down; wasn't he ever out after ten o'clock?"

Jane shook her head. "I doubt it," she said. "But if he was, he was followed by two detectives everywhere he went."

Eddie shook his head. "I thought they had a daughter too."

"They have—Jane Codrington."

"How old is she?"

"About my age," Jane said.

"And she hasn't taught them anything?"

"I don't believe she has," Jane said.

"She must lead a terrible life."

"Yes," Jane said, "I think she does. I mean, she never has any fun. She never meets any men, except the perfectly awful kind that her father approves of—you know, the terribly earnest kind who never did or said or thought anything they oughtn't to in their lives—not human. She's never had the fun of going away from home to school. She's always had tutors."

"And do two detectives follow her wherever she goes?"

"Of course."

Eddie shook his head. "I've always thought it would be grand to be rich—to have so much money you couldn't possibly spend it. But I see that I didn't know what it was like. I wouldn't live that way for all the money in the world. It must be terribly destructive. I don't see how people who have to guard themselves so carefully can be human."

"Well, the Codringtons are human," Jane said hotly. "They're just as human as you are."

They argued that furiously all the way back to Ossining. Jane directed him to the lane which the friendly beech tree overhung.

Eddie grinned at her. "You aren't mad, are you?"

"Of course I am," Jane said. "You're the only man I ever knew that I could get mad at—I mean, without detesting him."

"Listen," Eddie said; "why not take a chance on Saturday night? The worst that can happen is that you'll lose your job. And if you do you can count on me."

Jane looked at him. She liked him. She liked him a lot.

"It's awfully tempting," she said. "Because I'm really crazy to go."

"At-a-girl," Eddie Talbot said. "I'll be right here in this road at any time you say."

"I couldn't possibly make it before ten o'clock," Jane said.

"All right," Eddie said; "I'll be here at ten o'clock."

"But I may not be able to make it."

"Yes," Eddie said, "you will. I can see you will."

Jane looked at him. She raised her long lashes and slowly looked Eddie in the eye, as she had looked her father in the eye earlier in the day.

"Oh," she said, "you can?"

"Yes," Eddie Talbot said, "I can. And I like your eyes, if that's what you want to know."

"Aren't Westport parties awfully rowdy?"

"N-o-o-o," Eddie said. "They're mostly informal, but I wouldn't say they were rowdy."

"That's too bad," Jane said. "I had heard they were. And I've never been to a rowdy party."

"Well," Eddie said, "if this Halloween party I'm taking you to doesn't amuse you, we'll go hunting for one that does. There are always several parties going of a Saturday night in Westport."

"What'll I wear?"

"Wear what you've got on. Don't wear an evening dress if we're going places."

"All right," Jane said. She waved her hand. "See you Saturday night."

Jane watched him drive off. She had made a particularly interesting discovery. When she raised her

(Continued on Page 134)

Five Sonnets

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

DECORATION
BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

BEING out of love and out of mood with loving,
I said, "These lovers lead a sickening life:
Sighing, beseeching, kissing, accusing, proving,
Till Church or State pronounce them man and wife;
Nagging and jeering, scheming, accusing, spying,
Till legal aid pronounce them no such thing;
Then on again, kissing, beseeching, sighing—
A dainty dish to set before the King!"
Seeking t'extend my narrow life's horizon,
I turned my mind upon affairs of state:
Allied at noon, by midnight mixing poison,
Slandering, scheming, forging, lying in wait—
I saw the powers and their employments plain;
Picked up the phone, and fell in love again.

* * *

STRANGE thing that I, by nature nothing prone
To fret the summer blossom on its stem;
Who know the hidden nest, but leave alone
The magic eggs, the bird that cuddles them;
Should have no peace till your bewildered heart
Hung fluttering at the window of my breast,
Till I had ravished to my bitter smart
Your kiss from the stern moment, could not rest.
"Swift wing, sweet blossom, live again in air!
Depart, poor flower; poor feathers, you are free!"
Thus do I cry, being teased by shame and care
That beauty should be brought to terms by me;
Yet shamed the more that in my heart I know,
Cry as I may, I could not let you go.

* * *

I DREAMED I moved among the Elysian fields,
In converse with sweet women long since dead;
And out of blossoms which that meadow yields
I wove a garland for your living head.
Danaë, that was the vessel for a day
Of golden Jove, I saw, and at her side,
Whom Jove the Bull desired and bore away,
Europa stood, and the Swan's featherless bride.
All these were mortal women, yet all these
Above the ground had had a god for guest;
Freely I walked beside them and at ease,
Addressing them, by them again addressed,
And marveled nothing, for, remembering you,
Wherefore I was among them well I knew.

* * *

NOT in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers' knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look what I have! And these are all for you."

* * *

WHEN you are dead, and your disturbing eyes
No more as now their stormy lashes lift
To lance me through—as in the morning skies
One moment, plainly visible in a rift
Of cloud, two splendid planets may appear
And purely blaze, and are at once withdrawn,
What time the watcher in desire and fear
Leans from his chilly window in the dawn—
Shall I be free, shall I be once again
As others are, and count your loss no care?
Oh, never more, till my dissolving brain
Be powerless to evoke you out of air,
Remembered morning stars, more fiercely bright
Than all the Alphas of the actual night!

LOVE IN THE OPEN HAND NOTHING BUT THAT
AS ONE SHOULD BRING YOU COWSLIPS IN A HAT

Franklin Booth

HORSE PLAY

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HÔTEL JEAN-DE-LA-FONTAINE,
CHÂTEAU-THIERRY, AISNE, FRANCE,
Saturday, July 28, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

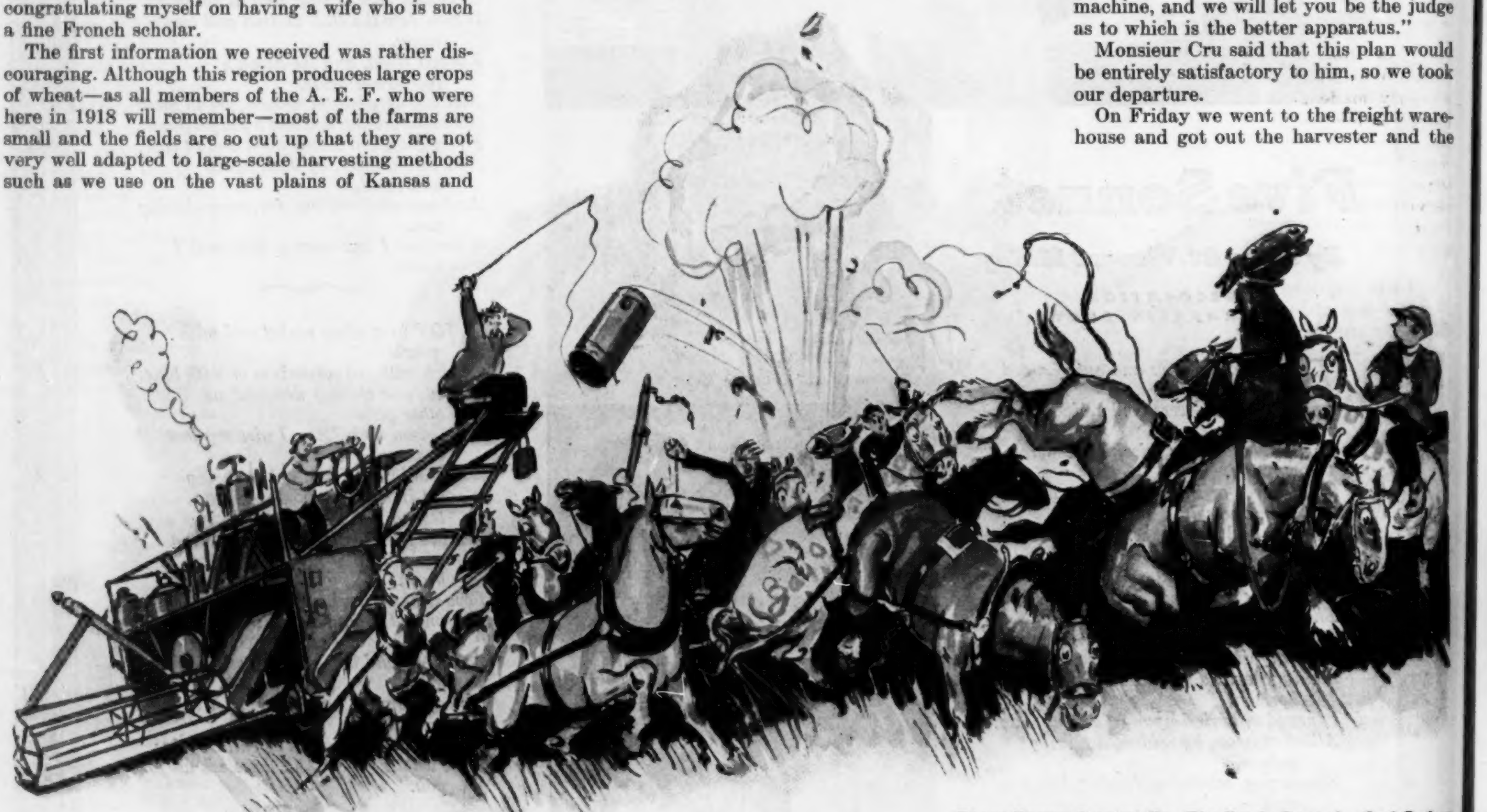
DEAR HENDERSON: The last few days have been very busy. We arrived in this magnificent wheat-growing region last Wednesday, and at once started making inquiries to find out what would be the most promising place to put on a harvesting demonstration. Gadget, of course, did most of the talking and inquiring, while I tagged along, congratulating myself on having a wife who is such a fine French scholar.

The first information we received was rather discouraging. Although this region produces large crops of wheat—as all members of the A. E. F. who were here in 1918 will remember—most of the farms are small and the fields are so cut up that they are not very well adapted to large-scale harvesting methods such as we use on the vast plains of Kansas and Nebraska. I began to fear that I had made a mistake in coming to this part of France. But as long as I was here with a perfectly good Earthworm tractor and a full-sized Earthworm combined harvester, I decided to keep going and do the best I could.

We continued our investigations, and finally learned that about ten kilometers from here there is an old castle known as the Château de Mocquethon, which has very extensive grounds, including some of the largest wheat fields of the region. We decided this place might offer possibilities.

On Thursday we drove out in the little French touring car which we have rented, and called on the proprietor.

He turned out to be a large blond gentleman by the name of Monsieur Georges Cru. We found out later that he is a well-known magnate in the French moving-picture business.



These Horses Started Up. The Panic Spread. And Before
Animals Were Galloping Madly Across the Field,

He didn't know any English, so Gadget talked to him in French. He told her that he had a hundred hectares—about two hundred and fifty acres—of wheat, all in one field, which he wished to start harvesting next week. He was much interested in our account of the Earthworm tractor, and of the Earthworm combined harvester, and said he would be delighted to have us demonstrate it on his farm. He said he would be inclined to buy our harvester if it worked as well as we said it did, and he promised he would invite a number of the more prominent landowners of the neighborhood to be present, so that they also could see the machine in action. He then gave us some rather interesting news.

"This will be in the nature of a competitive demonstration," he said.

"How so?" asked Gadget.

"Several weeks ago I was approached by a man who wished to sell me a combined harvester which is made by a French concern down at Lyons. This man is bringing his machine up here to give an exhibition of harvesting next Monday."

"You surprise me," said Gadget. "I didn't suppose that combined harvesters were made anywhere on earth but in America. But maybe this is not a complete harvester. Are you sure it isn't just a binder?"

"No," said Monsieur Cru. "The man says it cuts and threshes the grain just as you tell me your machine does. This French harvester is an entirely new product. But it is made by an old agricultural-implement concern, so it ought to be all right."

"Well," said Gadget, "it will have to be very good indeed if it is going to compete with the wonderful Earthworm combine."

"You seem to be very confident," said Monsieur Cru.

"We are," said Gadget. "If it is agreeable to you we will bring our machine here tomorrow and get it set up and adjusted. Then on Monday we will start harvesting in the same field as the French machine, and we will let you be the judge as to which is the better apparatus."

Monsieur Cru said that this plan would be entirely satisfactory to him, so we took our departure.

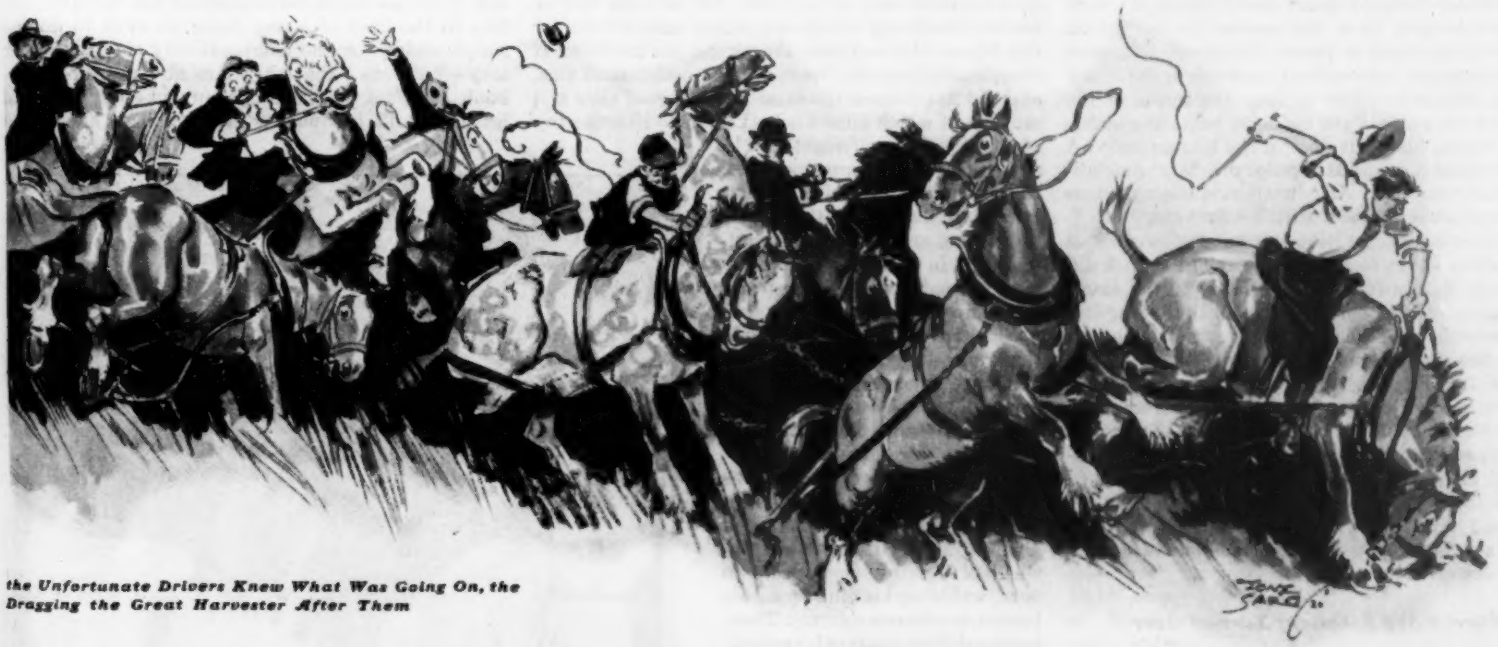
On Friday we went to the freight warehouse and got out the harvester and the tractor. I drove them out to the Château de Mocquethon while Gadget followed along in the little car. We spent the afternoon greasing and adjusting the tractor and the harvester, and returned here for the night.

This morning—Saturday—we drove out again to give the machinery a last inspection and make sure everything was all right. When we got to the château we were much interested to find that the great French harvester had arrived. Gadget and I at once ran over to see it. We found a rather attractive boy about seventeen years old working on it, and we introduced ourselves and said we would like to look it over. The boy told us that his name was André, that he was a sort of assistant mechanic, and that he would be delighted to show us anything he could about the machinery. We thanked him, and he then very kindly explained everything to us. And seldom have Gadget and I seen a more pathetic piece of machinery.

Young André was so polite and obliging, and so enthusiastic, that we didn't have the heart to disillusion him, but the truth is that this French harvester seems to be about as far advanced as the Earthworm harvesters of the year 1897. It is designed to be pulled by horses. The threshing-machine part is geared up to one of the rear wheels so that all the power has to come from the motion of the machine as it is dragged across the field. André admits that this makes it very hard to pull. He says they have to use at least thirty horses, and they move very slowly. I doubt if they have enough power to thresh the grain even half as fast as we do with our special motor to run our threshing machinery and our powerful tractor to do the hauling.

As we were finishing our inspection of this quaint piece of machinery we saw approaching a little shrimp of a man whose appearance was most unprepossessing. His complexion looked slightly bilious, he had little weasel eyes, and the whole expression of his face seemed to denote craft and insidious cunning.

Little André introduced him to us as Monsieur Jean Jacques Leboutellier, the sales representative in charge of the French harvester machine. As soon as Monsieur Leboutellier learned who we were he became very insulting, accused us of spying upon his machine with the purpose of stealing trade secrets, and ordered us to move away at once. Gadget politely told him that he need have no fears, as we could obviously learn nothing of any value from such a poorly made piece of junk. This only served to make him madder than ever, so we smiled pleasantly and walked back to our own machine. As we left we could hear him delivering an unmerciful bawling-out to poor little André for permitting us to look over the harvester.



the Unfortunate Drivers Knew What Was Going On, the Dragging the Great Harvester After Them

On the way back to Château-Thierry later in the afternoon, Gadget and I both commented on the fact that in every country we have visited—America, Italy, Russia, Germany and France—most of the people are attractive, decent and reasonable, but that mixed in with these good people there exist in every one of these countries a few individuals of the Leboutellier type.

Tomorrow—Sunday—we are going to devote to rest and relaxation. And on Monday we expect to have the great pleasure of making a complete monkey out of Monsieur Jean Jacques Leboutellier.

Yours, as ever, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

HÔTEL JEAN-DE-LA-FONTAINE
CHÂTEAU-THIERRY, AISNE, FRANCE,
Monday Evening, July 30, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILEINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Our demonstration today was most interesting. It was to some extent a competition between good machinery as represented by the Earthworm tractor and harvester, and poor machinery as represented by the idiotic French contraption which I described in Saturday's report. It was also something of a combination rodeo, Wild West show and Ben Hur chariot race. But the outstanding feature of the whole affair was the highly dramatic conflict between glorious and resplendent virtue as represented by Gadget and me, and foul and slimy vice as represented by the sinister Monsieur Jean Jacques Leboutellier. I will give you all the details of this exciting day in order that you may shudder, as I shuddered, at the villainous machinations perpetrated by the forces of darkness, and then thrill, as I thrilled, at the triumph of honor and decency.

Gadget and I had an early breakfast and arrived at the Château de Mocquethon about seven o'clock. Fifteen minutes later we were out at the field ready to start. About this time the proprietor, Monsieur Cru, appeared and asked us to wait until Monsieur Leboutellier was ready. Monsieur Cru said he wished us to start at the same time, so that he could more easily compare our work. He further explained that the various prominent farmers and other guests he had invited for the occasion would not arrive before half-past eight or nine, and he would prefer to delay the start of the demonstration until they were present. Gadget said that this plan would suit us perfectly; so we left our tractor and harvester standing at the edge of the field and strolled back to the barns to see what was detaining the French harvester man. It was most fortunate that we did this, instead of remaining out in the field, because when we reached the barns we were treated to as interesting and amusing an animal show as anything I have ever paid good money to see in a circus. And this show was absolutely free.

Monsieur Leboutellier had gathered together—partly from Monsieur Cru's farm and partly from other farms in the neighborhood—no less than thirty horses, which he was attempting to hitch on to the front of his huge and clumsy harvester. When I say there were thirty horses, that is exactly what I mean. Gadget and I counted them. They were all splendid, buxom creatures of the Percheron type—large and heavily built, but extremely lively and full of spirit. To control this mass of horseflesh there were, in addition to Monsieur Leboutellier and young André, fifteen drivers—making seventeen men in all. But seventeen were not enough.

The basic trouble seemed to be that all the horses were individualists. They had been accustomed to working, in the time-honored French fashion, on one-horse plows and one-horse carts. Most of them, of course, had had some experience working in pairs, and it is even remotely possible that a few may have been hitched up in a three or even four horse team. But any such vast assemblage of draft horses as this was entirely outside their experience. They didn't like it, and they made no attempt to conceal their feelings.

The first part of the hitching up, however, was not so bad. Under Monsieur Leboutellier's direction one pair was hooked to the tongue of the harvester, with another pair beside them. This made four wheel horses, standing side by side. It was evidently Monsieur Leboutellier's plan to have seven ranks of four horses each, with two in the front as leaders. The second group of four horses was harder to get lined up than the first four, and the third and fourth groups brought constantly increasing difficulties.

Monsieur Leboutellier apparently knew nothing of the continuous trace system as used in the artillery for hitching horses in tandem formation. He had worked out, in his ignorance and stupidity, a complicated arrangement of chains, two-horse eveners, and whiffletrees, which added considerably to his troubles. The horses kept backing over these eveners and whiffletrees, and getting their feet all wound up in the traces and chains. The only thing that kept them from getting into a completely hopeless tangle was the fact that Monsieur Leboutellier had provided a driver to ride on the back of the nigh horse of each pair. These drivers were good French peasants. And although they were apparently as mystified as the horses by this whole weird proceeding, they understood their animals and were able to hold them somewhere near in place. But they could not keep the horses in the rear from playfully nipping at the rumps of the horses in front, and they could not prevent the horses in front from defending themselves with a few swift and well-placed kicks.

There was one horse in particular that made more trouble than any of the rest. He was a magnificent specimen, almost seventeen hands high, pretty near a ton in weight, and glossy black in color. His name was Jacques Johnson, and he seemed to have all the vigor and fighting ability of his distinguished namesake. At first they hitched him up beside the tongue, where he pranced about harmlessly enough for a number of minutes. But by the time they had six teams of four horses each lined up and more or less securely anchored to the various whiffletrees, he decided that he needed a little more excitement. He made a quick lunge, and with a vicious snap of his powerful teeth he bit a large wad of hair and a certain amount of hide out of the off hind leg of the animal in front of him. The poor victim let out a startled squeal and launched a terrific kick in the direction from which the attack had come, but good old Jacques Johnson had already dodged back out of harm's way. This little performance of course excited all the other horses; they began prancing, jumping, snorting and wheeling around to such an extent that it took at least ten minutes to quiet them.

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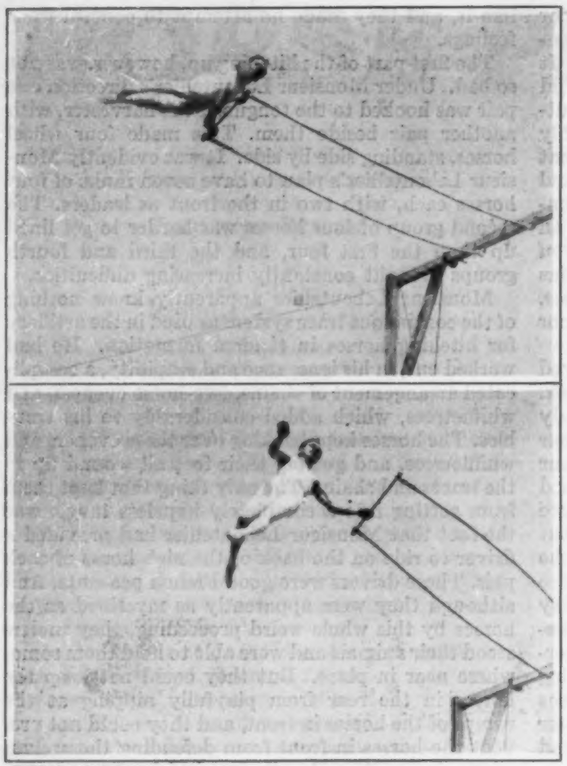
SPLIT SECONDS

By Alfredo Codona

As Told to Courtney Ryley Cooper


PHOTOS. BY H. A. ATWELL

The Author in a Difficult Trick

TO FEEL the pulse of a big circus, a person needs to do no more than watch the activities of a stake-driving gang. Or observe the rhythmic jerks by which the guying-out crews tighten the various ropes leading from the canvas to the stakes which hold the tents in place. Or, easier still, once the performance has started, approach the show grounds sufficiently close to hear the music of the band. For the pulse of the big show beats in a multitude of places, just as it does in the human body. A circus, with all it contains, lives or dies by the steadiness of that heartbeat. An education in timing begins for a circus person almost with his first step.

That is not exaggeration. I knew more about timing when I was less than a year old than I did about walking. In fact, I was already in the circus performance. My father carried me into the ring in a closed carpetbag. It was the opening trick of the act to open the bag, lift me out, balance me with one hand and tumble me about a bit—just to show that there was another circus performer coming along to carry on the name of the Codona family. Even then I knew enough to raise and lower my hands in adjustment with my father's balance when he gripped both my legs in his hand and raised me aloft. By the time I was four years old I was doing hand stands, back bends, flip-flops and even backward and forward somersaults.

When a Sea Elephant Turned Over

THE explanation of the precocious child in the circus is also the explanation of the precocious child in music, and for a grosser comparison the explanation of why most circuses carry Negroes for their stake-driving and guying-out gangs. It's a knowledge of time. As for the Negroes, they are naturally rhythmic. They learn their job more quickly than a white man; when a dozen sledges are swinging toward the three-inch top of a tent stake, in blows so closely timed that a mistake of even a hundredth of a second might mean injury, rhythm must be intuitive. The same is true of a guying-out crew; if one man is off in matching his strength to the exact instant at which others are exerting their muscle, the whole crew works under a handicap. The result may be loose rigging, loose guy ropes, loose funny guys—those steel cables crisscrossed around the canvas to hold it safe in case of high winds—and disaster if a gale should arise.

Or there can be trouble if the wagon chocker down at the loading runs should fail to gauge his distance and time correctly. When the circus wagons are loaded at night, they are held in place on the flat cars by what are known as chocks—triangular pieces of wood spiked at the bottom, which fit tightly under the wheels and prevent movement when the train jerks. As time is essential to the integrals of a circus, so is it more important to the circus as a whole. Therefore, the train highballs out for the next town almost the instant that the last wagon is loaded; immediately the wheels of that wagon have struck the body of the car, the steel runways are shifted into their carriers, the pull-up teams and workmen shift swiftly from the tracks, and a switch engine moves in with the caboose to make that train ready for its night journey of perhaps a hundred and fifty miles. All this is going on while the wheels of the last wagon are still turning. Instantly they reach position, the chocker darts beneath them. Swift movements follow; a leap, and he is off the train again.

"Take 'er away!" shouts the train boss, and another section—a circus train travels in several parts—is ready to leave. That wagon has been made safe for its journey in less than a second. But for that matter, even the animals of the circus know their time. Railroad engineers are not always careful. Sometimes they suffer from the delusion that they are hauling an ore train or a hundred cars of pig iron. Or perhaps they're merely practicing emergency stops, with a prize for the fellow who can jam the air on the hardest. If every animal on the circus did not understand this, and did not possess the same knowledge of time and movement which allows a brakeman to ride the top of a fast-moving freight car in spite of all its bumps and jars, there would be few trips without injured animals. But they know their time, and a case of an animal hurt in transit is rare. They give ground to the bumps and stiffen up when the engineer takes up slack; they ride to the sway of the train; they even sleep to it. But once when Goliath, the sea elephant, was new to this country, he decided to turn over during the night.

Goliath consists of several tons of wabbly blubber, incased in a body which looks like that of a gigantic seal without hair. Instead of moving, he appears to ooze, wabbling his blubber inside his skin in a titanic shimmy. Then, having shifted a part of his weight, he drags the rest into position. But when he turns over, Goliath puts his heart and soul into the movement. He turns all at once, several tons of revolving blubber, flopping with neither much direction nor reason. One night, while his section was rocking along between stands, Goliath felt a great urge to roll on his back. He obeyed the urge. The off-balance of that tonnage of contraweight derailed his car, halted the section for hours, and delayed the opening of the show in the next town. Goliath doesn't turn over any more.

I have said that the circus lives by time. The truth is that it lives by split seconds. My job with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus hinges upon the fact that I can be depended upon twice daily, rain or shine, as the billboards would say, to turn a triple somersault from a trapeze into the waiting hands of my brother, Lalo. My speed, when I leave my trapeze for the triple, has been accurately measured; I am traveling at a rate of sixty-two miles an hour. At that speed I must turn completely over three times, in a space not more than seven feet square, and break out of my revolutions at precisely the instant that will land me in the hands of Lalo, who, hanging to his trapeze by his hocks, has swung forward to meet me. Once I was four inches off. My head struck Lalo in the chin, knocking him unconscious from his trapeze. Naturally, I also fell, landing face down in the safety net. Lalo, still unconscious, fell like so much lead, and struck on top of me, the full force of his fall exerting itself upon the small of my back. I went to the hospital for a two weeks' stay; three ribs had been broken on one side of my back and two on the other, in addition to other injuries. Yet the accident which had caused this had resulted from the fact that I had misgauged my time in leaving the bar by less than a hundredth of a second.

A Science Without Books

THE difficulty about mastering circus time—when to pull yourself higher in a somersault or break out, to pirouette, to leave a flying bar, to take your leap to the back of a ring horse, or even to do the simple swings on the comparatively childish ladder acts—is the fact that there are no rules, no guidebooks and no precision instruments by which to learn. A child, in studying music, gains a knowledge

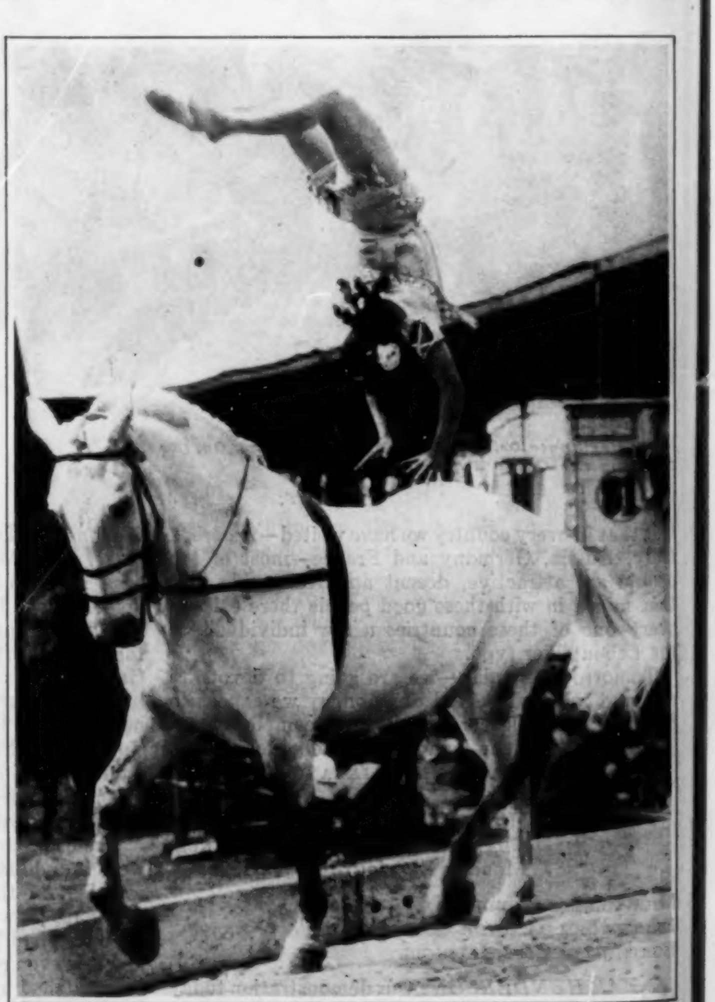


PHOTO. BY JOSEPH LANGER

Perfect Time is Demanded of a "Rosin-Back," or Ring Horse

XUM

of time from a metronome ticking beside the piano; a musician has his master's baton as a guide. But there is nothing for the performer save a finely developed sixth sense, which can neither be explained nor passed on. You simply learn when to let go, and until that finesse is developed, the most agile, most muscularly active person in the world is a failure as a performer.

Naturally, the development of this sixth sense begins with childhood—usually with a parent as a master. That training starts with an elaborate system of bending, both for suppleness and for a primary knowledge of time, just as a child's first exercises on the piano must consist of whole notes, which must be mastered before progress can be made to halves, quarters and eighths. There is a time to bending, just as there is to a double somersault. When that is mastered, with the parent "patting" for the pupil, as the calling of directions is termed, then the pupil may advance to a hand stand, or to roll-overs and flip-flops, and slowly to somersaults. It sounds much easier in description than it really is; hours of practice, days of practice, weeks and months of it must follow in order that coördination shall be established and a certain clocklike regularity of action become second nature. To a child it seems he must swing, swing, swing on a trapeze for a dozen eternities before his master will even allow him to drop into the net. For even in swinging on a trapeze, there is a split second when the coördinated propulsion of the body will accomplish more for even a weakling, if applied at the proper instant, than for the strongest man in the world who does not know timing. There are a great many men stronger than myself, yet I require only two full swings of my trapeze to gain the terrific speed and height necessary for my triple somersault.

The Breath of Life

THE high-school work of acrobatic practice concerns the "mechanic," with the master holding the ropes and to a certain extent guiding his pupil through the air. The mechanic is the life belt of the circus; a performer rarely ceases to use one in his practice. A wide band of leather, it fits about the waist, and from a ring on each side ropes run through lofty pulleys to the hands of the "patter." Primarily it is for safety; the performer knows that he cannot seriously injure himself in a fall, thus giving him confidence to attempt new tricks. But if the man who holds those safety ropes does not know the exact instant at which to apply leverage and when to release it, the performer can practice forever without success.

There is even breathing to be considered. I am fortunate enough to have for my wife Lillian Leitzel, who for years has been a feature of the Ringling-Barnum Circus. Perhaps you have seen her—a tiny woman with a wealth of hair, who literally rolls herself up a rope to the top of the tent, and, following her work on the Roman rings, suspends herself by one arm and then turns in giant, wheel-like gyrations. She has in certain instances made more than two hundred turns at a performance. It requires muscle—a great deal of it. Of course it requires endurance, and a certain sense of fatalism, in as much as no bandage ever has been devised that can protect her arm from the constant danger of blood poisoning from rope burns. But more than this, it requires a knowledge of breathing as expert as that of any opera star. The gauging of weight and time for the application of her strength in these turns is so finely attuned that a breath at the wrong place might end the act. She must inhale swiftly on the buoyant upswing—but not too soon. She must exhale the instant that the fine hair line of gravity resistance has been passed; nor can she continue that exhalation too long. That's one reason why actors watch their work more closely in high altitudes; the necessary difference in breathing may mean the difference between a difficult catch and a bad fall.

PHOTO. BY H. A. ATWELL

The Finish of Miss Leitzel's Drop From the Roman-Ring Hand Stand

I may have given the impression that timing is only essential to the more difficult acts. That is not true. Time, time, time! It pounds through the life of the circus like a blood flow, and by its beat everything is gauged. Even the simplest acts must have their time; the clowns synchronize their gags to a fraction of a second, that all may begin their work about the ring at the same instant and finish together—for, as a rule, when a clown stands for long moments upon the hippodrome track he is not merely awaiting his turn to be funny. Equestrian acts are in progress in the rings, or other acts upon the stages, which, at a certain moment, must have a change of horses, or some other delay that might slow up the act in the eyes of the audience if there were not an instantaneous diversion. And so, when that change comes, the clowns, with much hullabaloo, leap into action an instant before the audience realizes that a halt has come to the main act. Attention is switched and held until the instant that the change has been effected. Then the equestrian director's whistle blows again, and the average person in the audience does not even realize that horses have been changed, that sometimes even actors have been changed. Often the audience even forgets that there was an interruption.

Speaking of equestrianism, another factor enters here. That is the horse. When one enters the ring barn of an equestrian family during the training of a new horse, there is little resemblance to what one sees in the circus. The ring is there, of course, and the horse and the ringmaster. There the similarity ends. Grooms sit about, chins in hands, staring; or, at a command, arise lackadaisically to kick cans about, to rattle a ratchet, or to fire a revolver or a shotgun. The performers themselves merely stand about, while the horse itself may trot about the ring with a five-gallon tin can tied to its tail. The reason for it all is time.

Alfredo Codona

Education of a Rocking-Horse

HERE is a necessity for synchronization, the time of the performer to the time of the horse; necessarily, neither must vary. Therefore, a good ring horse, or rosin-back, is only one which can be depended upon to hold his pace in exactitude; a variance means trouble. There can be no stamping of feet, no lengthening of a stride or break of gait; and the horse which performs in an equestrian ring must be proof against any interruption that might bring about a break of time. Hence the tin cans and revolvers, newspapers which are thrown before the ring horse in training, white cloths waved in front of his eyes, figures running before him. Every conceivable noise and flying form that might interrupt a circus performance is brought into play when a rosin-back is in training. And a good ring horse, true to his schooling, ceases his peculiar rocking gait only at the command of his trainer; nothing else. The audience may leave, the band halt its playing, and even the tent blow away—but if he's the right kind of ring horse, he'll keep rocking along, around and around that ring, until he is given the command to stop.

An example of the necessity of horse time happened last summer in Denver. The Riding Hobsons were doing their act and had come to one of the simplest tricks of equestrianism—the forks, in which the various riders, running across the ring, leap to the back of the horse with legs spraddled, landing in riding position. Herbert Hobson had made his leap. Mrs. Homer Hobson, Jr., had jumped also, and Homer, Senior. There remained only Homer, Junior, the comedian of the act, who had little room left on the horse, since three people were already on his back. Suddenly, as Homer went into the air, the horse changed his gait, speeding it up so slightly that it was imperceptible to the audience. But that change had been sufficient to throw the horse about an inch out of line. That caused the hurtling comedian to land insecurely, and to exert the full force of

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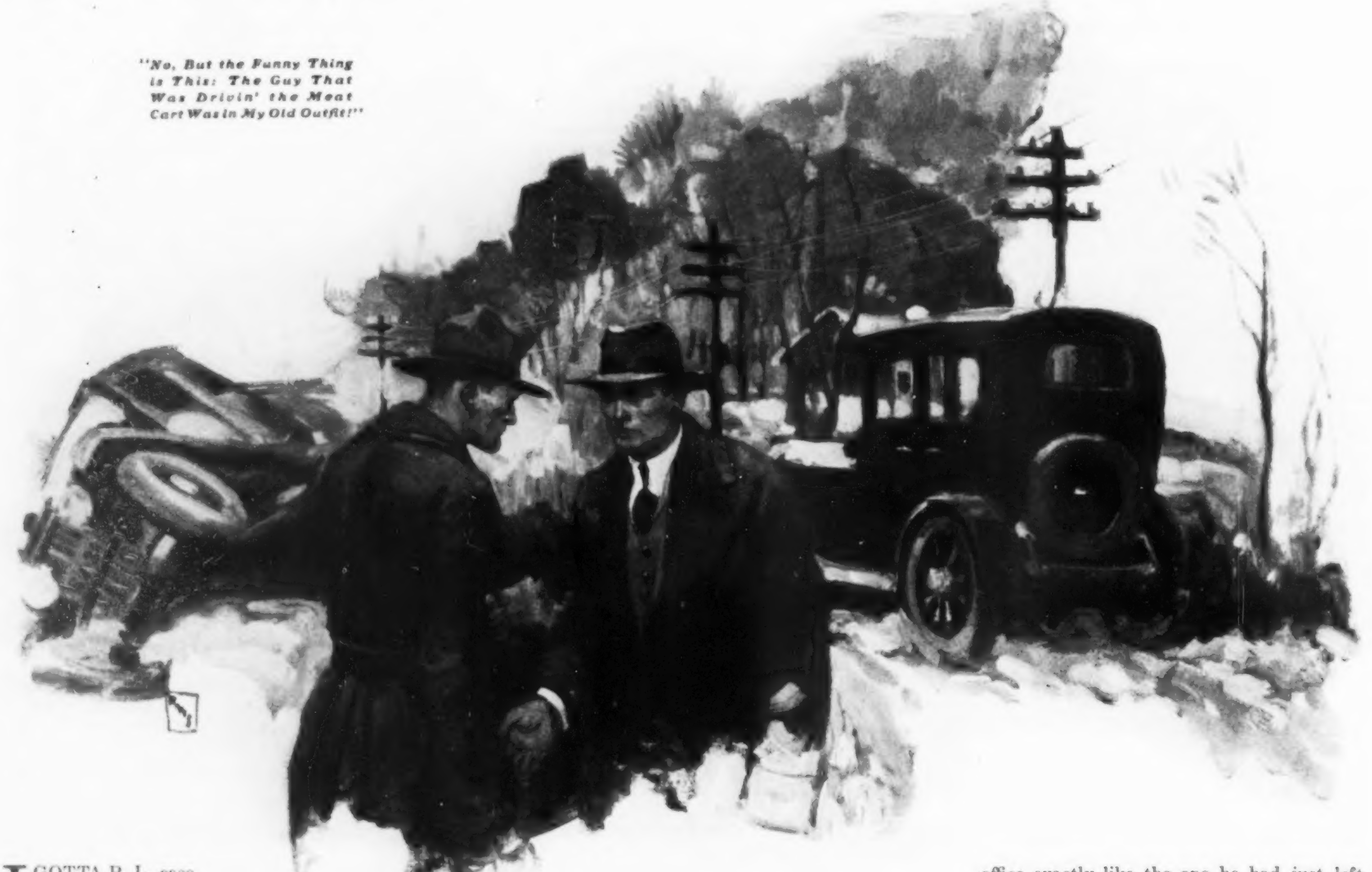
BUSINESS COURTESY



"No, But the Funny Thing is This: The Guy That Was Drivin' the Meat Cart Was in My Old Outfit!"

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"I GOTTA P. L. case for yuh."

"Yuh have? What's the injury?" Mr. Spicer, investigator and adjuster for the Chicago office of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company, drew a case folder from under his arm and laid it with emphasis on the desk of his superior, Mr. Cady, resident claim manager for the same company and office.

"There's no injury," said Mr. Spicer—"that is, none reported. But I'm going to rush right out there. Yuh never can tell from the accident report whether there's injury or not. The assureds don't want to put it on; it might scare us."

"Yeh, but wait," objected Cady. "Where was this? Miranda Street? That's out in Garfield Park. It'll kill half a day to go out there. What's the report say?"

"It says that the assured—salesman for the Independent Ad. Company, covered on a blanket policy—was going south on Miranda Street and this meat wagon was coming north. Well, just before the assured gets to the meat cart it tipped over. Cause unknown."

"Um-m-m," said Cady. "Of course, the fact that this dumb salesman ran into it full tilt had nothing to do with it! I remember when I was in the home office we got a report that read: 'Driver heard people on sidewalk call, and, looking over side of truck, saw a man's legs protruding. Has no idea how man got under truck.' No. How could he have any idea?"

"Well, I think I better go," went on Spicer. "It's far out there, I know, but we can't have our first P. L. case go sour on us, can we?"

"Nope. Go ahead. If things jam up, why, you can just work a couple of hours tonight."

Mr. Spicer replied with a grunt and, gathering his hat, hurriedly took his departure.

The Chicago office of the Eagle in those days was not the magnificent and important affair that it has since become. It was the winter right after the war, when business was on the boom, and the streets were full of men in Army overcoats dyed in various colors, but all horrible, and camouflaged in various ways; not one of which, however, concealed the coat's origin. Branch offices of the Eagle were springing up everywhere. The opening of such an office was simple. Two likely young men were plucked from the ranks, one christened resident manager and the other resident claim manager, and sent to whatever district was to be brought under the Eagle's protecting wings. The resident manager sold policies and the resident claim manager adjusted claims. As there were always more claims than policies, the claim manager would get the first assistant, hired locally, to save his fare out from the home office. The two managers' salaries were adjusted at the end of the year in proportion to the importance of the office, and as the office grew later on, so did their titles and emoluments. But if the office folded from lack of business, they folded with it.

Mr. Cady, then, was one of those that had been sent to Chicago. The other was a certain Mr. Doak, universally known as "Joe," a former go-getter of the home-office sales force, and addicted to cigarettes, which form of tobacco he was trying to replace by cigars, as being more consistent with his position as resident manager of the Chicago office of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company.

The telephone on Mr. Cady's desk rang.

"Cady," spoke the receiver, "can you come into my office a minute?"

"Be right in." Mr. Cady rose, went into the tiny outer office, around the partition, and into another office exactly like the one he had just left. There, behind a slightly shopworn desk, valiantly puffing a cigar, sat Mr. Doak, resident manager of the Chicago office.

"Sit down, Cady," he greeted. "We got something big here to consider. If this goes over, this office is made!"

Cady sat down, drew up a pad and, selecting a pencil from his pocket, waited for the other to speak.

"Cady," went on the resident manager, "I've been workin' on the Simpkins Structural Steel for a couple of months. They're the first big risk that we've got any action on since the office opened. And we got action on them! Boy, this office is beginning to show signs of life!"

"Right!" agreed Cady heartily. "We had our first P. L. case come in this morning."

"Yesterday," went on Doak impressively, "I appeared before the board of directors—me and two apples from the stock companies. Well, they had a great line. A great line. I was washed out! But when it came to rates—when it came to rates! Boy, rates and achievement—I stressed those two points! Well, after the meeting the vice president has me into his office, and says, says he, 'My boy, we think we'll place with you. But now, in addition to the plants we've given you to quote on, we have a construction job running in Meridian, Missouri. What difference will that make in your quoted rate per thousand dollars of pay roll?'

"'The kind of people we are,' I says, 'I'll show you. It won't make any difference. But now, I'm not a claim man; I don't keep all these states in mind. Maybe there's some trick law in Missouri that makes the payments to injured employes higher, or requires certain hospital equipment or something, so I'll just take this up with my claim manager and call you back the first thing in the morning.' So there, that's the story. Boy, if we land that risk, you and I can sleep nights! They'll pay a hundred-thousand-dollar premium if they pay a nickel!

Whaddyuh say? Any reason we can't cover this Missouri job?"

"None," said Cady diffidently, "except that they haven't got any compensation act in Missouri, and everything there is common law. In addition we haven't got any license in that state."

"Huh? No license? You sure?"

"Sure. Look it up if you don't think so."

Doak hurriedly fluttered the leaves of a limp-leather book, then gave a groan.

"That's what you get for asking advice from the claim department!" he exclaimed. "How are we ever going to get anywhere if you people don't coöperate?"

"Gee," protested Cady, "it isn't my fault if Missouri hasn't got a compensation law. I don't make their laws, nor anybody else's either."

"Nobody said you did," coughed Doak.... "Man, I wish I could find a mild cigar!... But listen! Start your think tank to boiling, will you? We sink or swim together here; don't forget it."

Mr. Cady then took his leave and, returning to his own office, began to read the mail. At the third letter he gave a gasp and, leaping from his chair, rushed into Joe Doak's office once more.

"Joe!" he cried. "Didn't I tell you this office was beginning to get important? Well, McClusky is going to visit us."

"Um-m," replied Mr. Doak. "I ain't a-scared of him."

"Well, neither am I, but I don't care about having him around. He must have found out we had a P. L. case."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, in workmen's compensation cases, like 'Employe stuck wire in thumb,' or 'Hot rivet fell down injured's neck,' the amount the injured receives is limited by law, and in public-liability cases, like 'Driver saw feet protruding from under truck,' or 'Woman running for car collided with right rear fender of assured's car,' the amount the injured gets is limited by the jury, and they're spendin' someone else's money."

"Uh-huh?"

"So McClusky, being chief adjuster and responsible for the loss ratio, has got to know all about the P. L. cases and who and how! Gee, you'd think he was payin' claimants out of his own pocket! He'll have a growl too. I should have gone out on that case came in this morning myself. That Spicer is so dumb he couldn't get a release from a bystander without giving him fifty dollars."

"Um-m! Well, look; when he comes, ask him, for me, how he can smoke so many cigars and do anything else, will you?"

"Gee, and this is the coöperation I get from the sales department!"

Once more at his desk, Cady reread the letter announcing the approaching visit of the honorable McClusky, intimately known as Sign-'Em-Up. The letter was brief, simply stating that McClusky would be in on a certain train, and requesting that hotel accommodations be reserved. Tomorrow morning! Well, that gave him plenty of time. They had no regular stenographer, but shared a typist with a lawyer across the hall. She only worked for the Eagle two hours every morning, but it was possible he might be able to borrow her for the afternoon, too, and so bring all his case folders up to date. This, however, he was unable to do. The lawyer refused to loan his typist. In the morning, while he was in court, yes, but not in the afternoon. Misery! He, Cady, could not run a typewriter. But Spicer, the investigator, could! Why not get him in? Too late! He had pulled his twelve-o'clock box—that is, made his routine call to the office at that time. He would not call again until three—at which time, since he was in Garfield Park, it would be too late for him to come in to be of any use. And if McClusky should come right to the office from the train —— But maybe the train would be wrecked!

The telephone rang.

"Cady? This is Doak. Ah, this is tough! I won't be back to the office. I'm sick. I'm gonna go home."

"Huh? Sick? What's the matter with you? Not coming back? Say, listen, I haven't had any lunch yet. Yuh think I'm goin' to leave this office alone with McClusky within five hundred miles? Suppose he came a day ahead and found the office closed at three P.M.?"

"He's your boss, not mine. I'm going home. Cady, I told the Simpkins Steel we couldn't cover them in Missouri because we didn't have any license, and they said they never split their insurance. Oh, man! And they're going to place it somewheres else."

"Well, you place it somewhere yourself, will you? And you come back and let me go to lunch, yuh hear?"

But the receiver had clicked, and the only reply Cady received to his impassioned words was a cold "Number, please?"

Again it was morning in the Chicago branch office of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company. Cady was there alone. Spicer, the investigator, had gone to meet McClusky, and Joe Doak had not yet come in. What could be keeping him? He lived on the West Side, but there should be no bridge up in the rush hour now to make him late. The lake had been frozen and the Chicago River closed to navigation these two months. Appeared, finally, Mr. Spicer.

"Hah!" greeted Cady. "You find him?"

"Sure! Gee, you described him right! I couldn't miss him. A cross between a dick and a top sergeant! 'Why'n chuh at work?' he says to me. 'You got no business meetin' trains!'"

"What else he say? When's he coming over?"

"He ain't comin'. He's here on some trial. Some old automobile case. He just asked how we were getting along, and that's all. I told him about our P. L. case."

"You did? You hammerhead! Now he'll be over sure! What was the grand idea in that? Gee, you

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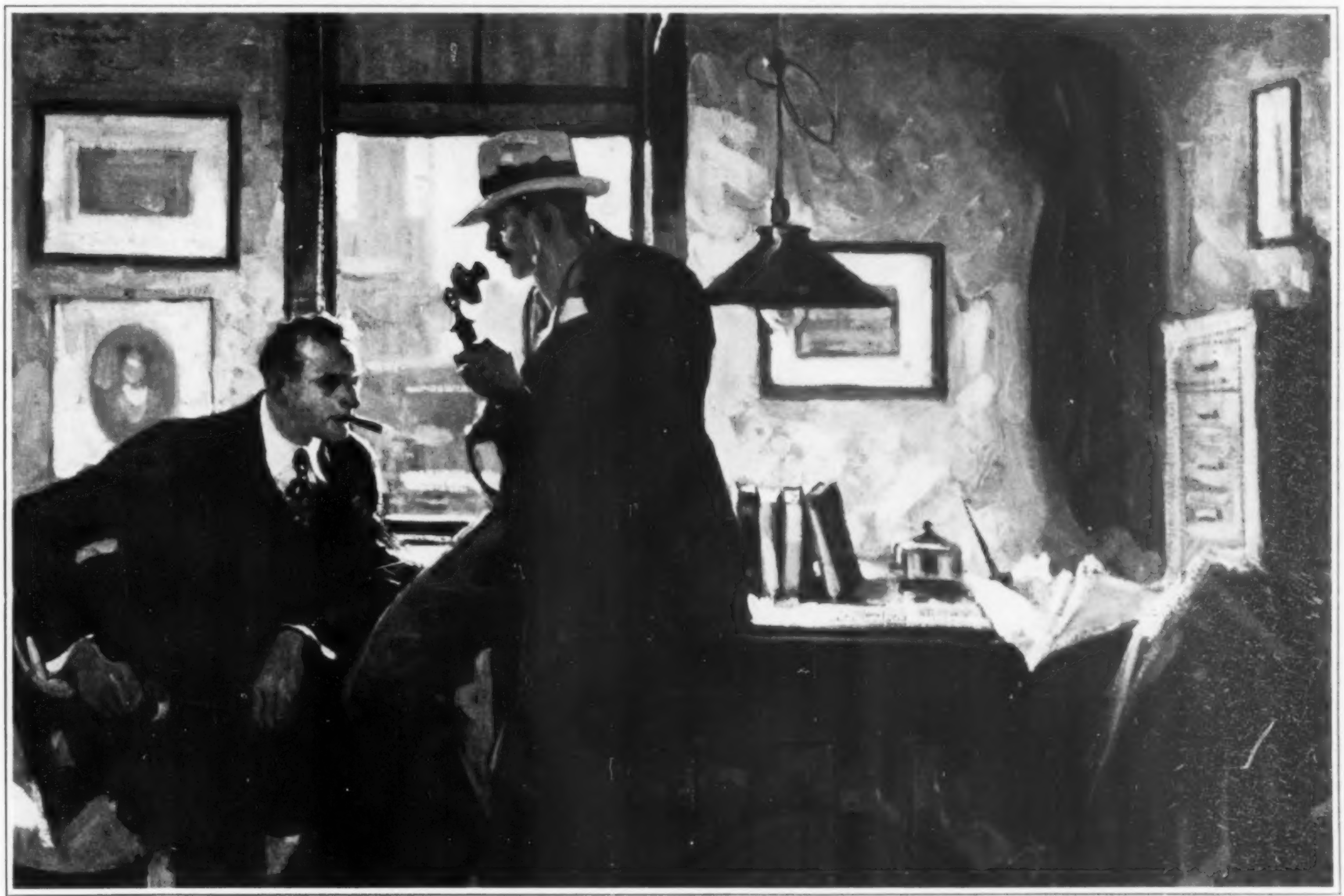


Doak, With a Grunt of Impatience, Picked Up the Receiver. "Yes!" He Replied to His Invisible Questioner. "That's Me, Speaking"

The Fog Blew Over the Mountain

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

ANN was a bride, and this was her honeymoon, and the honeymoon was as Dave had planned it; but Ann was beginning to doubt whether Dave were as wise and as discerning as she had come during the year or so of their engagement to believe him to be.

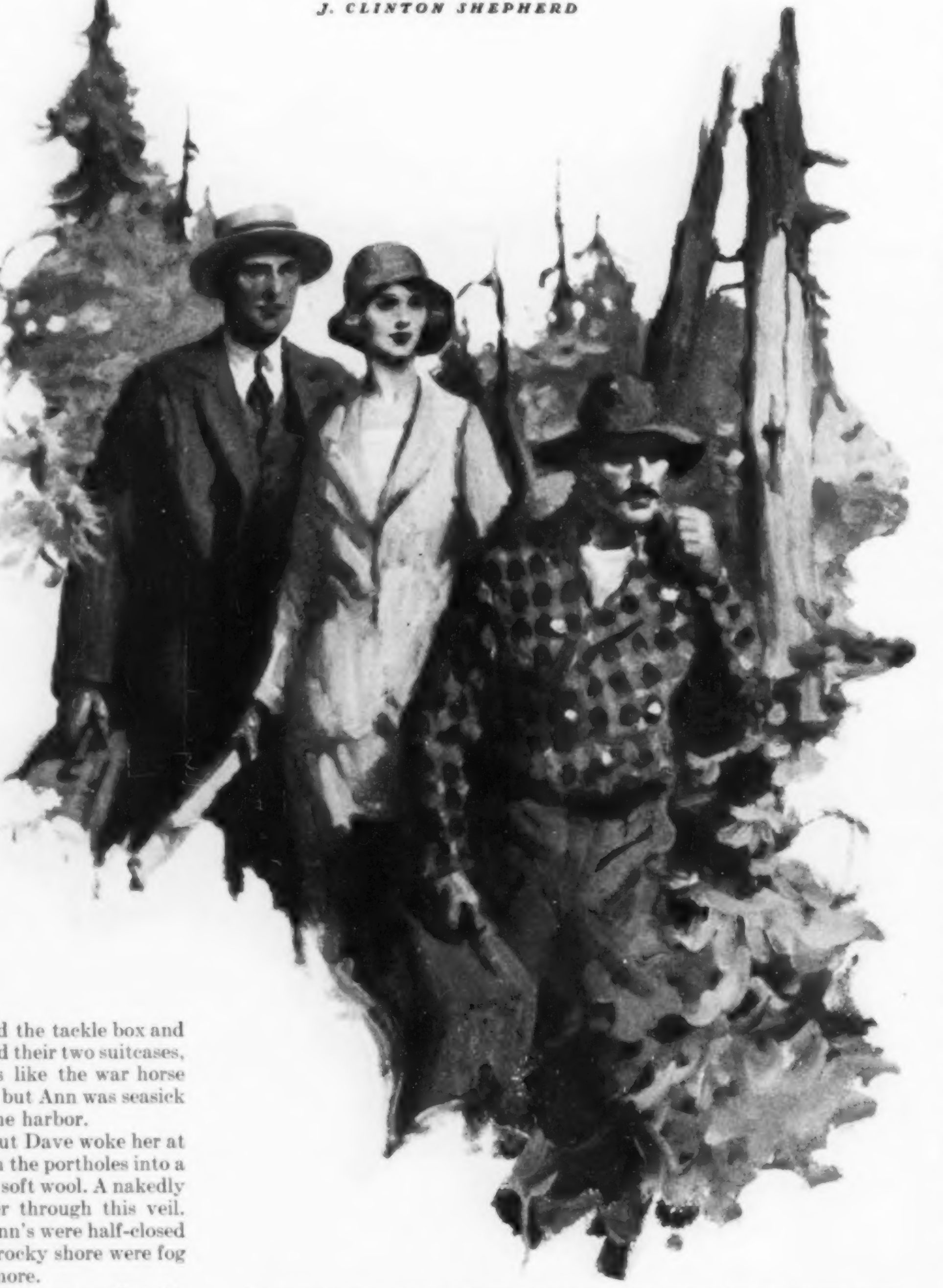
For this was not Ann's idea of a honeymoon. The first two or three days, while they motored leisurely down the Maine coast and into New Brunswick, had been pleasant enough; the sun shone, and they were in no haste, and the month was June. But when they passed into Nova Scotia, Dave began to change; he drove faster day by day, and a haste seemed to brew in him, and a dreamy eagerness. There were long moments when he appeared to be lost in his own anticipations, to forget altogether the girl here by his side; and Ann, who in the first days had been willing enough to overlook the fact that her largest bag and her prettiest dresses had been left behind to make room in the car for fishing tackle, began to find this now a hardship and a handicap.

When they abandoned the car for the little steamer—a craft which to Ann's Berengaria eyes seemed ridiculously small and inadequate—her misgivings grew; and the rising exhilaration in Dave's bearing, as he stowed in their stateroom the rod case and the tackle box and the pack sack and the camera and their two suitcases, increased her concern. He was like the war horse which scents the battle far off; but Ann was seasick before they were well outside the harbor.

She slept at last, miserably; but Dave woke her at dawn and made her look through the portholes into a swimming pot of fog, as white as soft wool. A nakedly rocky promontory leered at her through this veil. Dave's eyes were shining; but Ann's were half-closed with sleep, and the fog and the rocky shore were fog and rocks to her, and nothing more.

Yet Dave was so anxious for her to get up that she did so—secretly promising herself that he should atone this outrage when they were come safely home again—and they shifted their baggage into the dining saloon, to be ready to disembark at the first minute possible. But before they could land they must wait forty long minutes, without even a cup of coffee to comfort them, because they were aliens entering a foreign land, and so subject to official scrutiny.

"It's outrageous!" Ann declared. This gray, foggy, hungry morning after a sleepless night had no place in her preconception of a honeymoon. She had known that Dave was a salmon fisherman; he used to tell her long tales about great fish, while she smiled in her adorable fashion and watched him with apparently attentive eyes and planned draperies for their living room. But even salmon fishermen, she would have supposed, had some self-respect. "It's outrageous," she insisted, "to treat us like immigrants! I'm not an immigrant; I'm an American!"



They Crossed the Bog, and Plunged Into Thick Spruce Woods Where Roots Lurked in the Murky Path to Trip Ann's Stumbling Feet

Dave chuckled. "That just makes us foreigners up here, though!" he pointed out.

"I suppose they'll test us for rabies and bubonic plague and things!" she predicted furiously; and Dave guffawed. She had suddenly a doubt of the essential sanity of a man who could guffaw with laughter before breakfast. Dave guffawed, but he reassured her.

"They'll treat you like visiting royalty," he promised. "I've known Mr. Bryce—he's the man in charge here—since I was eleven years old. That was my first trip, with dad. Bryce is a fine man; always puts fishermen through with a minimum of trouble. You'll meet him when we go to get our licenses."

He was so persistently cheerful that she was amazed at her own blindness in that she had not perceived in him this cardinal vice before. It had gone all unsuspected, disguised beneath a good humor not in itself offensive. Her marriage, she decided, had been a hideous mistake; but it was a mistake that could not be remedied till they came home again. If she left Dave here and now, she would be utterly alone, a stranger in a strange land—an immigrant!

When at last they were allowed to land, she tottered down the gangplank, her eyes half-closed. The fog bestowed a drop of water on her eyelashes, another on the tip of her nose. Then Dave grasped her arm and they rushed into the customhouse—and came to a halt to stand and wait again till Mr. Bryce should be free to attend them.

Ann, hungry and sleepy and insensible to further torment, waited in a dull silence, but Dave talked steadily and cheerfully; and when he led her at last into Mr. Bryce's office, she followed him like a sheep. She heard his proud introductions; and Mr. Bryce offered her a warm, strong hand. She saw kindly eyes, ruddy cheeks, a grayish-brown beard; but he was a blessedly silent man, demanding of her no conversation, asking no questions nor offering remarks. She felt toward him a swift gratitude; at least there were men in the world with the wit to be silent before breakfast. Dave was fairly babbling!

When the licenses were written, and their deposit on the rods was made, Mr. Bryce rose in dismissal. Dave grasped his hand. "And we'll see you when we come out," he promised the older man. "Two weeks from now—or three if we like it well enough!"

Mr. Bryce nodded; and he looked at Ann with—she thought—a speculative doubt in his eye. He seemed to hesitate, then said at last:

"Mr. Fearing went up last Monday!"

The remark was meaningless to Ann; but she felt Dave stiffen, and she looked at her husband in surprise, and saw the dawn in his eyes of a horrified dismay.

"He did?" Dave echoed, his tone incredulous.

Mr. Bryce nodded. "I thought it was early for him," he explained. "But he said your father wouldn't be there—and he didn't expect you would be coming this year."

Mr. Bryce's meaning was conveyed not so much by his words as by his glances. When he spoke of Dave's father it was with a dropping of the eyes, a sort of nod of sympathy; for the older man had died this winter past. And when he said that Mr. Fearing had not expected Dave to come, it was with a glance toward Ann, which explained Mr. Fearing's reason for this feeling. So much was clear.

But what was not clear to Ann was the reason why this intelligence should so distress Dave; she saw his stiff dismay; she could almost read his frantic thoughts. Here obviously was some emergency which he had not foreseen, which threatened the shipwreck of his plans.

And her quick compassion rose. A minute before, she had hated him for being so cheerful; but he was in trouble now! She linked her arm through his, loyally; she stood smiling by his side; and when they were in the corridor outside the office she made him kiss her! For if her man was in trouble, it was her joy and pride to comfort and to shelter him!

When they were on the train and breakfasting, the world assumed for Ann a brighter hue. They left the rocky coastal lands behind. Bold mountain masses, with spots of snow in the ravines below their crests, like bits of lace against their reds and greens and browns, marched with the train for a while; then fell behind as others took their places like outriders for escort there. Flower patches, purple or blue or white, spotted the rocky meadows. The nearer thickets were like forests in miniature; massed groups of spruce trees and fir, perfectly proportioned, and no more than three or four feet high. Ann made Dave look and exclaim with her. She was amazed and interested by all she saw; by the curious cramped narrowness of the cars; by the perfect, kindly courtesy of the people who served them; by the stations, often no more than a name on a white board. The train seemed to stop anywhere; and Ann observed that when it stopped, everyone leaned out of the windows to see passengers alight or climb aboard. She saw men whose countenances belied the rough old clothes they wore; and the disjointed fishing rods which they carried in their hands proclaimed their preoccupation.

She and Dave rode for more than two hours on this train; and Ann was as charming as she knew how to be, and she won Dave back to at least a surface cheerfulness again. They had been married only nine days; but she had already the wit not to ask Dave why Mr. Bryce had warned him about Mr. Fearing—nor why Dave himself should have been by this intelligence dismayed.

They came at last to their alighting place. The premonitory bustle of preparation on Dave's part warned her; he and the porter shifted their luggage to the vestibule. Ann looked out of the window and saw a quaggy upland dotted with boggy pools and studded with dwarf trees. A quarter mile from the track this upland dipped sharply into a deep valley; and beyond, a mile or more away, a steep bluff thickly clad in spruce and birch and fir rose to a bold parapet against the sky. The engine puffed and panted; then its laboring eased and the train slowed, and Dave came back from the vestibule.

He was curiously white about the lips, and she read him easily. Worried, poor lamb, for fear she would not be happy in this wilderness. She vowed to appear to be happy for his sake, no matter what it cost her.

"Well, darling, here we are!" Dave said.

"It's beautiful!" she assured him, and rose and followed him down the aisle. The train had stopped, she saw, in the middle of a bog. She poised for a moment on the car steps—the ground was incredibly far below—and then dropped into Dave's waiting arms.

A tall man in very old clothes and rubber boots came toward them along the ditch beside the train. The porter was throwing their luggage off the car to Dave. Ann felt a trickle of water on her ankle and looked down and saw that she was standing on soft turf that slowly sank beneath her while black water seeped up through. Then Dave turned to meet the tall approaching man; he gripped the other's hand, shouting delightedly. The train slid away; and Ann was left alone, disregarded and forgotten, while these two old friends exchanged their greetings here.

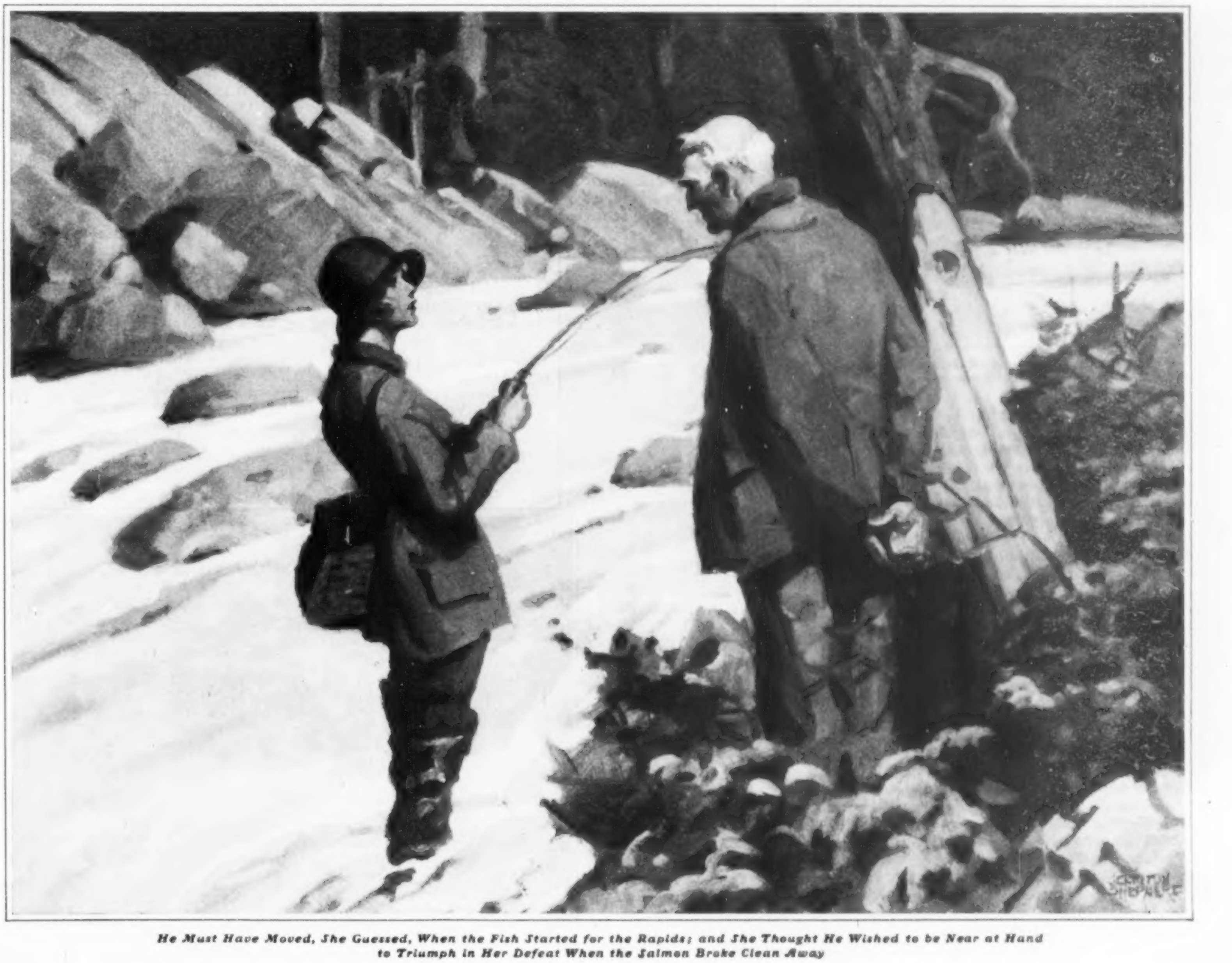
She climbed up on the railroad track out of the bog, and Dave remembered her.

"And here she is, Mac!" he cried proudly. "The new recruit! We're going to make a fisherman out of her. Ann, Mac's the best fly caster and the best cook in Newfoundland, and he knows the salmon by their first names."

When Mac took off his hat she saw that his hair was crisply black and curly, and his eyes were fine. He would not, she thought, have left his wife standing in a bog. She shook his hand, and felt how rough and hard it was.

Mac said, "There's a black fly on your cheek, ma'am!" She brushed it off, and he advised Dave: "You'll both need boots on. The trail down is pretty wet."

(Continued on Page 94)



He Must Have Moved, She Guessed, When the Fish Started for the Rapids; and She Thought He Wished to be Near at Hand to Triumph in Her Defeat When the Salmon Broke Clean Away

THE RULING DYNASTY OF

FIFTY years ago last summer the name of La Follette was heard for the first time in Wisconsin politics. A young man whose greatest political asset then was the fact that as a student at the University of Wisconsin he had won an important oratorical contest for his school on a speech entitled "Iago," wanted to be district attorney of Dane County, in which Madison, the state capital, is located.

Robert Marion La Follette was then, on his own authority, "as poverty stricken a young lawyer as ever hung his shingle to the wind." The job he sought paid $800 a year, and he needed the money. He was the chief support of his mother and sister, and he was engaged to be married.

PHOTO FROM FRED L. HOLMES, MADISON, WIS.

Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., an Accomplished and Able Politician in Her Own Right

His ambition, however, did not fit in with the ideas of the local Republican organization and the county leader of the day told him so very bluntly. Right there, Boss Keyes, for so he was named, probably laid up more trouble for regular political organizations in his own state and elsewhere than any other minor political leader ever succeeded in stirring in a lifetime.

Bob La Follette began to insurge in Boss Keyes' office, and he kept insurging until he died. The whole political history of Wisconsin for the past half century has been simply a record of battles between the La Follette insurgency and the regular Republican organization. Old Bob is dead now, and so are his original foes. But the fight that started when the Dane County regulars refused to accept the shock-headed young college orator as an acceptable candidate for a minor office goes on. If Keyes had acted differently, Bob La Follette might have been a regular. Or he might not.

The one survivor who took part in the original campaign back in 1880 and who has been an active factor in every one of the scraps waged since then is Belle Case La Follette, the girl for whom the young La Follette of 1880 wanted to be district attorney of Dane County. She lived to see her husband not only county prosecutor but member of the national House of Representatives, governor of Wisconsin, United States senator from Wisconsin, and a candidate for the presidency of the United States. She makes her home in Washington today with her eldest son, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., also a United States senator from Wisconsin. When, a few weeks ago, she wrote her second son, Philip Fox La Follette, upon the occasion of his nomination as the Republican candidate for governor of Wisconsin, a nomination equivalent to election, she simply said, "I feel very proud, Phil, and also very humble."

Indeed, Belle Case La Follette has reason for pride. Few women have been the wife of one United States senator and governor of a great state, and the mother of another United States senator and another governor of the same state. No woman ever did what Mrs. La Follette, Sr., did in 1925, when she refused to succeed her husband as United States senator and stepped aside, making way for the selection of her son.

The La Follette dynasty is today in the full sway of its power in the state which the opponents of La Follette rule, during the last campaign, referred to as Wisfollette. As an opposition leader puts it, "Old Bob had a mortgage on Wisconsin for quarter of a century, but it was never foreclosed until Young Bob and Phil came along." It is pretty well conceded that today any important policy relating to the official attitude of Wisconsin on either state or national affairs, if indorsed by the La Follette triumvirate of Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Sr., Young Bob and Phil, would be very likely to be approved by a majority of the citizens of the state.

Like Father, Like Son

THE latest La Follette victory—that of thirty-three-year-old Phil La Follette over Walter J. Kohler, who sought renomination as governor—is probably as impressive a demonstration of the power of the La Follette name and leadership in Wisconsin as any victory ever won by the elder La Follette. It was a surprise—at least in the size of the majority—to the most sanguine supporter of the insurgent faction in the state. Kohler is an able, experienced and successful business man. Skilled political observers had predicted his victory by a substantial margin. His administration was probably as good a one as any governor of Wisconsin—where the executive is tremendously handicapped by factional lines in the legislature which are so complicated in their ramifications as to defy analysis—can achieve by sincerity of purpose and willingness of effort. But when young Phil, who would need no disguise to get by as an undergraduate on any college campus in the country, took to the stump, began to push back his rumpled hair and damn the political machines and the iniquities of wealth in government, the stuff was all off. In the campaigns of both 1926 and 1928, the La Follette selections for governor had fallen by the wayside. In 1930, with a La Follette on the ticket, counting the vote was a formality after the first few precincts had been returned.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Robert M. La Follette, Jr.

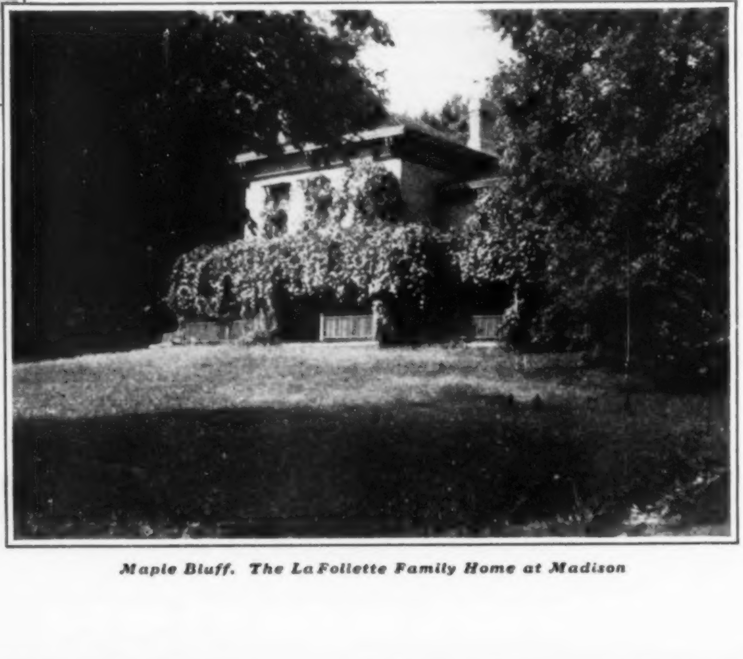
The Founder of the Dynasty

THE outside resident, unfamiliar with Wisconsin political conditions, quite generally is of the opinion that the state is merely a romping ground for the La Follette insurgents whenever they choose to do a little romping. La Follette and Wisconsin have become more or less synonymous. The real facts are that the opposition has won its fair share of victories during the entire period of La Follette activity, and quite frequently has appeared to be on the highroad to permanent success. The policies to which the La Follette name has become attached very frequently meet with hard sledding at home.

The older La Follette first became governor in 1901. He gave up this office to become United States senator in 1905. Since that time the state has elected four governors who were not supported by the La Follette leadership, and only two backed by the ruling family. During the score of years the senior La Follette served in the United States Senate, he never had a colleague in that body who recognized his leadership. Although Phil La Follette recently had a runaway victory for the nomination as governor, the state senate which will be in office when young Phil is inaugurated will be conservative in majority. Only two daily newspapers of any importance supported the La Follette slate in the 1930 primaries.

The initiative and referendum and the recall of public officials—all usually considered La Follette policies—have never been adopted in Wisconsin in any important degree. The La Follette measures which have been adopted in the state, including railway-rate legislation, taxation of incomes and regulation of business, differ little from legislation taken as a matter of course in many other states. Public ownership of utilities in the state has never made great progress. The radicalism of Wisconsin, in many respects, is more of an export product than an article primarily for domestic consumption.

One fact, however, is outstanding in the history of the La Follette opposition. From 1900 on, they could neither defeat Old Bob himself, nor any member of his family. Candidates with the indorsement of the La Follettes quite frequently get good beatings. The senior La Follette tried desperately to



Maple Bluff. The La Follette Family Home at Madison

WISFOLLETTE—By Louis H. Cook

defeat Irvine Lenroot, once an ally, for the United States Senate, and failed. It remained for John Blaine, a hard-fisted, ruthless, fighting politician, to oust Lenroot in 1926, with the help of the younger La Follettes. Herman Ekern, who was slated originally to succeed the senior La Follette as United States senator, failed in his efforts to become governor despite the La Follette backing.

There must be, therefore, something about the La Follettes themselves which grips the imagination of a majority of the voters of the state. The elder La Follette considered himself to be a demagogue in the original sense of the word—that is, a man who champions the cause of the common people. "The essence of the progressive movement as I see it," he said, "lies in its purpose to uphold the fundamental principles of representative government." Of course, the meaning of this statement depends entirely upon the construction placed upon it by the individual. Old Bob became active politically just about the time that the pioneer days were passing. A grim and great generation of hard-boiled eggs had carved Wisconsin out of the wilderness. Wisconsin is a new state, as compared even with its neighbors, Michigan and Illinois. Milwaukee was not settled until 1835. In 1830 there were not more than 10,000 white people in the state, and only 30,945 in 1840. Then came a flood of both New England and foreign immigration. The elder La Follette describes the country community where he was born in a log hut in 1855—Primrose Township, only twenty miles from Madison—as "made up of Yankees, Scandinavians and Germans." That was typical of the rest of the state, and, quite naturally, the Yankees and the Irish, who were then fleeing the potato famine, took over the direction of public affairs. The Schofields, the Sawyers, the Rusks, the Vilases, the Fairchilds and the Spooners all came of this early stock. They ran the state and they looked out for themselves while they were doing it. Wisconsin's history was little different from that of other Midwestern States in this respect. It is certain that quite a few of the amenities of popular government were overlooked in the last half of the nineteenth century in Wisconsin.

A Political Heritage

THE pioneer politicians went out of the picture when La Follette came into power in 1900. They did not go out willingly. The picture that many have of La Follette, the elder, is that of a visionary, perhaps fanatical, and possibly impractical, popular leader. Outside Wisconsin the same impression prevails in regard to the younger generation of the family. This picture is entirely a false one.

There never was a meaner opponent in a rough-and-tumble political battle than Old Bob, as he is remembered in Wisconsin, and his sons are just like him. There never was a keener mind for practical political strategy than that which was and is possessed by Belle Case La Follette, his life partner. There is good reason to believe that the coolness of Mrs. La Follette, Sr., her ability as a strategist and counselor have descended to Robert M. La Follette, Jr., and that Young Phil has inherited not only some of the political wisdom of his father and mother but also his father's magnetic ability to take the stump and carry the votes of the masses by both the gift of oratory and the force of personality.

The peculiar ascendancy which the La Follette family has now gained in Wisconsin was something never dreamed of by the founder of the dynasty. Still less was it ever even visioned in their wildest nightmares by the conservative leaders of Wisconsin. Old Bob fought himself into power in 1900. Following the good old rule of "if you can't beat 'em, you better jine 'em," peace negotiations were entered into between the conservative forces, headed by John C. Spooner, then United States senator, and Governor La Follette.

No Quarter Asked or Given

THE negotiations got as far as a tender of the olive branch to Old Bob. "Not while a pine tree grows in the state of Wisconsin will I make up with Spooner and his crowd" was his ultimatum. The reply was characteristic of the La Follette policy then and now. Many La Follette supporters of the past have become conservative. Some conservatives have become La Follette supporters, but they are few and far between. After the Spooner effort at peace, no more was ever attempted with Old Bob. The policy of the conservatives in Wisconsin has not been, during the past generation, to cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Wisconsin factional politics are fought without quarter and without mercy. Every two years the heavy artillery goes into action, the snickersnees are whetted and the poison-gas barrages are laid down.

Philip F. La Follette

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Two Bobs, Father and Son, in 1924

On the matter of issues, there is probably less variance between the La Follette wing and the opposition in Wisconsin than there is between partisan alignments in many other states. The personal line of demarcation, however, is far more closely marked in Wisconsin than usual. The Democratic Party as a real factor has disappeared. Democratic candidates get a good many votes at times, but they are the votes either of disgruntled stalwarts or of disgruntled progressives. There is just as much difference between the ardent La Follette supporter in Wisconsin and the ardent conservative as there is between a staunch Democrat and a strong partisan Republican anywhere in the world. There is, of course, a wide group of more or less disinterested voters that vote the Republican ticket on general principles, but the political leaders bolt whenever they feel like it. Nobody expects anything else. But apparently there are always plenty of votes for any member of the La Follette family.

Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Sr., and Her Two Sons, Robert, Jr., and Philip

Old Bob fought himself into power and retained his personal leadership for twenty-five years. His darkest hours were during the war, when his attitude brought upon him the bitterest kind of criticism from many who had been his staunchest supporters. Four hundred and twenty-five members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin signed a statement denouncing him for his votes in Congress in connection with the war. He was hanged in effigy in the streets of Madison and expelled from the exclusive Madison club of which he had been a member for years. But in 1922 when he came up for reëlection, he came back to Wisconsin and stormed the state. In Milwaukee, making his first important speech of the tour, he faced a hostile audience on the Polish South Side, and if ever a campaigner fought for his political life, it was Old Bob in this campaign.

"Six years ago I came before you as a candidate for the United States Senate," he began. "I told you that if I were elected I would oppose our entry into the European war. At the same time Woodrow Wilson, as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, came before you and you elected him because he had kept us out of the war, and you elected me on my promise to keep on keeping out of the war. Six months later Woodrow Wilson asked the Senate of the United States to declare war upon Germany. I kept my promise and voted against the declaration. You deified Woodrow Wilson, but you hanged me in effigy on the streets of the capital city of my own state."

He stumped the state. He harangued and argued vast audiences in speeches which lasted three and

(Continued on Page 80)

VITTLES AND VIANDS

By Marie Kimball

HAVE you ever sampled baked ox palates or forced cock's combs? Have you tried a calf's head hashed brown, a herrico of beef tails, lamb's ears in *béchamel*, or a neat's tongue stewed? Perhaps you have nibbled at fricasseed cow's udders, or pigeon transmogrified, or a ragout of pig's ears. If so, you have already been initiated into the delicacies of the eighteenth century and the mysteries of an early American dinner party.

What visions of abundance, what dreams of Lucullan feasts these words call forth! We picture the tables of our ancestors as groaning with delicacies long forgotten, and with the ample American dishes that have become the stand-bys of today. Untroubled by vitamins and calories, undaunted by food values, they struggled merrily and bravely through those overwhelming repasts, the mere remnants of which still exist in the dinners of hotels on the American plan. Had we but followed in their footsteps, we should not be eating sugar in our corn bread, marshmallow on our sweet potatoes, or cheese on our pineapple.

There is little exaggeration in our picture, as far as the eighteenth century is concerned. Before 1700 there was scarcely any luxury in dinners or elegance in dining in the colonies or in England, except among the nobility. With the advent of the new century came a greater elaboration of life. The bitter struggles of the bare pioneer days were over and the colonists were being rewarded by a prosperity such as most of them had never enjoyed in the Old World. China supplanted the wooden and pewter dishes of the preceding century, silver was in common use, at least on all the great plantations and among the wealthy merchant class of the North. Even forks, at first ridiculed as "little instruments to make hay with in our mouths," were now adopted by the more prosperous and elegant Americans. Just how did these people live, what did they have to eat, how was it served, are questions that fascinate everyone.

Soup to Nuts, and Repeat

IT IS not without reason that we look to the South for the perfect picture of life in colonial America. The great plantations, with their vast acres, their magnificent mansions, their unlimited service, and the wealth which all this implied, set a standard of luxury and refinement that was equaled nowhere else. The hospitality which this engendered, and for which the South has always been famous, found its fullest expression in the portrait-hung dining room of the plantation, where were served the ample Southern dinners, the feasts of holidays, and the sumptuous, nine-o'clock breakfasts which still outshine many a Northern dinner.

A dinner in colonial times was quite a different thing from a dinner of today. It was characterized, from our present point of view, by abundance rather than by elegance.

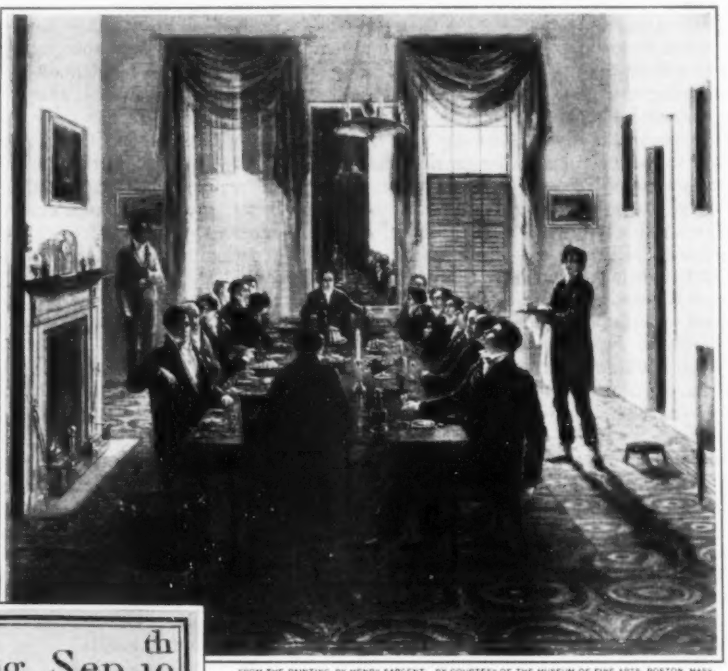
It was not served in a long series of courses—such an idea had never occurred to anyone—but in two, which very thoroughly duplicated each other. The first mention of what we should consider a fashionable dinner was made by James Fenimore Cooper in 1817, when he dined with the President and Mrs. Monroe, and spoke of the dinner having been served in courses "in the French style, though some of the guests, appearing to prefer their own customs, coolly helped themselves to what they found at hand." It was many years after this that a dinner served in courses became the prevailing fashion.

As a rule, everything was put on the table at the same time, the hot dishes under covers. The table stretched nearly the full length of the room and was covered by a cloth—diaper cloth for everyday, a more imposing material for festive occasions. The symmetrical arrangement of the dishes on the table was of the utmost importance, and this usually constituted the sole adornment. Flowers seem never to have been used in those days.

Fine pieces of silver occasionally ornamented the table, and we know that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams shopped in Paris for a *plateau de dessert* for the presidential table in Philadelphia. We know further that Jefferson later brought one back for use in his own home at Monticello.

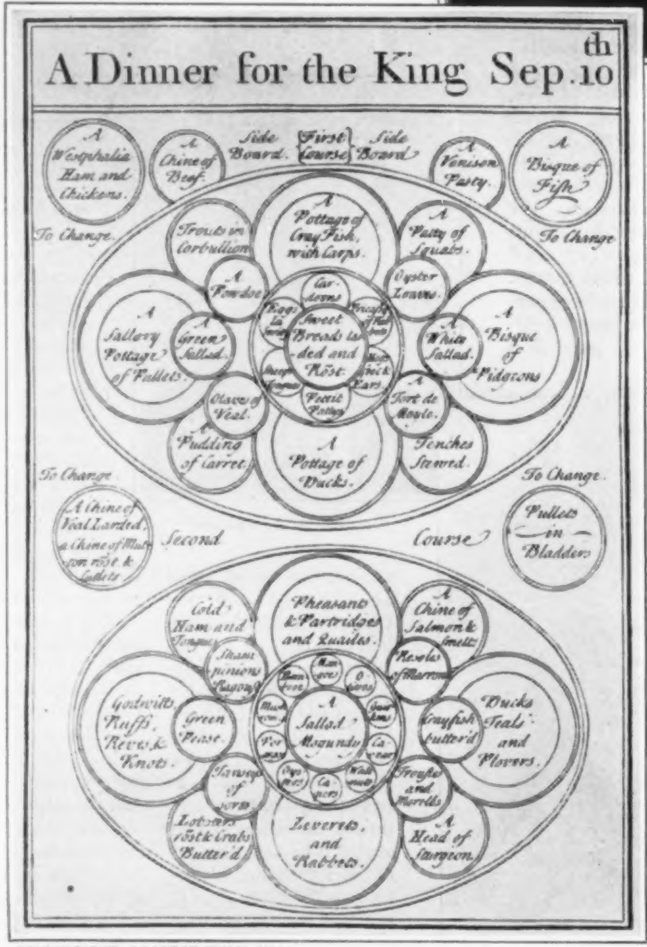
That ornaments of this kind were unusual, we may gather from the amazement expressed by one of Washington's contemporaries, who says:

"In the middle of the table was placed a piece of table furniture about six feet long and two feet wide, rounded at the ends. It was either of wood gilded or polished metal, raised only about an inch, with a silver rim round it like that round a tea board. In the center was a pedestal of plaster of Paris with images upon it, and on each end figures, male and female, of the same. It was very elegant, and used for ornament only. The dishes were placed all around."



FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY SARGENT. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, MASS.

An Early American Dinner Party


A Dinner for the King Sep. 10th
A Westphalia Ham and Chickens.
A Chine of Beef.
Side Board.
First Course
Side Board
A Venison Pasty.
A Bisque of Fish
To Change.
Trouts in Cortbullion
A Pottage of Cray Fish, with Carps.
A Patty of Squabs.
To Change
A Fondue
Cardoons
Oyster Loaves.
A Sallory Pottage of Pullets.
A Green Sallad.
Sweet Breads larded and Rost.
A White Sallad.
A Bisque of Pidgeons
Olaves of Veal.
A Tort de Moule.
A Pudding of Carret.
A Pottage of Ducks.
Tenches Stewed.
To Change
To Change.
A Chine of Veal Larded, a Chine of Mutton rost & Sallets
Second
Course
Pullets in Bladders
Cold Ham and Tongues
Pheasants & Partridges and Quailes.
A Chine of Salmon & Smelts
Shampinions Ragoust
Rissoles of Marrow
Godwitts, Ruffs, Reeves & Knots.
Green Pease.
A Sallad Magundy
Crayfish butter'd
Ducks Teals and Plovers.
Sausage of Worms
Truffles and Morells
Lobsters rost & Crabs Butter'd
Leverets, and Rabbets.
A Head of Sturgeon.

FROM CHARLES CARTER, THE COMPLETE PRACTICAL COOK

The Arrangement of Dishes at "a Dinner Fit for a King" in 1730

It was more usual for five large platters, containing the pièces de résistance, to be placed crosswise the length of the table. A tureen of soup at each end, which began the dinner, was replaced by fish. At right angles to the chief dishes were set smaller platters and dishes containing the sauces, vegetables, "made dishes," and food of secondary importance.

The Game of Hide the Tablecloth

MANY of the old cookbooks contain engravings showing the proper arrangement of a table. Great elaboration and ingenuity were often employed, and elaborate designs of ovals and circles resulted. It was a point of etiquette that the tablecloth should scarcely be visible.

Precise rules for setting the table were laid down by all the old authorities. One says:

"For two Dishes, the best-shaped Table is a pretty long Square, such as will hold one at each End and two on each Side; and the Dishes are placed one near the Top, and the other near the Bottom, with Room for Plates between, as at the Sides, only less.

"For three Dishes, the table should be a broader Square, but still oblong; and one Dish is placed at the Top, and two Side by Side at the Bottom; this is a very awkward Method. But three is an odd Number; two upon the Table at once, and one of them removed, does better.

"A Dinner of four Dishes is set upon the Table thus: There is one at the Top, one at the Bottom,

> and one on each Side, a vacant Space being left in the Middle; this also has a raw Appearance, and the Vacancy should be filled up with something."

The service also differed from what would today be considered fashionable. The food was placed on the table by servants, and they changed the china and the silver when that was necessary, but the serving and the carving were done by the host and the hostess, even though four or five menservants were in attendance, as was the case at Washington's table.

The servants had their functions to perform, however trivial they might be. A traveler in the South speaks of "two or three black servants standing at your elbows to execute your slightest wish, even to pushing the saltcellar a little nearer, if it is a foot from you."

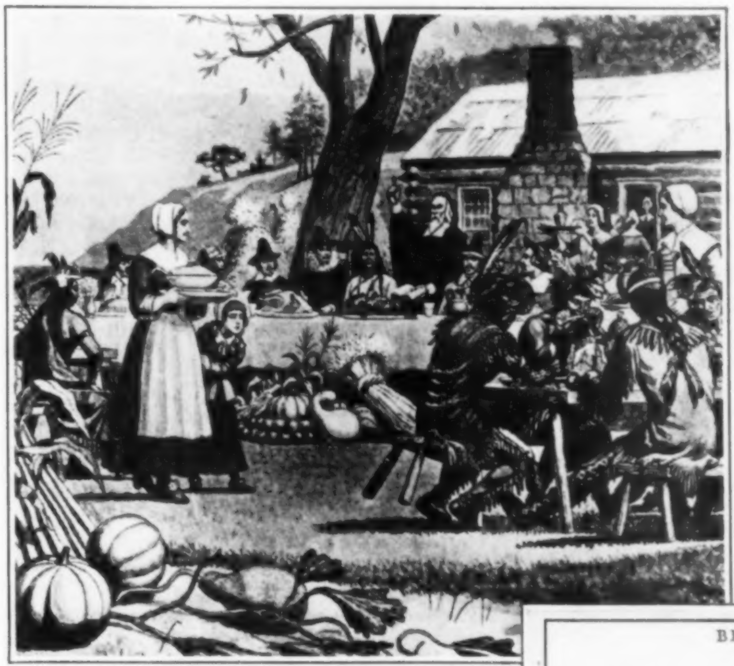


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

The First Thanksgiving Dinner

During the course of the century a change crept in. Says an Emily Post of 1790:

> "It was our custom to let the Lady of the House help her Visitors; and this, though troublesome to her, was founded upon Reason. She was supposed to understand carving perfectly well, and to know where the best Bit lay; it also gave her an Opportunity of showing with what Satisfaction she waited on her Friends.
>
> "At present the Fashion is, that every one takes Care of himself, helping himself to what is next, or sending his Plate to the Person who sits near what he likes; so that the Lady fares like the rest of the Company, and has no more trouble than others. This is Civility to her, because it excuses her a great deal of Trouble, but it takes from her the Opportunity of serving her Friends.
>
> "The Company are meant to be entertained, and the better they are so, the more the Master of the House will be pleased. They were under a Constraint, when everything was to come from the Hand of the Mistress; they did not care to shew they had large Stomachs, or they were ashamed to speak, or they were sorry to give her Trouble; so that half of them did not dine well. Now every one helps himself as he likes, and where he likes; nobody sees what he eats, and if he gives anybody Trouble, he is in the Way of returning it, by helping them in his Turn to any that is next him."

Concerning a Lost Art

UNDER these circumstances, carving, naturally, became not only a fine art but actually a rite, and all the old cookbooks devote an elaborate chapter to laying bare its mysteries. It is amusing to read the admonitions on the necessity of learning to carve properly:

> "I can imagine nothing more disagreeable than to behold a person at the head of a well-furnished table, presiding only to haggle and spoil the finest articles of provision, by which great waste is occasioned, and, I may add, some disgust, because many delicate persons, when helped in a clumsy manner, absolutely loathe the victuals set before them."

Hereupon the writer devotes some pages to the secrets of carving. Who of us moderns could pass a test on how to rear a goose, unbrace a mallard or duck, unlace a coney, wing a partridge, allay a pheasant, dismember a hen, thigh a woodcock, display a crane, or lift a swan? Our struggles with a leg of lamb or a roast of beef, when we are brave enough to attempt even that, seem trifling in the face of all this.

The dinner for which so much knowledge was a preliminary was indeed an imposing affair. Although nominally of only two courses, there were so many dishes in each one that we wonder how it was possible to taste even the half. One sometimes feels that in these dinners American cookery had proceeded on the principle enunciated by a famous gourmet, that it is very easy to entertain a numerous company with healthy appetites. To learn what was actually served, we once more turn to the old cookbooks, for many of them print model menus for the assistance of the perplexed housewife. A dinner suitable for the month of February, in the year 1792, would be composed in the following manner:

FIRST COURSE

Small Chicken Patties	Soup Purée removed with Salmon	Pork Cutlets Sauce Robart
Red Cabbage Stew'd		Lobster Sauce
	Shoulder of Mutton in Epigram	Masht Potatoes
Boil'd Chickens		Boil'd Turkey
Plain Butter		French Beans Fricasseed
Shrimp Sauce Drest Greens Scotch Collops	Ham Beef Tremblongue Soup Santea removed with Stew'd Carp	Celery Sauce Oyster Loaves

SECOND COURSE

Maids of Honor Asparagus à la Pittit Poi	2 Wild Ducks	Rhenish Cream Prawns
	Lambs Tails au Beshemel	Sauce
Sauce		
		Plovers
2 Teal	Hare Roasted	
		Sauce
Crayfish Sauce	Sweetbreads à la dauphin	Chardoons Fricasseed
Fruit in Jellie	3 Partridges	Custards

Menus for Men

AFTER the second course the ladies retired, and the real business of the evening began. As a rule, dinner parties were confined almost exclusively to men; occasionally the wife of the host was present, and sometimes other women, but that this was unusual we may gather from that shrewd observer, Frances Trollope. She says:

> "Mixed dinner parties to ladies and gentlemen are very rare, and unless several foreigners are present, little conversation passes at table. It certainly does not, in my opinion, add to the well-ordering a dinner table, to set the gentlemen at one end of it and the ladies at the other, but it is very rarely that you find it otherwise."

With the coming of the nineteenth century the number of courses at a dinner party seems to have increased to three, for Mrs. Glasse's famous cookbook, published in 1805, gives "the order of a modern bill of fare for each month, in the manner the dishes are to be placed upon the table." For January we find:

FIRST COURSE

Leg of Lamb	Soup	Boiled Chickens
Chicken and Veal Pie	Petit Patties	Roasted Beef
Tongue	Cod's Head Patties Vermicelli Soup	Scotch Collops

SECOND COURSE

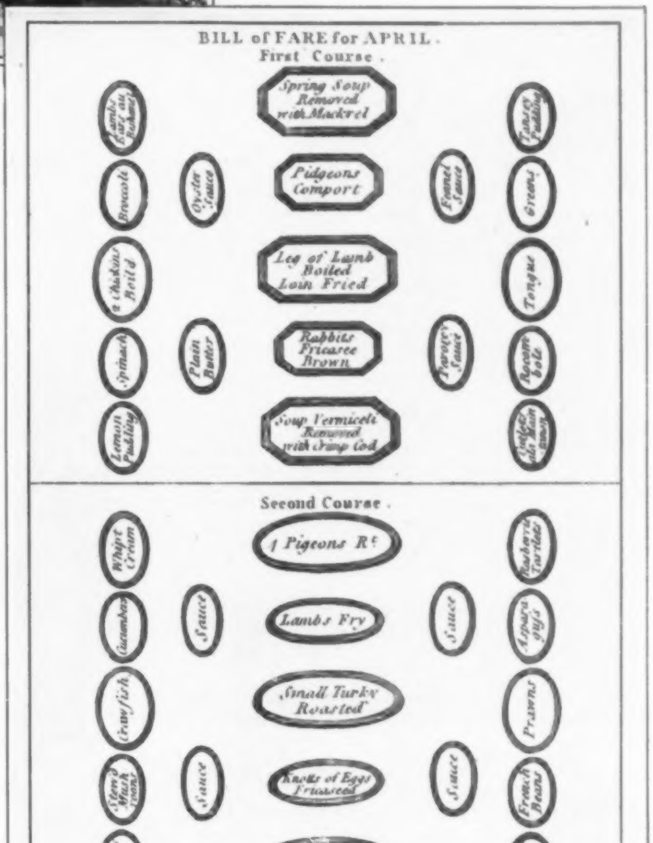
Marinated Smelts	Roasted Turkey	Mince Pies
Roast Sweetbreads	Stands of Jellies	Larks
Almond Tort	Maids of Honour Woodcocks	Lobsters

THIRD COURSE

Artichoke Bottoms	Morels	Macaroni
	Dutch Beef Scraped	Black Cup
Custards		
Scalloped Oysters	Cut Pastry Potted Chars	Stewed Celery
	Rabbit Fricasseed	

N. B. In your first course always observe to send up all kinds of garden stuff suitable to your meat, and so on, in different dishes, on a water dish filled with hot water on the side table; and all your sauce in boats or basons, to answer one another at the courses.

(Continued on Page 115)



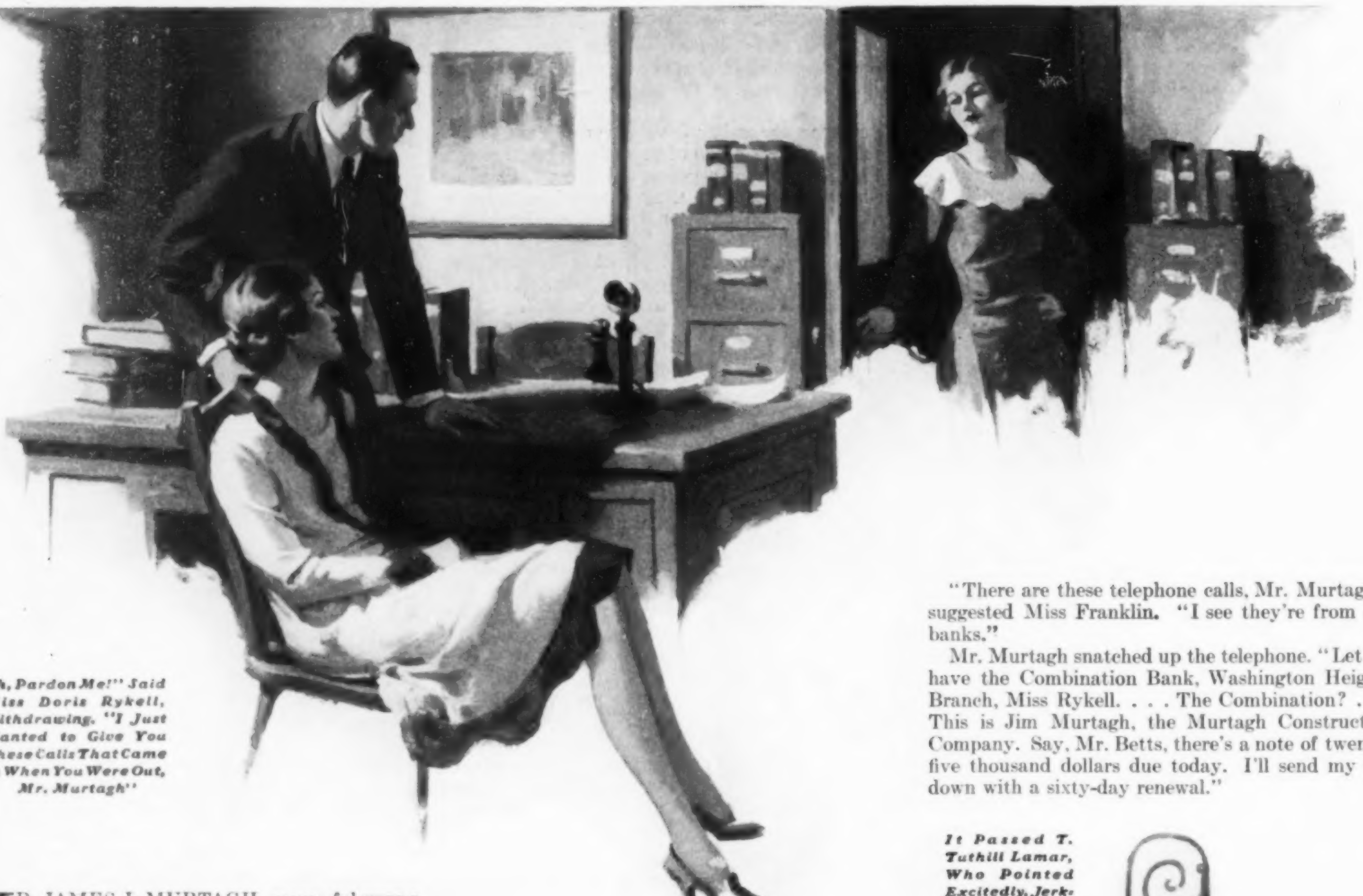
FROM RICHARD BRIGGS, THE ENGLISH ART OF COOKERY

The Proper Arrangement of Dishes for a Dinner Party in the Year 1788

BITTERSWEET

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



"Oh, Pardon Me!" Said Miss Doris Rykell, Withdrawing. "I Just Wanted to Give You These Calls That Came In When You Were Out, Mr. Murtagh"

MR. JAMES J. MURTAGH, successful young New York builder, ran a muscular hand through his thick and curly black hair and glared menacingly at the back of his office girl's head. Mr. Murtagh was going to dictate a letter to his plumbing contractor, telling that evasive and dilatory scoundrel just exactly where he got off. "Dear Mr. Nageleisen!" he sneered. He'd tell him.

But English composition was not Mr. Murtagh's stronghold; his fierce grimace, failing of prompt translation into pungent and daunting language, relaxed, grew wistful. His attention was refractory, left the proposed letter and dwelt on busy One Hundred and Eighty-first Street under the office window, returned to the back of Miss Winona Franklin's head and went to considering that. It was a trim brown head, on a straight and round neck that flowed into shapely shoulders. Had Jim Murtagh had the delinquent plumber before him, he would not have been stumped for words, would have spoken his mind with a force compensating for any lack of elegance, but the person before him was Miss Franklin, and—added distraction—Jim Murtagh had long been revolving in mind a communication to his office girl, his bookkeeper, his stenographer, his straw boss, his—in a word, his Miss Franklin.

"Do they call you Winona at home, or Nona?" he asked in a low, sweet and breathless voice. "Don't be angry at me for being so sudden with you, but I can tell you better if we're not face to face, and I thought I would write you a letter. I've been watching you and thinking about you ever since we started these jobs, and I want you to be ——"

"Heh-m-m!"

The sound of the door opening behind him, and the warning grunting, caused Mr. Murtagh to stiffen. He was bending over Miss Franklin and was looking astonishingly like a business man about to kiss his amanuensis; by a slight shifting of his angles, he looked at once like a man betrayed into a suggestive attitude by his very absorption in his work, reading his stenographer's copy over her shoulder. Miss Doris Rykell, the telephone girl who served the several offices from her post in the general room outside, was in the doorway.

"Read what I dictated, Miss Franklin," said Mr. Murtagh in a heartless tone.

Miss Franklin turned her head casually; her brown eyes considered Miss Doris Rykell, distinguishing that pretty blond lady from the door jamb after a moment's scrutiny.

"'Dear Mr. Nageleisen,'" she read aloud. "The same address, Mr. Murtagh? Thank you. . . .

"*Dear Mr. Nageleisen:* Do they call you Winona at home, or Nona? Don't be angry at me for being so sudden with you, but I can tell you better if we're not face to face, and I thought I would write you a letter. I've been watching you and thinking about you ever since we started these jobs, and I want you to be ——"

She waited with poised pencil, glancing mildly at her employer. He flushed hotly and his black eyes widened.

"Oh, pardon me!" said Miss Doris Rykell, withdrawing. "I just wanted to give you these calls that came in when you were out, Mr. Murtagh."

"Strike out the first part, Miss Franklin," said Mr. Murtagh. "My mistake! Go on from 'I've been watching you.'" He then dictated with the glibness of fury.

"Send that to Nageleisen right away and register it, Miss Franklin. I'm going over to the jobs."

"There are these telephone calls, Mr. Murtagh," suggested Miss Franklin. "I see they're from the banks."

Mr. Murtagh snatched up the telephone. "Let me have the Combination Bank, Washington Heights Branch, Miss Rykell. . . . The Combination? . . . This is Jim Murtagh, the Murtagh Construction Company. Say, Mr. Betts, there's a note of twenty-five thousand dollars due today. I'll send my girl down with a sixty-day renewal."

It Passed T. Tuthill Lamar, Who Pointed Excitedly, Jerking at the Blue-Coated Sleeve of the Officer Beside Him

"You mean a check, do you not, Mr. Murtagh?" amended Mr. Betts. "Have it certified and here by two o'clock, please."

"Certified—and two o'clock? I don't get you."

"It's our rule, Mr. Murtagh, that notes not paid by two o'clock must be sent downstairs. But you have plenty of time."

"Time for what? Mr. Betts, have you any idea that I'm going to pay that note? I told you, when we arranged the accommodation last February, that I'd take up the notes in October."

"I see. You'd better come down here at once, Mr. Murtagh. . . . Oh, indeed, yes, you must come here in person. . . . You'll be here? Then I'll hold the note on my desk. And—hello, Mr. Murtagh!—be here before two o'clock."

"Well, can you beat that little squirt!" gasped Mr. Murtagh with transferred indignation. He was appealing to Miss Franklin, who commonly joined with him in reprobating the ways of banks and the ignorance and callousness of bankers, but now he checked himself and withdrew his gaze even while hers was warming in sympathy. "Well, I'll go down and see him. I'll go over and see Bullen, of the Neighborhood Bank, at the same time. You can get me at either place. From there I'll go to the jobs, so I probably won't be back here again."

"Combination — Neighborhood—and the jobs," nodded Miss Franklin. "Good day, Mr. Murtagh."

"Good day," growled Mr. Murtagh politely. He was all through with Miss Franklin, in that way. She had thrown cold water on him for the last time. She was just what she looked like—a cold and bloodless business machine. He wondered how he could ever have been such a fool.

As he passed the telephone switchboard, Miss Doris Rykell looked up into his eyes, and her own of gray were soft and sweet. "Oh, hel-lo, darling," she cooed. "I haven't had a chance to talk to you all day. Listen; call me up tonight about half-past seven and we'll have dinner together. . . . Yes? Just a minute."

Miss Rykell yanked a plug and thrust, crying, "Go ahead, Mr. Jones!" She had been exchanging amenities with one of her many acquaintances at one of the many boards in the vast city; Mr. James J. Murtagh, who had halted shortly beside her, was hardly aware of the sweetness of her gaze and the allurement of her voice before those qualities were banished and she was all business again.

He walked on and to the doorway. As he was closing the door he looked across the room at Miss Rykell, and their eyes met. Hers were apologetic and humorous, tentatively reprimanding. Questioning, the penciled brows were contracted, but the eyes beneath were laughing into his. Mr. James J. Murtagh, successful young builder shouldering his way toward a fortune, calculating such as Miss Doris Rykell at so many dollars a week and hiring and firing accordingly, stood now at gaze like a deer before the hunter; he closed the door abruptly, alarmed.

Mr. Betts, manager of the Washington Heights branch of the great Combination Bank, caressed his bald young head and drew reflectively on his excellent cigar. His manner was distressed and sympathizing, but unyielding, conceding that Mr. Murtagh's position was unfortunate, but pleading inability to do anything helpful. "I must do what I'm told, Mr. Murtagh. The committee on credits, down in the main office, wants this note paid."

"I told you I'd pay you by putting a second mortgage on the house," protested Jim hotly. "I can't do it now! This is July, and the house won't be finished till October, and I've only four apartments rented out of twenty-four. If I go to those second-mortgage sharks now, they'll take my whole profit."

"Business conditions have changed in general since you arranged this credit," said Mr. Betts mildly. "And the committee doesn't believe they'll improve in the next few months. I'll extend this note for two weeks, Mr. Murtagh; go out and get your second mortgage."

"You want me to throw my apartments away?"

"Mr. Murtagh," said the branch manager almost caressingly, "the Combination Bank is not in the building business. Please don't expect the bank to go into it. Don't regard the money we lend you as part of your capital; it's put out for a limited time and must come back. You have two weeks, Mr. Murtagh; don't lose any time."

"And after you drive my 6 per cent loan in, your committee will put it out at 2 per cent, on call in Wall Street!"

"The committee ——" murmured Mr. Betts, bending over Jim Murtagh's renewal note.

"Good day, sir," snapped the client, seizing his hat.

He had opened a credit with the Combination on the advice of Old Chan Bullen, of the Neighborhood Bank; Old Chan had told him that it was the thing to have two banks. A man could switch his notes from one bank to the other, never wearing out his welcome at either. Some of Jim Murtagh's notes had been stringing along at the Neighborhood Bank for three and four years, mementos of jobs long ago built and sold.

"Get the Combination to take them, Jim," advised Old Chan amicably. "Get off our books for six months and we'll be glad to see you again."

And the great Combination Bank had agreed to take his note; so easily was the accommodation arranged that Jim Murtagh thought he had underestimated himself and that he should build two apartment houses at a time, instead of his annual one.

The two houses were now standing, all but completed, on Fort Washington Avenue. One was in the name of the Murtagh Construction Company, and that company was on the Combination note; the other, partly financed by a credit with the Neighborhood Bank, was in the name of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Co. These corporate names meant only James J. Murtagh, except for strictly legal purposes.

Old Chan—dry, bloodless, embalmed in the desiccating atmosphere of money—nodded curtly to his client and gave him a thin and bony hand. "Good afternoon, Jim," he said creakily. "How've you been, Jim? You're looking well. And how's mother?"

"Fine, Mr. Bullen," said Jim, soothed. Here was no darned clerk. Old Chan was the whole Neighborhood Bank. He might speak of his board, when refusing a loan, but it was only a euphemism; his pencil was the bank's scepter. There was some satisfaction in dealing with a bank like the Neighborhood; one got a yes or no, across the desk. A man with a pay roll coming

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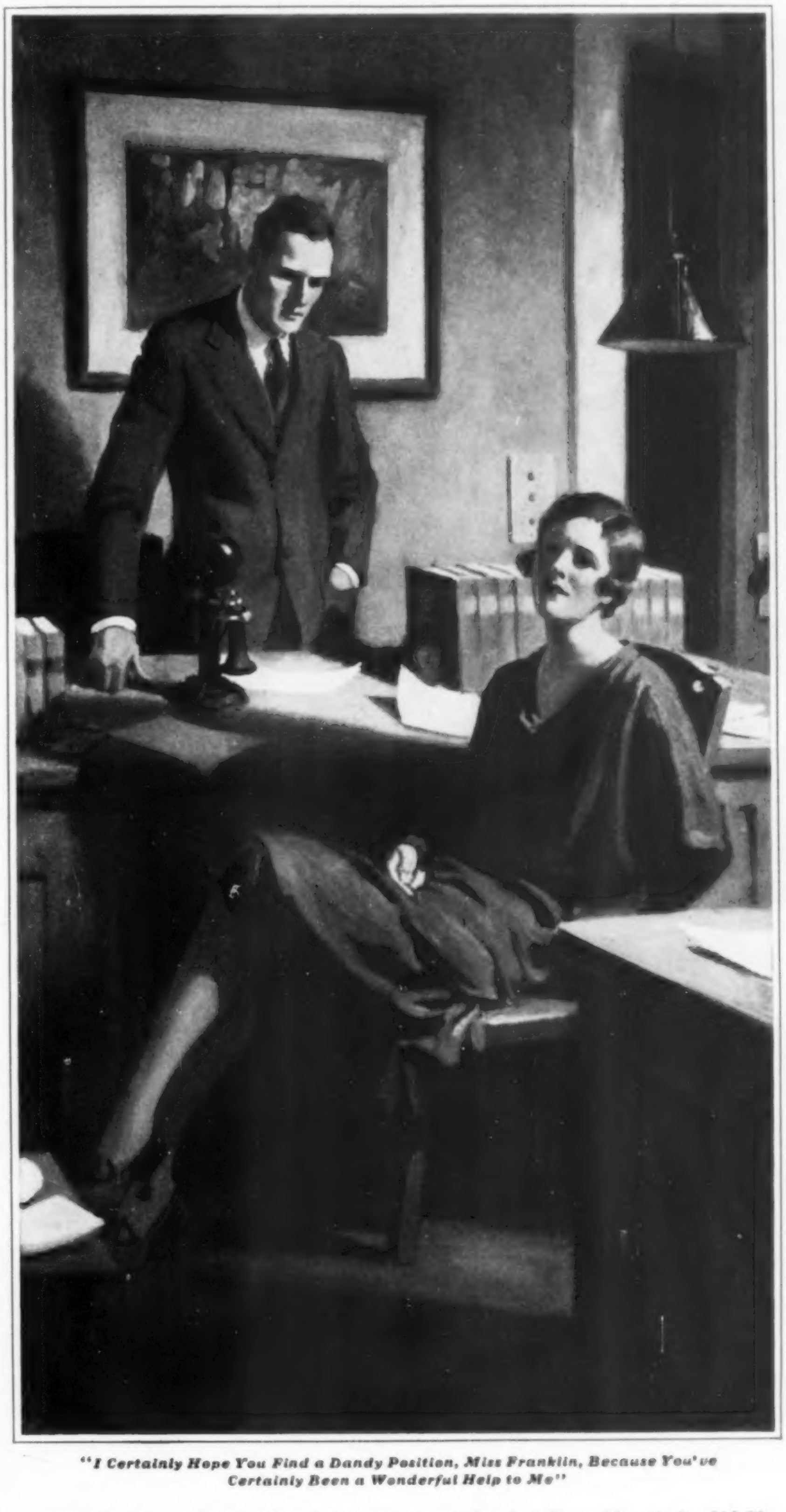


"I Certainly Hope You Find a Dandy Position, Miss Franklin, Because You've Certainly Been a Wonderful Help to Me"

The Hypothesis of Artemis

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THEY had returned from a visit to the magnificence of the Villa d'Este and were refreshing themselves in that pleasant garden which makes the Hotel Russia so clement. Caroline Luce was in raptures. "Papa," she said, "if you could take home the d'Este gardens you would be doing something. I'm sick and tired of Old Masters. They're grimy, and the people who sell them to you are grimy. But one park such as that!"

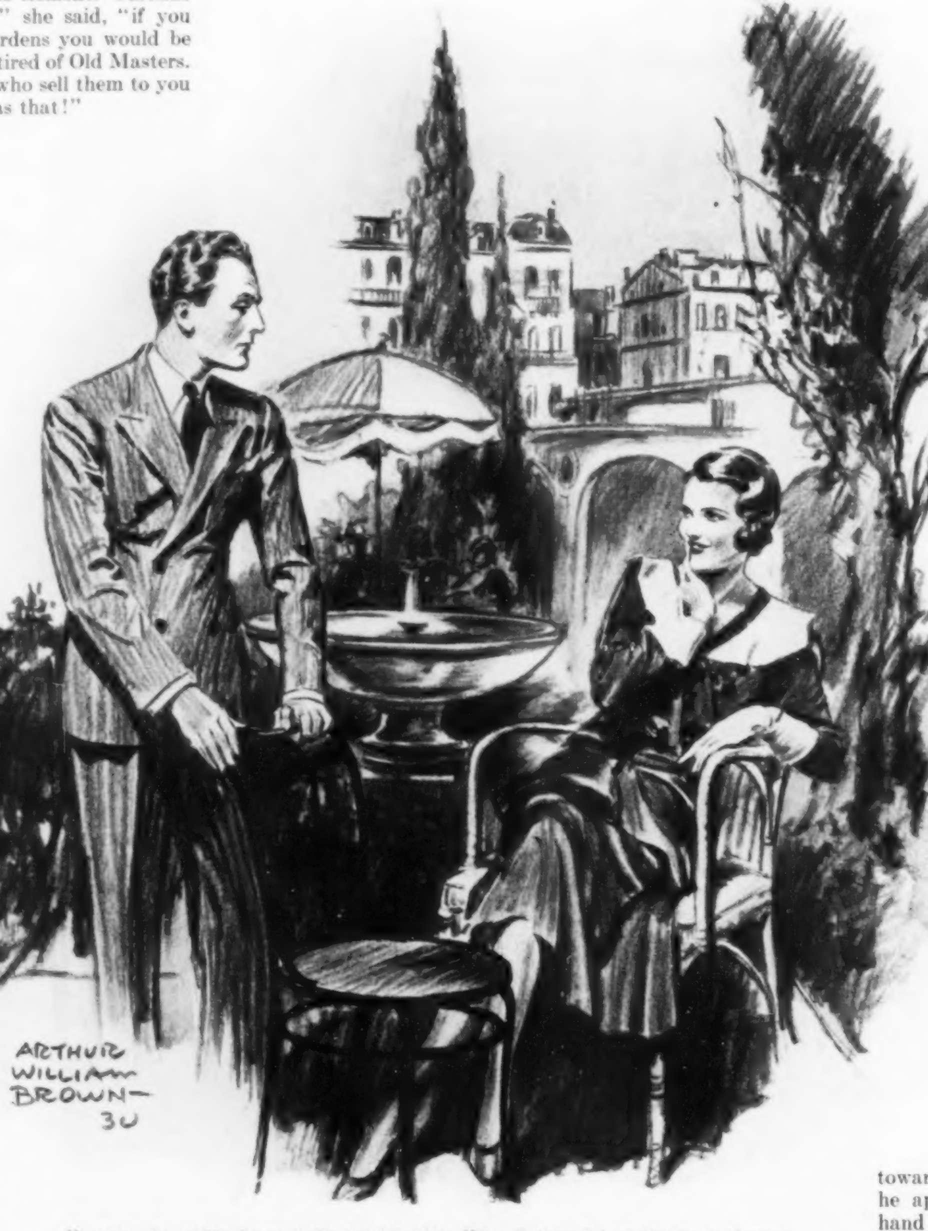
"I'm afraid Rome would refuse to part with it, cunning," said her father.

Professor Erasmus Orson Fox, who had come down from Florence with the Luces, really against his will, but because he had been commanded to do so by this impertinent young woman, Caroline, who really meant nothing in his highly educated life, cleared his throat.

"The garden," he said didactically, "is the only artistic expression that belongs to the aristocracies. It adapts itself to the most imperious needs of those who have been robbed of self-expression through idleness and wealth. It throws around them the solitude which they cannot seek within themselves. It is made to surround them with murmurs, with coolness and shade, the possession of which, amid the freedom of the earth, is the recompense of the poor."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Caroline. "Did you think that up yourself? And what does it mean?"

"I did not think it up. It is the opinion of a great thinker upon art. Inasmuch as I seem to be in an atmosphere where art plays so important a part, I am mastering the subject. The way to master a subject is to study," Professor Erasmus Orson Fox explained.



"I Shall Go to My Room," He Said Coldly; "But Before I Go I Desire to Assure You That I Am in No Degree Inspired by Jealousy of Yourself"

"You've been and gone and read another book," said Caroline. "Do you think you can learn everything out of books?"

"Where else?" demanded the professor, his lean, handsome young face very somber and serious.

"Can you learn to appreciate beauty from a book?"

"I am doing so."

"I suppose you could read a recipe and taste the cake," said Caroline.

"Caroline!" expostulated her mother.

"I can't avoid my responsibilities," said that young woman firmly. "Here is a young man all cluttered up with education, all of it secondhand, and most of it musty. I'm renovating him."

"I have no wish to be renovated," said Erasmus Orson.

"Who said that about gardens?" asked Mr. Luce.

"Elie Faure."

"Never heard of him; but when you come to think of it, he opened up and uttered quite an observation. Socialist, was he?"

"Socialism," said the professor, "is only the undigested drippings of thought which seep downward from great minds to the masses. They garble what they cannot understand, and reason to false conclusions from inadequate conceptions."

"Gosh!" Caroline exclaimed. "He goes off like a package of firecrackers. Put a pail over him, somebody."

"Mussolini found a cure for it, whatever it is," said Mr. Luce.

"Mussolini operated to remove certain regrettable symptoms," said Erasmus Orson. "You cannot cure thought with castor oil. Any effort on the part of the masses to think is commendable. I prefer the active, if erratic, efforts to reason by socialists and anarchists, to the self-complacent vacuity of a contented bourgeoisie. It is better to think wrong than never to think at all."

"Help! Help!" cried Caroline. "Doesn't he know words and syllables and sentences and paragraphs! Oh! Oh! Self-complacent vacuity of a contented bourgeoisie! Whoops!"

"Caroline!" expostulated Mrs. Luce.

An attendant of the hotel approached the group and said with an air of consequence, "The Marquis dei Pitati calls upon the Signor Luce."

"He does, eh? Well, fetch him right along, Giuseppe."

"Who is he, daddy?" Caroline asked.

"Haven't the slightest idea who he is, but you may depend on it he has something to sell."

"Now, papa," said Mrs. Luce, "you be nice to him. After all, a marquis is a marquis."

"My dear, after careful consideration, I believe you are more than half right."

"Kiss his hand, daddy. Please. I want to see you do it," Caroline said impertinently.

A young man, tall, immaculately dressed and so handsome as to appear almost effeminate to American eyes, came from the door of the hotel and, led by the attendant, walked up the path toward the little party. He smiled as he approached, extended a cordial hand to Mr. Luce, and said in perfect English: "Welcome to Rome, Mr. Luce. We have a common friend in Mr. Valentine, of New York, who has spoken of you so frequently that I have hastened to make your acquaintance."

"Oh, Valentine, eh? Mighty courteous of you to call, marquis. My wife, my daughter and Professor Fox."

"Charmed. And was the journey down from Florence abominable as usual?"

"Pretty stuffy," Mr. Luce said.

The marquis turned to Caroline and his eyes enlarged and lighted as he realized her loveliness. "I hope our poor Italy has been repaying you for your visit," he said.

"I have no complaints to make to the House Committee," she said, and he looked a bit nonplused.

"Caroline!" admonished Mrs. Luce.

The marquis turned to glance speculatively at the professor. Obviously he was endeavoring to estimate his position in the present scheme of things, with an idea of modifying his behavior in accordance. One never could tell about professors. They might or they might not signify.

"And you, sir?" he asked graciously. "Undoubtedly you find much to interest a man of learning."

Erasmus Orson felt a sudden wave of hostility against this handsome young nobleman, and while he fumbled for a suitable reply Caroline answered for him.

"The professor," she said, "has abandoned erudition. He came here to be dusted off. I'm doing it."

"Ah." The marquis smiled somewhat vaguely. "It must be charming to—er—be dusted off by Miss Luce."

"He'll learn to like it in time," she said.

Dei Pitati became general again. "This afternoon I have many engagements," he said, "so I must not give myself the pleasure of staying longer. But I must make the stay of a friend of Mr. Valentine to be enjoyable if, in my small way, I can do so. Perhaps you will dine with me tomorrow evening." He smiled deprecatingly. "I have but an apartment in the city, for I am a countryman who must raise many olives."

Mr. Luce glanced at his wife and Caroline, but it was Mrs. Luce who responded. "We shall be delighted," said she.

"Very well, then. At nine o'clock." He handed Mr. Luce a card. "My address. It is very easy to come to from this hotel." He arose and bowed from the waist. "I shall look forward to seeing you at my table. Also there will be a gentleman to interest Professor Fox. Doctor Cariani, of the University of Padua."

When he was gone Mrs. Luce regarded Caroline reprovingly. "After all, he is a prince," she said.

Mr. Luce was shaking his head. "I'm bewildered. Is it possible anyone seeks me out who doesn't want to sell me something? The smelling salts, daughter."

"Better wait, dad. Maybe it's just his line. Go ahead and timeo a few Danaos."

"Eh? What?"

"Miss Luce," said the professor, "refers to the well-known quotation, '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*' Which signifies, 'I fear the Greeks even bearing gifts.'"

"But the prince is not Greek," expostulated Mrs. Luce.

"I must write some letters," said Mr. Luce.

"And I," said his wife, "shall take a nap."

"Whereas, and on the contrary," Caroline said, "I shall remain here, call the class together and deliver the daily lecture." She turned to Erasmus Orson. "Pupil, look upon your teacher; teacher, look upon your pupil."

"The pleasure I derived," said Erasmus Orson, "from the visit of that young nobleman was negligible to the point of being nonexistent."

Caroline regarded him with some surprise. "Did I hear you correctly?" she asked.

"My observation," said Erasmus Orson, "is that your ears are extraordinarily acute."

"It can't be possible! I have builded better than I knew. The young man is exhibiting signs of jealousy, no less! The academic calm is shattered; the scholarly poise wabbles."

"Jealous?" The professor's lean, handsome young face became set with concentration. Here was a new idea. Jealous! The dictionary significance of the word was known to him, but the mental sensations of that state of being had never impinged upon his consciousness. Nevertheless, there must be some reason for his decided aversion to the marquis. Its root must lie in some soil or other, and could that soil be jealousy? It was fascinating introspection, and he pursued it.

"Jealous of what?" he asked both of her and of himself. "Of his rank?"

"The answer is no, emphatically."

"Of his personal pulchritude?"

"Wrong again."

"Of what then, for these two seem to be his outstanding attributes?"

"Of me," Caroline said incisively.

"Absurd," said Erasmus Orson. "Why should I be jealous of you? You are an acquaintance, met casually, and soon to vanish from my life. I find you sometimes a pleasant if rather impertinent and unmannerly companion. My interest in you is tenuous and not at all of the sort to excite jealousy."

"If you are ill and call in the doctor," Caroline asked, "what is his first duty?"

"To diagnose your ailment," said the professor.

"Why don't you diagnose it yourself?"

"Because I have not the special knowledge to enable me to do so."

"In short, the doctor tells you what's the matter with you because you don't know yourself."

"Precisely; but what bearing ——"

"I," she said, "am an expert diagnostician upon such ailments as jealousy. A specialist, you might almost say."

"I am not jealous of you."

"It's a great step in advance," Caroline said. "It gives me a thrill of achievement. The next great step will be when, alone and unaided, you make a joke."

"I have made many jokes," Erasmus Orson said severely. "In fact, in university circles, I have something of the reputation of a wit."

"I suppose," Caroline said "you crack them in Sanskrit."

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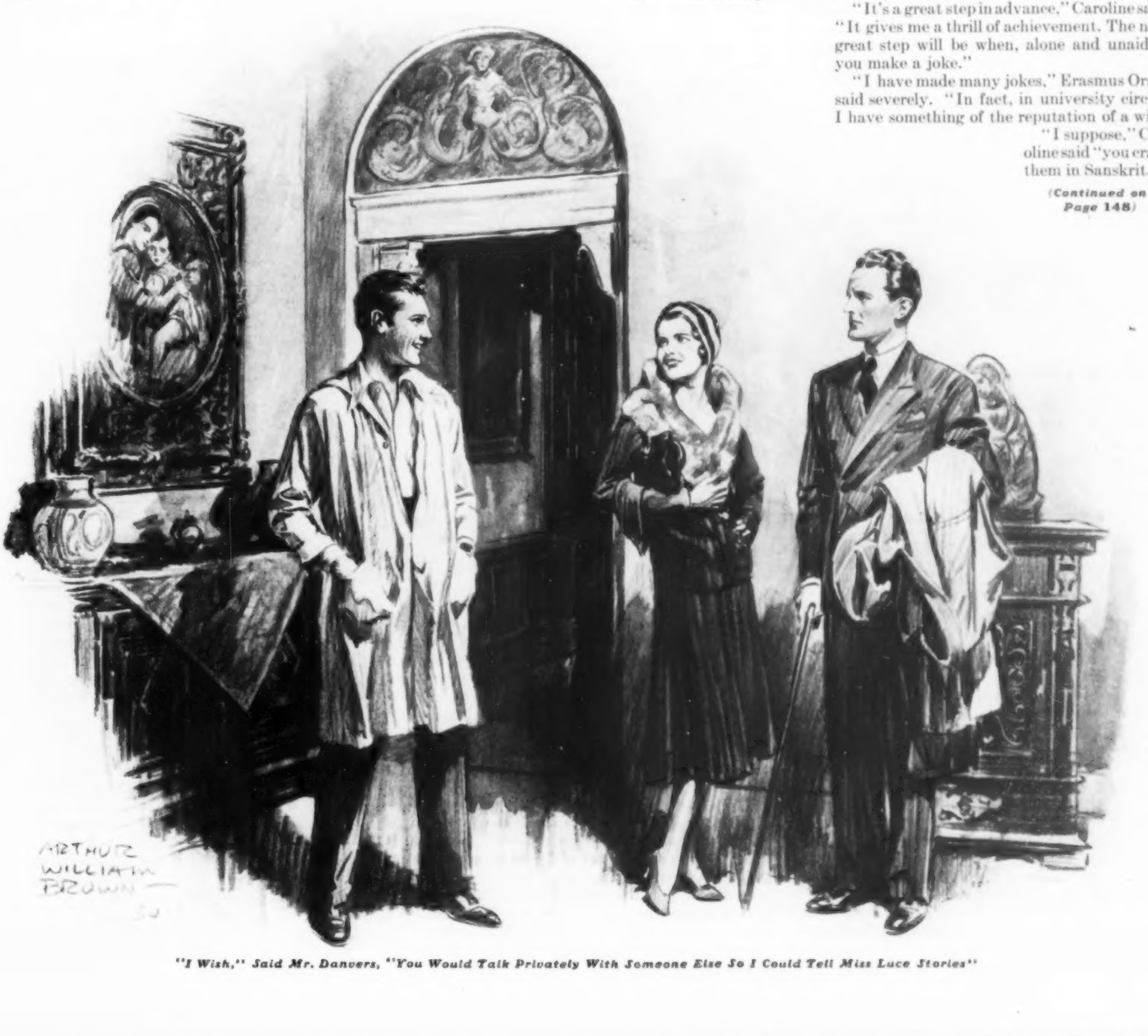


"I Wish," Said Mr. Danvers, "You Would Talk Privately With Someone Else So I Could Tell Miss Luce Stories"

CUTTING EXPENSES

By Margaret Culkin Banning

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

I USED to be a great deal more credulous than I have come to be on this point. I used to believe, when people spoke of cutting down expenses, that they always meant what they said. But experience is wearing my trust a little thin. I have heard so many people say that they intended to spend less money, and yet go on spending as before. I have said it myself, in all earnestness and to such slight avail. It has made me wonder whether that besetting resolve, that constant declaration on the lips of nearly everyone, is a defense reaction or a hang-over after extravagance or only a phrase clipped from the slang of the period. For though there is so much talk about cutting expenses, comparatively few of them seem to be voluntarily cut in the long run. Most of them escape unscathed, each one claiming that it should not be marked for slaughter.

Until necessity, whose shears are always sharp and sure, comes into the picture, most of the spending goes on. But it seems to be accompanied just now by a very real sense of worry. It is not, except in rare cases, carefree or prodigal. After having been a rather lavish, open-handed people, a definite reaction seems to have set in. A wave of thrift, a disapproval of extravagance is pricking the conscience of the whole nation. It does not matter with whom you happen to be or what their financial circumstances are. Riding in the limousines of the wealthy, you hear them grumble unhappily about the upkeep of cars. The lady in the ermine coat hardly takes time out for admiration before she begins to bewail its cost and takes a vow to spend nothing for the rest of the winter. The young housekeeper who has just bought an extra, coveted piece of furniture on the installment plan feels conscience-stricken in the same way. Everyone is in the same box. Nobody seems to be getting much fun out of spending money, and that, when you come to think of it, is rather a pity.

The Saving Game

SOME of the causes for this widespread attack of economy are fairly obvious and others not so clear. No doubt, the recent sight of a great tide of easy money receding and failing to rise again is partly responsible. Many people have been frightened for more than a year, not only by that catastrophe but by drastic business changes and readjustments. Nobody knew whose turn might come next. The hard-luck story replaced the story of success in the popular imagination. But the condition of the stock market is becoming as much of a scapegoat as the war has been during the past fifteen years, and it is not fair to lay everything at those two doors. There are other reasons for our present worry about the amount of money we spend and the way we spend it. For one thing, we have had money long enough in this country to begin to take its possession seriously. As American methods of living are becoming more definite and settled, we are worried lest we may have bent the twig the wrong way and developed a bad habit of profligacy. I sometimes think that the increasing popular knowledge of how much farther money will go in other countries has something to do with our state of mind, as well as the criticism of Americans as spendthrifts which has come so often and so mockingly from abroad. But the causes, whatever they are, need the close scrutiny of psychologists and economists. They can be reflected upon in tranquillity, as the results cannot. The thing that confronts most of us is only one result, the need for cutting expenses. That seems to be in the air. Who is doing it? How should one begin? How far should one go? What is the proper way to do it? With all this smoke, there must be fire somewhere.

To a great many people, economy is certainly no more than a gesture, and poverty only a word. I was at luncheon a short time ago with a young woman who has considerable sense of drama, an aptitude for the center of the stage and a husband who lost some money last year. She made a very sad story out of herself and her life—a touching tale of reduced circumstances—and told how necessary it was for her to scrimp and save. I did not know her very well, and at one point in the narrative I really began to be sorry for her. But when five o'clock came she paid her bridge debts calmly and suggested another game to be scheduled on her return from a week or two in New York, where she was going to buy some clothes. A maid then told her that her chauffeur was waiting, and as I happened to go out with her, I found that he was waiting in a new car. I spoke about that, trying to make a logical connection between the car, the prospective new clothes and what she had said about being poor. She told me that the car was really an economy and that she could shop more cheaply in New York. So I stopped worrying. She, for one, is off my mind.

There is no reason in the world why the well-to-do should not play at economy if they want to. It has always been a favorite game with many of them. If now they want to increase its vogue and make it a more popular sport than it ever has been, that is probably a good idea. A fine technic in spending money ought to be as valuable as an expert game of golf, and it is vastly more important socially, because it affects so many people besides the spender.

EXPENSES
THE INTENTION

The country still has plenty of rich people who do not have to cut their expenses. They may have lost some money in the past year or two. They may have some depreciated stocks on their hands and have taken some losses. In spite of that, they still have plenty of money to spend freely—enough to take care of all their wants—and they have no chance, or at least a very slight one, of ever becoming poor or destitute. But so often the rich take money more seriously than the poor. When a rich man finds his income decreased he is even more susceptible to panic than a poor one without resources. He is appalled at finding that his expenses more nearly approach his income than they did before. Though there is no genuine need for worry, he acts as if there were. He picks on economies hastily, at random; too often with prejudice and uncertainty. He makes his charities suffer. He saves in ways that put people out of work. That is why this game of economy ought to be improved if the rich are to take it up in great numbers. The rules could stand some revising and publicity, and there are those who are entirely competent to attend to the revision. For there is precedent among the rich—and plenty of it—for a good game.

Dilettante Economists

SOME of the wealthy already play it very well. They find those things in their lives which are not only unessential to themselves but will not deprive many other people of support or maintenance if they are sacrificed. They lop off the luxuries on which the fewest people depend for maintenance and those to whom they are least responsible. They may give up a winter in Europe, but not the building of a new house. They keep on underwriting new enterprises, though they cut down on their hobbies and stop adding to their collections of rarities. I have seen a woman write a check for two thousand dollars for charity and refuse the next day to play bridge for more than a tenth of a cent. She said that was the highest stake she could afford. As a matter of fact, she was not very good at bridge, but she was very good at the game of cutting expenses.

The rich do not have to cut except as a matter of personal discipline, or redistribution of expenditure, or excessive caution. Some of them enjoy doing it and come to do the cutting for its own sake.

There is a latent touch of miser in almost everyone who has large possessions. Others do it with reason and a fine sense of social responsibility. But no matter how they do it, they are guided by choice and not driven by necessity.

So it is one thing for them and quite another for those who have no choice. There are too many of the latter people in the foreground just now. They have sadly shrunken incomes or none at all. They have no jobs or only part-time work. The little money they have to spend will not take care of all their needs, so they must cut expenses whether they want to or not.

Very often they do not cut wisely. Against those model but devitalized budgets in which, by spending a dime every twenty-seventh hour on stockings and a nickel every third day on amusements, one can keep clothed and decently fed and well read and supposedly amused, all the imperfections and inconsistencies of human desires show up. A girl may walk to work, but she will not walk in cotton stockings. She may go without lunch, but not without a permanent wave. The motion-picture houses are crowded with men and women who look as if they could use the money they spend on tickets to greater advantage elsewhere. At least theoretically they could. But considering how little we know of how the gratification of desire affects morale, considering how relatively little color there is in most lives, I am not sure that anyone has much right to be dogmatic. One cannot enforce wisdom. When people have to choose between a dull necessity and a harmless pleasure, it seems to me that it is their privilege to take the pleasure, even if they must go without the apparent necessity. What a human body needs has been closely calculated, but no one knows yet what a human being needs. And if people who are hard pressed do spend money in ways that seem unwise, it is a ticklish business to criticize them. Unless, of course, they cheat.

The line is definite there. If they are pushing the grocer to the wall by using money on movies that should go for food, or if they hang on to a car and hold out on the rent, they deserve scant sympathy. Their attitude toward their expenses is fraudulent and no amount of defense or self-pity can make it anything else. Altogether too many people cheat in just such ways, and there is no more annoying, stubborn point of view than theirs.

Cutting Till it Hurts

THEY will always tell you that they are too proud to accept charity or too sensitive to apply for it. But they will take charity informally from the grocery, or the department store, or the dentist, and never quite face their situation fairly, which is one reason why it never clears up. They are in constant distress because they are never honest about what they can or cannot spend. Pretense with money is bad enough, but pretense without money is actually dangerous, and only a stone's throw from the kinds of dishonesty that fill prisons.

But if there is no such cheating and it gets down to a matter of denial somewhere along the line, each person certainly should be his own best judge as to where his cuts shall be made. The margin of error is very small anyway, because there is so little money to spend in these cases. There is not much money, but there is a great deal of heroism being spent among people who really pinch and struggle to get along. It is always astonishing that many men and women have so little and yet keep self-respecting in appearance and manner. It is one of the major encouragements about people, as is the additional fact that the poor only cut down on generosity when they must. They can nearly always find something to give away. They take denial simply and understand that it is supposed to hurt, supposed to be more than a gesture. The cuts that they make in expenditures mean actual sacrifices, and whatever they may be, they should be regarded with respect.

The rich play at economy and the poor work at it. And then there are all the rest of us. These have been troubled times financially, and no group has been more worried than all the people who are neither rich nor poor and who spend, I suppose, most of the money in this country. They are the men and women who have a large earning capacity but small reserves, those whose expenditures chase at the heels of their incomes or get a little ahead and set the pace for the incomes. They are also the ones who talk most about cutting expenses and seem to find it hardest to go about it. In the large, motley crowd they make up, you find those who have lost some money, but still have their heads above water; some who were formerly quite rich, some who were poor last year, people on salaries of all sizes—business men who are not magnates, professional men and women, and most of the married people who live in pleasant but not magnificent houses and apartments. Their incomes range from a few to many thousands a year, and they spend accordingly. The thing which they have in common is that they are not threatened by want nor are comfortably affluent. They feel that they should cut their expenses, but they are not actually forced to do it.

It is strange to see the general abandonment of that old theory that it was ill-bred to talk about money. If it were not for the interpolated discussions of sports, I sometimes think there would be hardly any subject for ordinary conversation except money. All roads and all themes lead quickly to it—politics, travel, education. We are always talking about the cost of these things. What one spends for food and clothes and amusements is supposed to make interesting conversation. It does not, of course, but people go on pretending that it does.

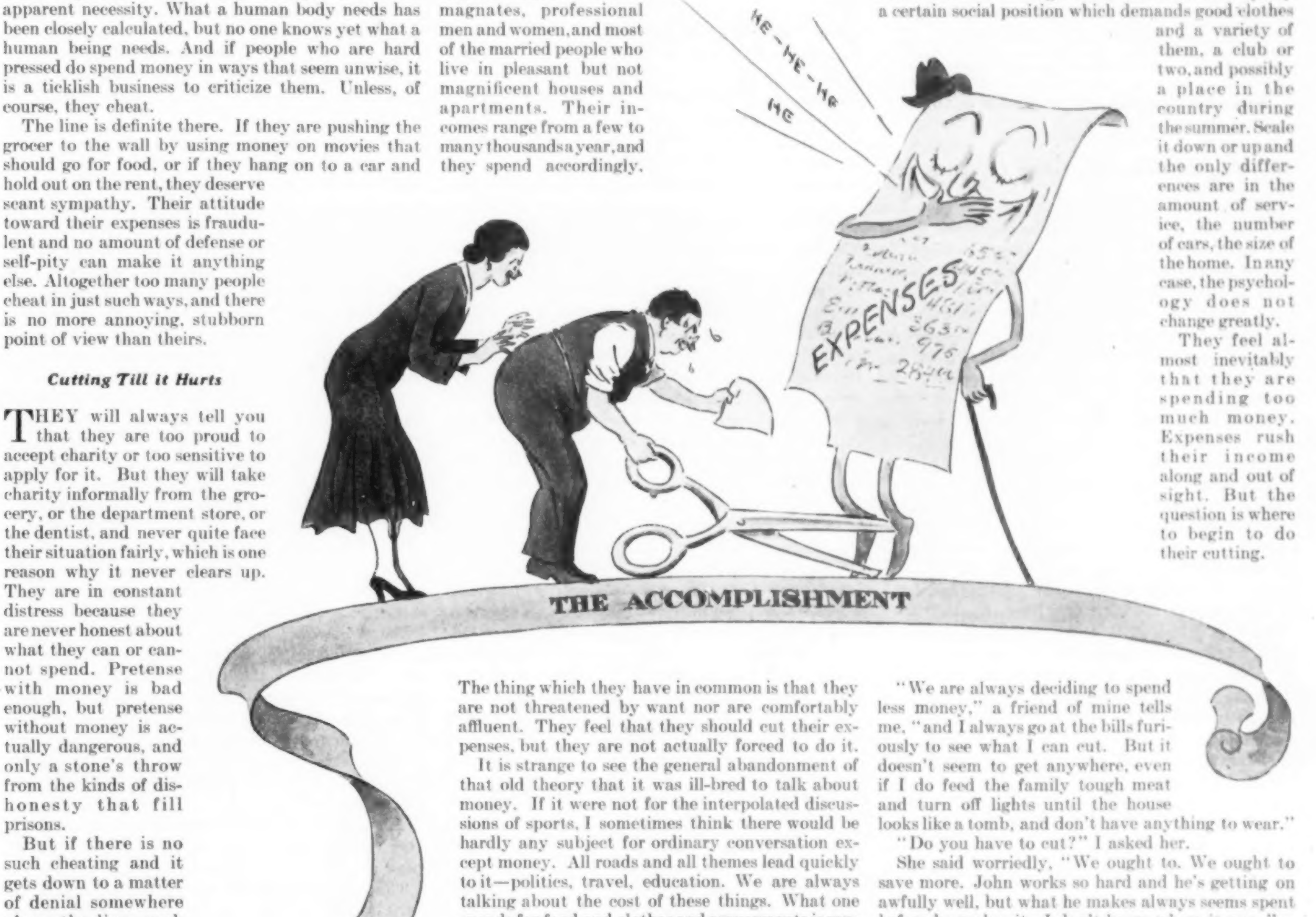
There are not many misers among these people who are neither rich nor poor, but nearly every one is money conscious. They feel themselves ridden by expenses. And, at a time when the country is financially nervous, they are in a bad pocket. They are afraid that they are spending too freely. They want to stop, and yet they feel themselves going on against their own best judgment. They talk about cutting and really wish that they could do it.

For their expenses oppress them. They spend with a sense of something like guilt, and when they do spend they react immediately into that greatest comfort that comes after extravagance—that of pinching a penny hard. Beyond a doubt, money dominates their lives. Not that they want it to be so. There are any number of intelligent men and women who resent having to give up so much time and thought to expenses. But they see no way out.

The Race Between Income and Outgo

THE illustrative cases are legion. One can only sum up the average situation—that of a married couple who are spending more money than they think they should. The man has a good earning capacity. He may be a doctor or an engineer or a lawyer, but at any rate he knows that he can make money if he lives, and he has provided enough insurance to take care of his family if he does not. His income has increased since he was married, and he expects to make still more money. He has probably taken some losses. He and his wife have children and are ambitious for them, as well as eager to be well regarded themselves among their own friends. They entertain more or less, have a good car, or possibly two. The wife usually does not do much housework, but at least she manages the household and keeps up a certain social position which demands good clothes and a variety of them, a club or two, and possibly a place in the country during the summer. Scale it down or up and the only differences are in the amount of service, the number of cars, the size of the home. In any case, the psychology does not change greatly.

They feel almost inevitably that they are spending too much money. Expenses rush their income along and out of sight. But the question is where to begin to do their cutting.



"We are always deciding to spend less money," a friend of mine tells me, "and I always go at the bills furiously to see what I can cut. But it doesn't seem to get anywhere, even if I do feed the family tough meat and turn off lights until the house looks like a tomb, and don't have anything to wear."

"Do you have to cut?" I asked her.

She said worriedly, "We ought to. We ought to save more. John works so hard and he's getting on awfully well, but what he makes always seems spent before he makes it. I don't know where it goes."

I reminded her that they had a good time as they went along and a very pleasant home.

"Yes," she agreed, "but you have no idea what it costs."

I had a pretty fair idea. Her husband, with his salary and his bonuses, was probably making fifteen

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1930

Shifting the Tax Burden to America

THE American public is again being subjected to a barrage of propaganda on cancellation of war debt. Every so often a rebombardment develops. In the nature of the propaganda, the noise is considerable, but the projectiles are few. Such projectiles as strike show evidence of foreign fabrication, with here and there an apologetic American shell based on foreign design. The present bombardment was apparently undertaken because of the European impression that business depression in the United States could be used as an argument for cancellation.

In consequence of the worldwide depression, the export trade of the United States has declined, like that of other countries. When the export trade for 1930 is analyzed by commodities and quantities, rather than by values, it is found that the real decline is less than the apparent reduction; also, reduced exports of a few articles have unduly colored the picture. Nevertheless, our export trade is less satisfactory than we should like to have it.

It is urged that if the United States would waive payments due us under the war-debt settlements, the ex-Allies would waive the payments due them from Germany; then enterprise and trade would revive in Europe and extend from Europe to all parts of the world and be reflected back to the United States. In this formulation it is suggested that the United States must take the first step and that it would receive the largest gain. But even if cancellation should stimulate exports to some extent, it would be cheaper to get along with a little less export business, than to buy a problematical increase at a cost of eleven billions.

At no point is the propaganda conducted along lines of strictly economic reasoning. The proposal includes a postulation of direct relationship between war-debt settlements and reparation settlements. The interested Europeans have invented a slogan—"a factual, if not a legal, relation" binds the war-debt settlements of the United States with the reparation settlements of Germany. This factual relationship is sheer verbal nonsense. The only factual entity lies in the understanding between the Germans and the ex-Allies that they will insist on such a relationship—a European concordance of pretense. Neither the sums involved, the circumstances under which the obligations were contracted, nor the stipulations in the settlements furnish the slightest warrant for the suggestion of a factual relationship. Nor is a factual relationship in the least demonstrated by the ponderous pronouncements of the official representatives of the European countries. The hope of establishing a factual relationship springs not from the transactions themselves but from a totally different circumstance. The United States entered the war late; on account of which a financial impost is to be applied. Paradoxically enough, on the face of the propaganda the Germans, who lost the war, in effect agree with the ex-Allies, who won the war, that we should be penalized for entering it late.

If the sums due the United States under the debt settlements were suspended, the net result would be the shifting of Germany's reparation obligations to the taxpayers of the United States. Germany's creditors have convincingly asserted that the payments denominated under the Young Plan lie within the normal capacity to pay of Germany. Though not declaring that they possess no capacity to pay outside of their receipts from Germany, nevertheless they hope to make their payments to us contingent upon their receipts from Germany. If this could be arranged, the taxpayers in the countries entitled to receive reparations from Germany would have no obligations in respect to the commitments of those countries to the United States under the war-debt settlements. If Germany were relieved of her reparation commitments, her taxpayers would correspondingly escape. If the United States did not receive the sums due under the debt settlements, the American taxpayers would assume an added burden.

As we recall it, the sum normally due us on debt settlements during 1931 approaches $250,000,000. This is a considerable sum, even in a national budget as large as ours. Disregarding the mechanism of payment of the national debt, in effect the credit incorporated in the sum received under the war-debt settlements applies to current expenses or public improvements. The country would have that much less in gross revenue for the year with which to cover retirement of the national debt, payment of current expenses and outlays for public improvements. Additional revenue would need to be secured. With suspension of war-debt-settlement payments, the country could expect no reduction of income taxes, but an increase instead.

In the final analysis, therefore, the net result of cancellation would be to transfer the burden from the taxpayers of Germany to the taxpayers of the United States, with the taxpayers of the countries with whom we were associated in the war more or less passively and, so to speak, complacently witnessing the transition. The implications of cancellation are wider and deeper than the transfer of tax burden from Germany to the United States, but in the present juncture Americans should clearly envisage the net result of the suggested rearrangement.

The Burden of Accidents

MOST people know that there are more automobile accidents on American highways every year. But they probably do not realize that these accidents cost hospitals $7,000,000 a year in unpaid bills and that our enormous medical facilities are being taxed by the increasing number of emergency-accident cases.

Police-court evidence goes to show that the careless motorist, if he can escape criminal prosecution, leans confidently on his personal-liability and property-damage insurance for protection and freedom from worry. Would he be so quick to drive heedlessly if he knew that his insurance premium would soar with every case of negligence chalked against him? As it is, he pays no more than the careful, sober motorist, who, therefore, is being taxed for the recklessness of others. Hence a double purpose would be served if insurance companies could distribute the burden more equitably—that is, raise the rate of the driver convicted of negligence and lower the rate, correspondingly, of the careful fellow.

A law recently enacted in the province of Ontario provides for a merit rating system under which motorists whose operating record "has shown them to be extrahazardous risks for the purpose of motor-vehicle liability insurance" are to be classified according to the degree of their negligence and charged a higher premium rate in proportion. This law seems worthy of consideration by our states.

We are told that only one man in twenty ever has a serious accident; but as it is now, the nineteen are paying the freight for the one.

Politics and Taxation

WE DOUBT if any light is shed upon a complicated subject by the attacks which a few politicians make upon the Treasury Department almost every time that taxes are refunded to large corporations. During the past fourteen years revenue receipts have been $44,032,371,357 and refunds $1,254,317,890, or 2.8 per cent of the amount collected. Additional assessments have been $5,345,202,277, or more than four times the refunds. This does not look as if taxpayers had been unduly favored, and the figures carry on their face ample evidence that Uncle Sam has been getting about all that is coming to him.

We do not mean to say that every final adjustment of a dispute between Treasury and taxpayer is the last word in the fine perfection of justice. But it is preposterous to suppose that the Government can take, year after year, in one single form of tax, largely from the wealthier corporations and individuals, an average of more than $3,000,000,000 a year without making many overcharges as well as undercharges. This must be so, in view of the necessarily arbitrary methods which the Government is compelled to employ so that nothing shall interfere with the immediate payment of taxes. To insure a measure of rough, ultimate justice as elaborate a system of checks has been set up as well can be conceived. There are various boards of review to be passed and no refund of more than $75,000 can be made to a taxpayer until it has been submitted to a joint and bipartisan committee of senators and representatives.

It is true that the Secretary of the Treasury is a rich man and he is identified with a few corporations to which large refunds have been made. But to gather political capital out of this fact is a sorry business. Thousands of other corporations have received refunds, many of them larger. It is no crime for a Secretary of the Treasury to have amassed wealth or become associated with successful enterprises before he assumed office. We do not see how it is possible to have a man in this position, with any previous experience of value, unless some of the business concerns with which he has been affiliated render tax returns to the Government. A pauper might make an excellent Secretary of the Treasury from the viewpoint of a Communist, but we do not know anyone else who feels that way.

The collection of such vast sums in taxes is an intricate and difficult task. It is a job for experts, subject to review by Congress and by the courts. If there have been any sinister injustices, it is amazing that they have not been brought to light. But merely to keep implying that these refunds indicate such a condition without adducing any facts to prove what is imputed is, to say the least, a pretty small way of helping to improve our taxation system.

DEBUNKING BANKING

By James R. Crowell

WILKINSON, as we shall designate him, is vice president of a great metropolitan bank. It happened to be at the exact psychological moment that I called on him in search of further light on a finding sponsored by the American Bankers Association that the 24,000 banks in this country are giving away $300,000,000 annually in the form of free service.

On Wilkinson's desk lay a telegram which he had just received from a correspondent bank. He handed it to me with a meaningful tone in his voice when he said, "Read that." I read as follows:

PLEASE HAVE SOMEONE MEET RONALD LENIHAN DAWSON ARRIVING AS FIRST CLASS PASSENGER ABOARD STEAMSHIP LEVIATHAN DAY AFTER TOMORROW STOP DAWSON IS SON OF ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS AND IS RETURNING HOME PENNILESS AFTER ESCAPADE WITH DESIGNING CONTINENTAL ADVENTURESS STOP PLEASE SUPPLY HIM WITH NECESSARY FUNDS AND PUT HIM ABOARD TRAIN FOR HOME QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE AFTER ARRIVAL STOP IF ADVISABLE HAVE SOMEONE ACCOMPANY HIM WEST USE OWN JUDGMENT ABOUT THAT

"I don't suppose you ever suspected," said Wilkinson, when I had finished reading, "that it could possibly come within the recognized functions of a bank to play wet nurse to gay young blades who get into hot water with conniving European women. Well, here's the proof of it, and there's nothing we can do about it, either, except to carry out the request to the letter. Or at least, almost to the letter. We shall have someone at the pier to meet Mr. Dawson. We shall hand him $100 in nice clean bills and a ticket to his home town. We shall be courteous, solicitous, accommodating. The only thing we shall not do is send a guardian along with him to see that he gets into no more trouble before reaching the paternal domicile. That's rubbing it in just a little bit too strongly."

It wasn't clear to me why a bank with resources of about $500,000,000 should feel obligated to give all this attention to the young man here fictitiously referred to as Ronald Lenihan Dawson.

"Because," explained Wilkinson, "if we don't turn handsprings and jump through hoops to keep in the good graces of our customers, along will come more obliging souls to walk away with them from under our very noses. It's all a matter of competition. This eternal clamor for business has resulted in many banks' getting so far out of character that the first founders would never recognize their own children. Service, service, service. A few years ago the cry was for more and more forms of it. Now the banks are wondering how they can get rid of the biggest white elephant they ever had on their hands."

Fuller, to give another banker a name, has charge of an important branch bank located in a semiresidential semibusiness section of the city. One day while I sat chatting with him on this same subject, he happened to glance through the glass partition inclosing his office and spied a stylishly dressed young woman heading our way. A bright-faced little girl who seemed to be about four years old toddled along at her side.

"We're about to get a heavy deposit," whispered Fuller.

The young woman swept breezily in on us. "Here we are again, Mr. Fuller, Dorothy and I," she announced. "I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, but I know you won't mind just this one more time, will you?"

Fuller smilingly assured her he wouldn't, whatever it was, and after a few more words the young woman withdrew.

When she had gone, Fuller directed his secretary to obtain for him a statement on the average balance maintained by his caller—we shall name her Mrs. Lewis. In a few moments the secretary returned and reported that the daily average for the month was $37.48.

"Any overdrafts?" asked Fuller.

"Yes, two for five dollars and one for twelve dollars," said the secretary.

"Honored?"

"Yes, sir."

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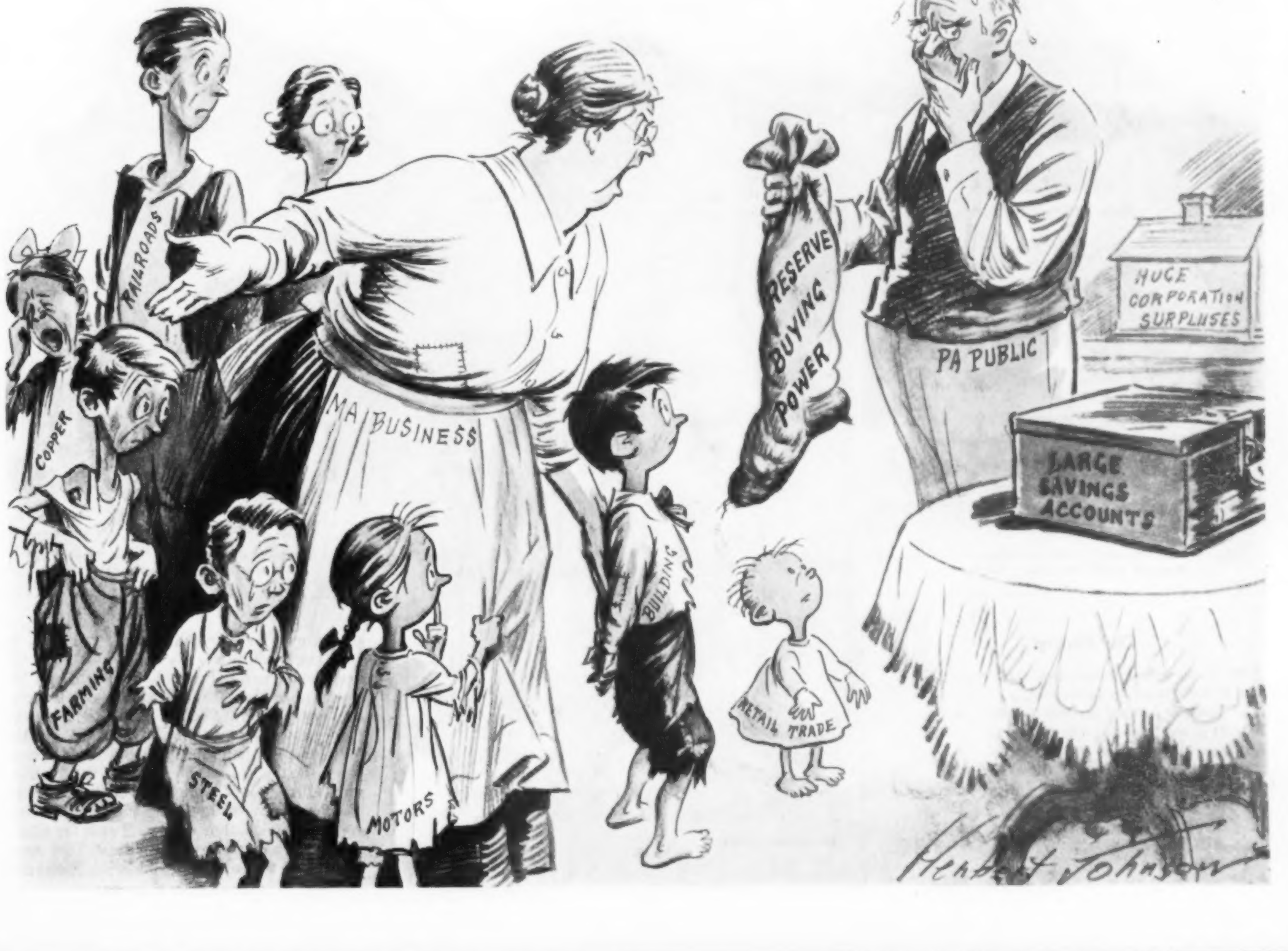


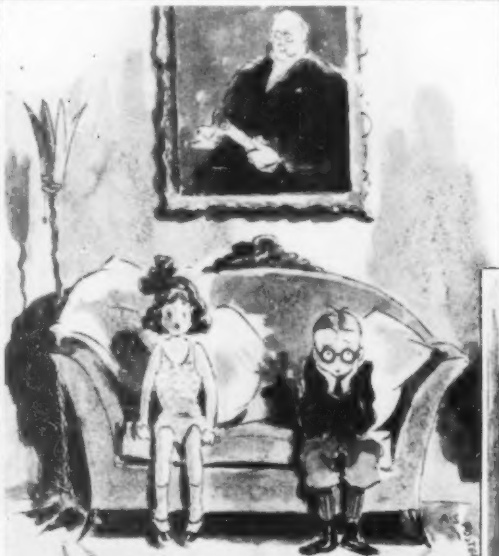
POST SCRIPTS

Contractibility

THE emergence of the table from the coat closet. The adjustment of the cover. The loose tape at the corner. The lady who pouts at the low chair. The movement to the sofa. The movement away from the sofa. The hunt for a pencil. The sharpening of the pencil. The breaking of the point. The low curse. The agreement about the Vanderbilt convention. The argument about the score. The lady who insists on the score being kept by two. The thin-lipped expert who plays at the Cosmo Club.

The cutting of the cards. The false start with the joker. The fat man who breathes through his instep while meditating. The nervous hostess who isn't playing and looks over shoulders. The double. The revoke. The college boy and girl who come in late. The rearrangement of the tables. The fat man's explanation. The great silence. The bitter word of the thin-lipped man. The attempt to add up the scores. The award of the prizes. The supper. The good nights. The discovery of the prizes by the hostess. The loud curse of the host. The two A.M. prize winners phone. The hate chorus.

—THOMAS L. MASSON.



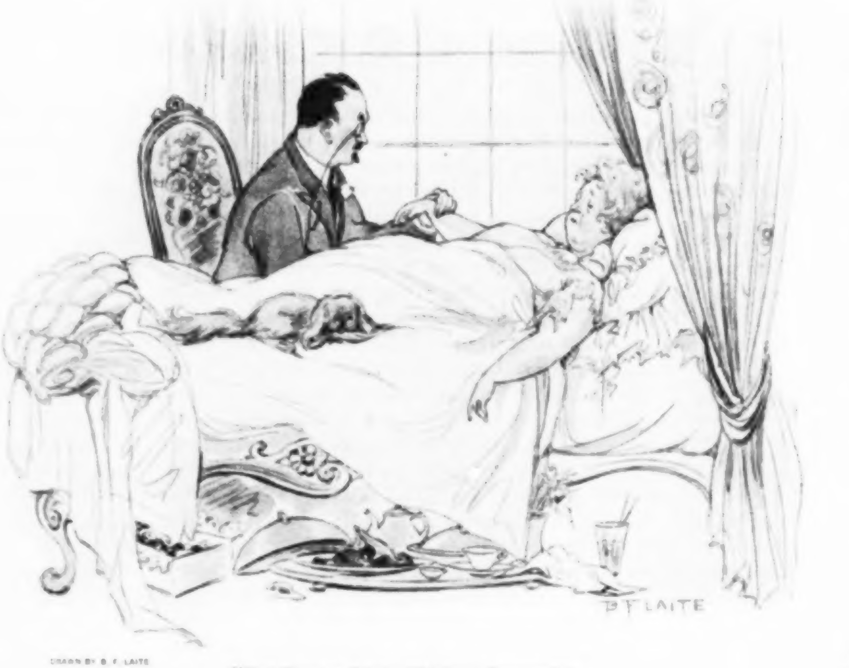
DRAWN BY A. S. FOSTER

"You Knew, Maybelle, the Influence of a Good Woman Could Do a Lot for Me"

The Young

LOOK not askance when they shall come
Bravely, singing in the sun,
Who have not learned yet to be dumb,
Who have not learned yet to be still,
But move as grasses on the hill;
Who, though they die, must dream and fill
Their lungs with wind, their throats with laughter!
Oh, never doubt that they will learn;
They will grow silent, slow and stern;
Though they walk where the golden hours burn,
The shadow, Age, is stalking after!

—Frances M. Frost.



DRAWN BY B. F. LAITE

"Not Even a Little Chicken, Doctor?"

Heartburn

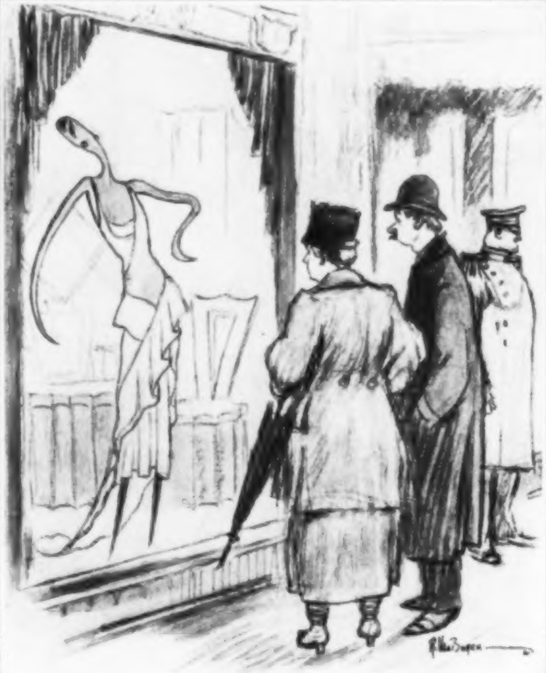
WE ARE reunited,
I should now be happy,
But, with love requited,
You seem awfully sappy!

Inquiry

LADY in a new dress,
You come quite belated.
Tell me, was your entrance
Premeditated?

—Virginia Leddy.

ABOUT all this country needs now is some bullet-proof innocent bystanders.



DRAWN BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"?"

Crude Tactics

THE innocent babe,
Though small and weak,
Can hold its own
With a lusty shriek;

A man can deal
A mighty whack
To keep his own
Or get it back;

And women hold
By stratagem
What otherwise
Were lost to them.

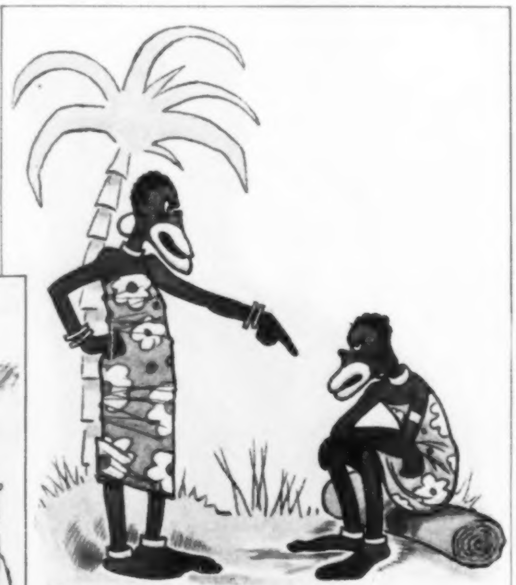
But those who find
These tactics crude
And alien to
Their age and mood,

Should pin their hope
On harps and wings,
For they'll be robbed
Of earthly things.

—Angela Cypher.

Modernizing Longfellow

BETWEEN the bridge and the dinner, when my muse is beginning to sour, a sense of oppression forewarns me; I am in for the children's hour! From my study I hear in the hallway a noise growing less remote, as blithe adolescents gather to pester an aged pote; a giggle and then a silence, confirming my sad surmise that they plot a descent on my sanctum, to take me by surprise. A sudden rush from the doorway, a burst of cacophonous din, and the week-end playmates of daughter come romping happily in; Thomas and Richard and Henry give tongue with a joyous hail, but the female wing of the party is brasher far than the male; I see a hilarious trio all set for their girlish fun—cute Connie and boisterous Betsy, and Winnie the witless one; they climb on my desk and cackle, they swarm all over my chair; if I try to escape they restrain me, they seem to be everywhere! They muddle my books and



DRAWN BY MARGE

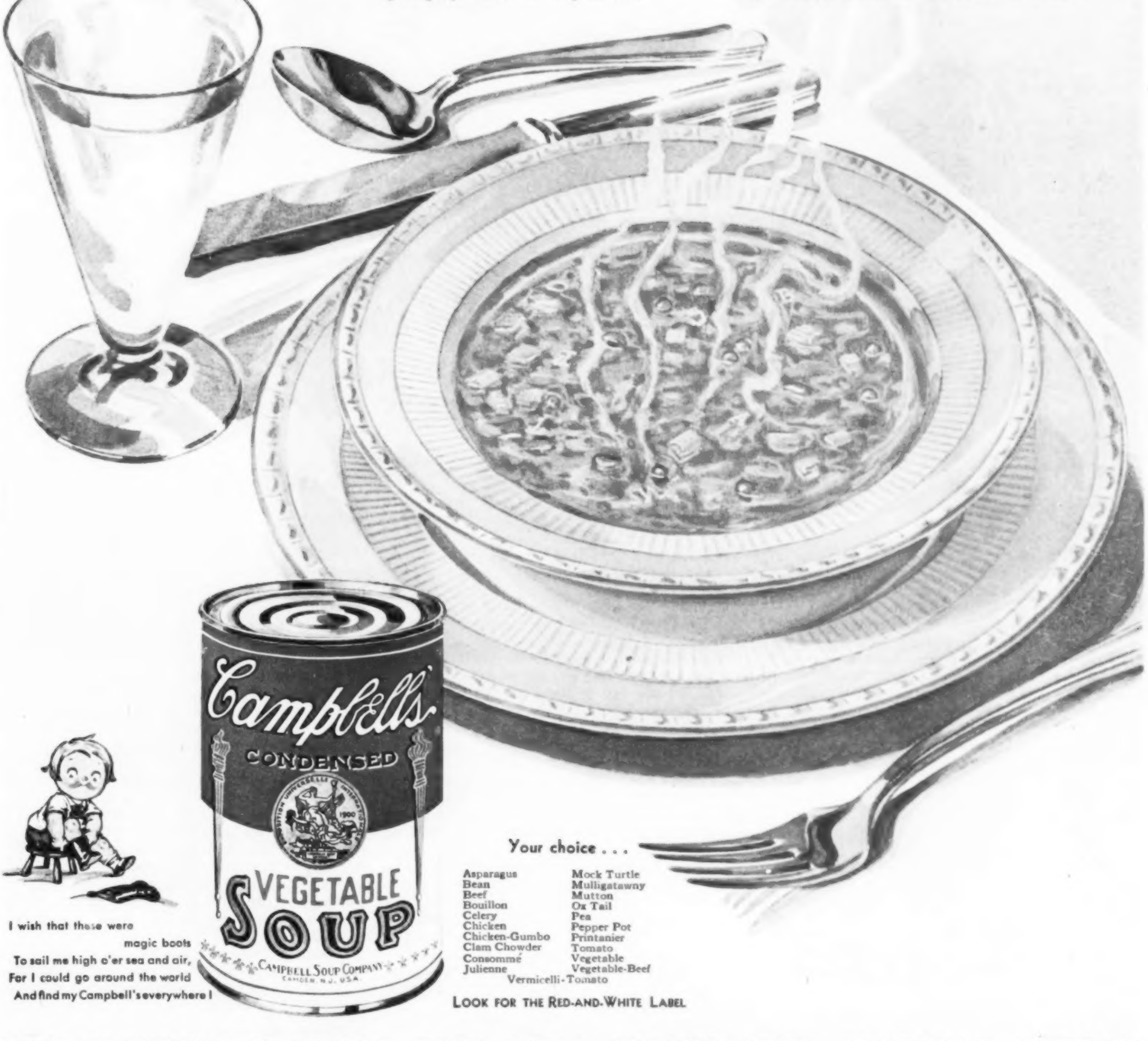
Ubangi Mother to Daughter: "Now Don't You Give Me Any of Your Lip!"

(Continued on Page 60)

The soup that brings you 15 vegetables!

The more you hear or read about correct diet, the more you realize the importance of eating plenty of vegetables. Every expert on nutrition, every professor in our schools and colleges, every editor of the home economics pages in the magazines — all are preaching this gospel of the wholesome and health-giving qualities of vegetables.

No wonder Campbell's Vegetable Soup is such a tremendous favorite. It's an ideal way to eat vegetables because in making this soup practically all the valuable vegetable nutrients are retained. As vegetables are usually prepared at home, these nutrients are largely lost in the cooking water, which is thrown away. 15 vegetables in this one soup! It's a meal! 12 cents a can.



I wish that these were
magic boots
To sail me high o'er sea and air,
For I could go around the world
And find my Campbell's everywhere!

Your choice . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

By BOURKE LEE

MY PARTNER and I drove through the gate at the lower end of the ranch and went up the entrance drive leading to the sunken garden and its little Italian temple, which lies to the north of the main ranch house, between it and the clock tower on the hill. Raw construction work scarred the ground. A long, wide and deep trench paralleled the road. I got out of the car and went over and peered into the trench. Eight black Piutes were digging in the bottom of it.

I said, "Good morning. Is Mr. Scott home?"

The eight Piutes stopped work. "Hum-m," they said. Three of them pointed straight up in the air, and one of them said, "Big house." They smiled and rested.

I got back into the car and angled over into the quadrangle to park under the fig trees. Ellis Maxfield, the foreman of the Indian workmen, climbed down out of a truck and escorted us through massive ornamented wooden gates into the patio between the wings of the ranch house. At a screen door in the main building Maxfield yelled: "Mr. Scott! People to see you!"

Scotty came to the door and stepped out into the patio. The bright morning light dazzled him. His keen eyes blinked and retreated under the deep forehead. Scotty was big, standing there, framed against the door. He pulled up his belt and said, "Hullo! Good morning! Come on in! Place looks like hell! All torn up. But come in; come on in!"

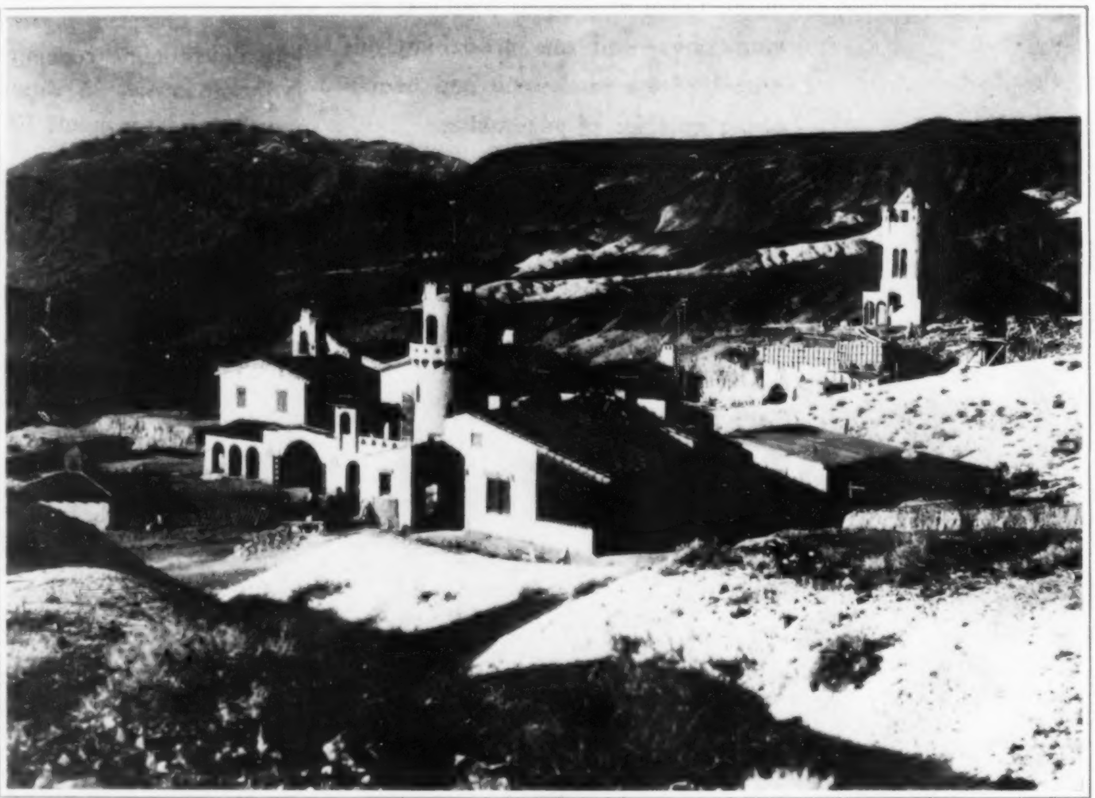


PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY CLIFF WESSELMANN

Death Valley Scotty's Castle. The Clock and Chime Tower are on the Right

We went through the door into the kitchen. Gray-green cupboards rose from the tiled floor toward the high ceiling. Above the antiqued cupboards the canned stock of two grocery stores was ranged on high shelves along the walls. At the far end of the room, a wainscoted and paneled seat extended around the corner of the wall on two sides of a splendid table. My partner and I sat on the leather seat and Scotty threw himself on his back on a cot along the opposite wall. The cot was heaped with bedding. Across one of the deep windows above the table an old blanket hung askew. The blanket kept the light from Scotty's eyes.

A Desert House Party

SCOTTY, lying on his back on the cot, folded his hands behind his head. He asked, "Where'd you come from?"

I said, "Reno, Tonopah, Goldfield."

"This morning?"

"No. Last three or four days. We been taking it easy."

"Where were you last night?"

"We camped down in the valley."

"Death Valley? What'd you camp for? Why didn't you come in here?"

I said, "We went down the canyon just about chow time last night. We didn't want to move in on you."

"What'd you do that for?" said Scotty, and turned over on his side to look at me. "Why didn't you come in? We got houses all over the place, all empty. We got lots to eat. We wouldn't starve if we fed you. Look at the groceries." He waved an arm around at the burdened shelves. "You couldn't eat all the food we've got. What'd you camp for? You should have come in here."

I said, "I'm sorry we didn't."

"Campin'!" snorted Scotty, restless on his cot. "Don't you drive by here to go campin'!"

"All right," I said. "We won't."

"Worrying about coming in here! You should've seen the crowd left here a couple of days ago."

I said, "I saw Jay in Reno. He sent you his regards and his thanks. He had a fine time down here with you."

"You heard about it," said Scotty. "I guess they all had a good time. I don't know how many there was; I didn't meet over half of them. They came in with automobiles and five-ton trucks. There must have been forty or fifty of them. They had their party in relays. We gave 'em beds—we had cots all over the place—and fed 'em, and let them amuse themselves. We don't entertain anybody. We have a guest house with its own kitchen, and we give you a piece of bacon and a bag of flour and some beans, and then, if you starve to death, it's your own fault. . . . You should have been here for this party; you might have liked it. They was a lively bunch." Scotty bounded up from the cot. He asked, "Want to look around the crazy house?" He went to the screen door and bellowed for someone.

We went out into the patio and Scotty went after a guide to show us through the house. The tiles of the patio ran in under the back wing of the house to pave an open patio lounge. My partner went in through an insulated wall from the lounge. "These are the refrigerating rooms," she said. "Look, this is the cool room, and that door must lead into the freezing room. It's big enough for a hotel."

Scotty returned with our guide. Scotty said, "The bell will ring when it's time to eat. . . . Tell the cook to take good care of these folks. . . . Go ahead and see the cuckoo house. I got to write some letters, but I'll be around. I'll see you."

We spent two hours exploring the houses of Death Valley Ranch. The rooms were then bare of furniture, but our examination of the decorative details absorbed time. The beauty of these dwellings in the desert is in their completeness and simplicity.

The Castle

EVERY room is generous in dimensions and well lighted without being flooded with glare. Soft color tones flow through the buildings. Doors are heavy and handworked and pierced with wrought thumb latches. The great exposed ceiling beams were adzed and brushed and burnished to old age by hand. Men's hands created the stair rails, the metal work about the fireplaces, the weather vanes, the window grilles, the hundreds of wall fixtures. The carved woodwork is redwood in gray greens and quiet browns. The tiles, spread munificently on floors, walls, fountains and fireplaces, are gray, light green, faint blue, dull red. The builders caught the desert colors and imprisoned them within high, thick walls. The brazen desert colors are captive in the tiled baths. There should be loud singing in the bathrooms of Death Valley Ranch.

Our guide did not have the keys to the harness rooms of the stable. He put boxes under a window and we stood with our noses against the panes. Racked saddles sat in long rows across the interior of the building. We were kids looking in at candy.

One end of the stable was a temporary lumberyard. Another wing of the stable was stacked roof-high with bags of cement.

Our guide said, "There's ten freight-car loads of cement there. We brought in eighteen carloads before the railroad from Beatty to Bonnie Clare was tore up. They wanted to save the long haul in trucks."

"And now you don't need it," I said.

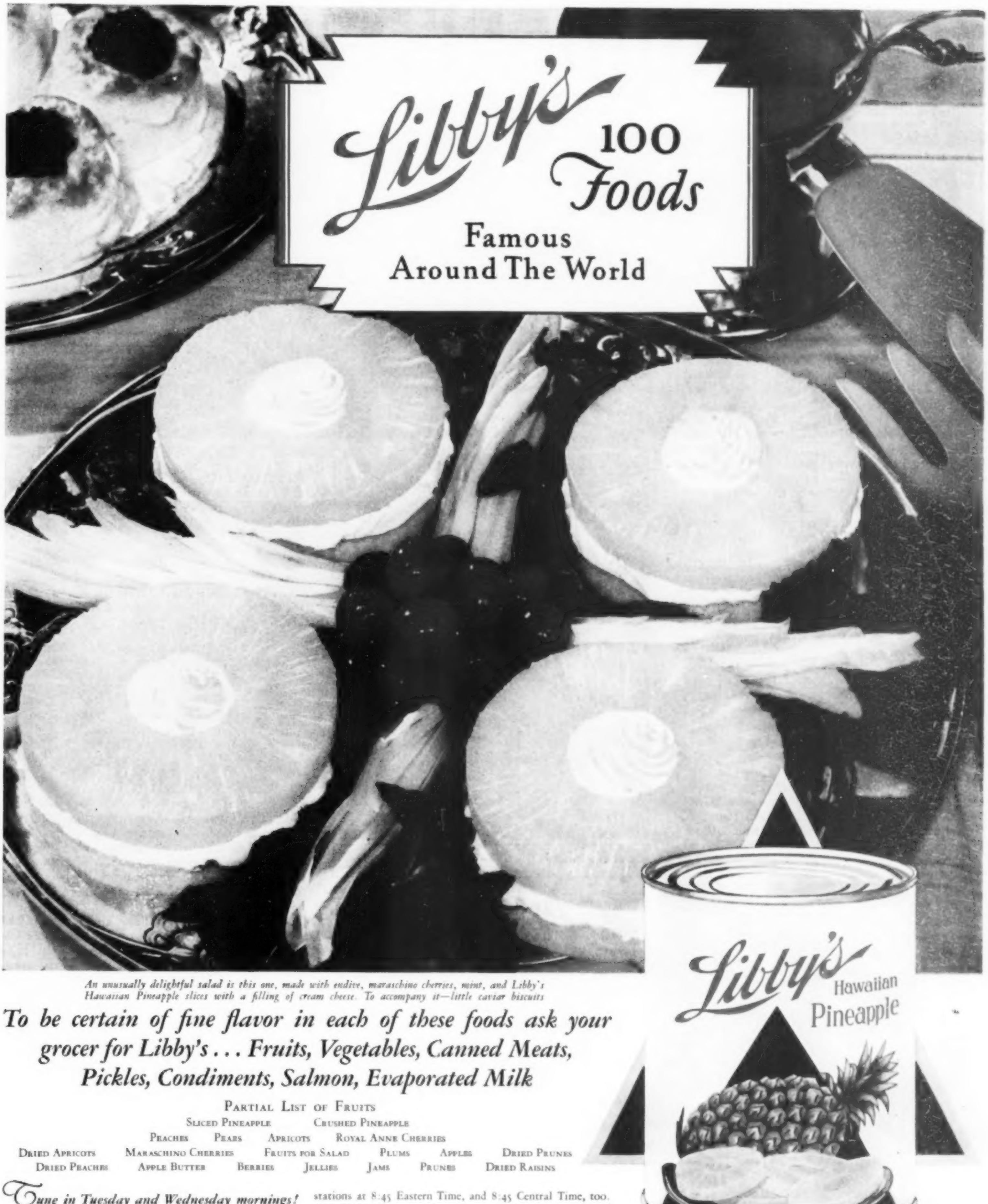
"Oh, we'll use it. We'll probably run out. There's the swimming pool and all the tunnels to go in yet."

"Tunnels?"

"Yeah. Joining the houses. The plans are all made. All the houses will be joined by underground passages. One'll run from the main gate under the swimming pool into the big house. In case it rains, I guess."

I said, "Oh, yes. In case it rains."

(Continued on Page 34)



An unusually delightful salad is this one, made with endive, maraschino cherries, mint, and Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple slices with a filling of cream cheese. To accompany it—little caviar biscuits

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF FRUITS

SLICED PINEAPPLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE
PEACHES PEARS APRICOTS ROYAL ANNE CHERRIES
DRIED APRICOTS MARASCHINO CHERRIES FRUITS FOR SALAD PLUMS APPLES DRIED PRUNES
DRIED PEACHES APPLE BUTTER BERRIES JELLIES JAMS PRUNES DRIED RAISINS

Tune in Tuesday and Wednesday mornings!

Laugh with Radio's greatest humorist—Carl McCullough, the Libby Grocer. Music, impersonations, stories. Broadcast every Tuesday morning over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations at 8:45 Eastern Time, and 8:45 Central Time, too. And Wednesday mornings over a coast-to-coast chain of N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 32)

"Well, the tunnels will be pretty, too," said the guide. "They'll have little grottoes and waterfalls over colored rocks with different color electric lights playing on them."

My partner said, "What a perfectly swell time the architect is having."

"Yeah," said the guide. "He's in Europe now buying the furniture."

We strolled down the wash through the length of the quadrangle between the stables and the big house. We passed two great red-leaded tanks awaiting burial. These tanks became gasoline bunkers holding sixty-five hundred gallons when they were safely underground. The first power-house installation was complete, with its high-speed water wheel and generator and long racks of storage batteries.

Water, Water Everywhere

WATER has varied uses on Death Valley Ranch. It furnishes power for the water-driven electrical generator of the original power plant. It drives power tools in the shops and in the private workroom of Scotty's partner. Water lies under terrific head in high-pressure pipe to supply the fire-fighting equipment, to gush brightly in the ranch fountains as a cooling system for the warm months of summer, to fill the swimming pool, to irrigate the trees and vegetable gardens, to serve all domestic uses. Water dresses the gravel about the ranch, the hills and slopes, and the sunken garden with its luxuriant green. Vegetation thrives on the desert so long as it is not thirsty. The Death Valley Ranch is supplied with six hundred gallons of water every minute by the springs of Grapevine Canyon.

Scotty was writing his letters in the main room of the big house as we went through. The living room is two stories high and a balcony surrounds it on the second floor. Scotty sat at a small desk against the Death Valley wall of the room. A rock fountain with a pool and grotto is recessed under the broad staircase which climbs to the balcony. The guide turned on the fountain and a score of jets sprayed upward, to cascade down the walls of the grotto. The film of flowing water covered the rock surfaces and brought the rock to glowing life. The rocks were jasper and their sheen burned through the water curtain of the fountain.

With our guide we climbed to the balcony above the living room and passed through bright and air-swept chambers to the bridge which crossed the patio to the second story above the patio lounge. More chambers with wall-length windows and fireplaces. Our feet never left the warm red tiles. More baths giddy with gayer tiles. Deep outdoor balconies opened upon the chambers, and passages led to the music room. The music room held a pipe organ and two grand pianos. From the music room we entered one of the towers and descended a spiral stair into a well at the base of the tower. A door let us out into the quadrangle. A car drove into the ranch and stopped at the garage beside the superintendent's house. The mail was in.

Scotty came out to the garage and joined us. Scotty pawed through tall stacks of letters and picked out a few envelopes which bore the secret high sign known only to Scotty's friends. The remainder of a large mail he threw in a pile, discarded.

Scotty's fan mail comes in by the sack. Almost none of it is read, but it comes in from all over the world, and also comes in handy in starting a fire.

Scotty read the letters he had selected, and Thompson, the superintendent, opened a Tonopah paper. Thompson said, "Listen to this." He read the paper aloud. It was all about Death Valley Scotty. Scotty was installing the most powerful radio broadcasting station in the world on his ranch in Death Valley. He was about to conduct a religious revival.

Scotty stuffed his letters in his pocket and said, "Give me that paper." He snatched the paper from Thompson's hands and started to read the article aloud. Scotty did not read aloud long. Reading aloud, he could not read the Scotty story fast enough. He read it to himself, snorting his way through the lead story on the front page. "'Scotty is building a high wire fence around his castle,'" read Scotty. "'He says the fence is to keep the broadcasting nuts in and all other nuts out.'" Scotty laughed heartily and flung the paper at me. "That's what I told them in Tonopah," said Scotty. Scotty was well pleased.

After lunch we sat outside the garage and talked tires and automobiles. Later we began to say good-by. We took a last look around and got in the car. Scotty came over and leaned on a door.

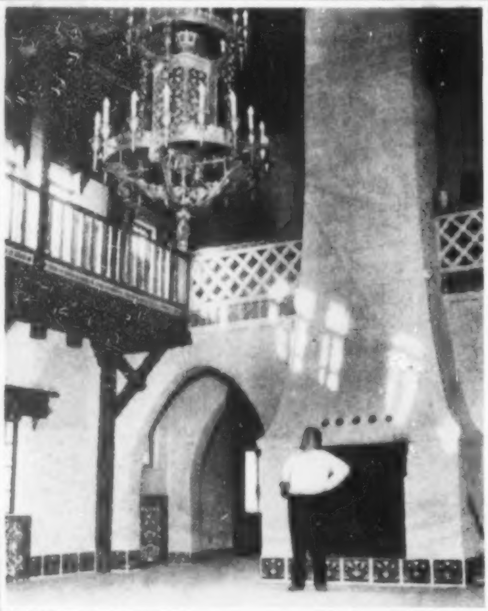
Scotty said, "Well, what do you think of the cuckoo house?"

I said, "I like it. I don't see anything cuckoo about it."

"Yannh!" said Scotty. "You're just like all the rest. Everything's all right while you're here, and then you'll go away and laugh at us."

"Why should I laugh at you?" I asked. "Everything here belongs together, and it all fits the country. I like it. If I didn't, I wouldn't say so."

Directly Behind Scotty is the Gasoline Storage House



PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY CLIFF WESSELMANN

The Living-Room Fireplace in the Castle

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Their Famous Partner

In Kansas City, on February 4, 1930, the press wires hummed with a great news story. In hundreds of newspapers throughout the States crashing banner heads flared:

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY'S GREAT WEALTH
WIPED OUT
DESERT MILLIONAIRE CLEANED OUT
STOCK DEALS ARE BLAMED; HINTS HIDDEN GOLD MINE
WILL GIVE HIM BACK RICHES; RETURNING WEST

SCOTTY CASH-SHY; ENDS PARIS TRIP
WHOOPEE IS OVER; HEADS FOR DEATH VALLEY;
SAGE OF DESERT GOES BACK TO HIS HIDDEN MINE
FOR MORE GOLD

Scotty was back on the front page again and his world-wide audience was reading about him and wondering about him again. Desert men scratched their heads and chuckled and said, "Well! Scotty's done it again!"

The Death of a Legend

SCOTTY stepped in deeper. Scotty told all. He had no mine. His partner, A. M. Johnson, had furnished all the money Scotty had been spending. The Chicago financier was Scotty's mine. Once more the news columns ran up Scotty's publicity mileage in an exposé of the Death Valley hoax. A legendary figure tumbled into the dust. Editors deplored throughout the nation. Desert men of the Death Valley region were perplexed by the hullabaloo.

"What's all the fuss about?" they asked. "Was there anybody that didn't know that Scotty never worked a mine in his life? Miner! Why, he don't know what a mine looks like!"

There was pathos in this dénouement. The miracle man of Death Valley was no longer a mysterious figure looming in a golden mirage on the American horizon. Scotty, it seemed, was just a desert character with a gift of gab. After twenty-five years this was the last ballyhoo. Perhaps.

Scotty arrived in the West untouched by the scathing criticism heaped upon him, unaffected by the derisive cries of hoax. He was as brisk and gruff and hearty as of old. To him, his going broke across the front pages of all the newspapers, the rebuke and censure directed at him because he had admitted his dependence upon the finances of his partner, were just parts of another Scotty story. In Los Angeles, Scotty stayed in the headlines for eighteen days while The Record ran an illustrated story of his life. He was shorn of his golden aura, but he hoped to recoup. And then this impoverished desert man called for an express package and displayed a Scotty bank roll. There was twenty thousand dollars in the roll, and

(Continued on Page 60)

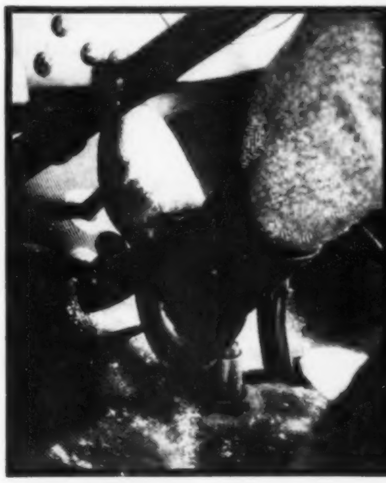
Why Go Through This?

Hurried breakfast . . . Out to garage . . . Get door open— . . .

Pull out choke . . . Step on starter . . . Cold-stiffened oil grips engine . . .

Give her the choke again! . . . Plenty . . . No results . . . Engine won't start . . .

Cylinders flooded . . .
Too much choke.


Try again . . . Starter groans . . . Anger rises . . . Keep pushing starter—

Final groan—starter refuses to work . . . Battery exhausted . . . What next?

The crank! . . . Try to spin her . . . Arm aches . . . Hope fades . . . Try hot water?

WHAT'S THE USE?

HARD cold weather starting may not always be due to an incorrect oil. But you can be certain of this. If you have a heavy summer oil in your crankcase, and temperatures go to freezing—32° F.—or below, that heavy oil is bound to become cold-stiffened. It cannot flow readily. It cannot reach moving parts. Of course starting becomes hard. And you know how that eats the very heart out of your battery. You realize what deadly engine wear it causes.

Why put up with it? Change to Mobiloil Arctic today! Then you'll play safe with your battery and engine. You'll play safe with your temper too.

Mobiloil Arctic is the world's leading cold weather lubricant. It is the most popular oil in the cold sections of the United States, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. In fact, in all cold weather countries throughout the world — where oils meet their most severe test — Mobiloil Arctic leads.

Mobiloil Arctic has gone to the top among winter oils because it is unique. It gives *double-range* service. It flows freely at zero and below. This gives easy starting. But unlike many so-called winter oils, at hot running temperatures Mobiloil Arctic retains its rich lubricating quality and gives your engine complete protection.

Stop at your Mobiloil dealer's today, and ask for Mobiloil Arctic by name. While you are there, ask him to put Mobiloil "CW" in your gears. Mobiloil "CW" makes gears easy to shift on coldest days, follows them always and remains soft. It does not separate like ordinary lubricants.

With this two-fold Mobiloil protection, your car is safe from deadly winter wear.

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Mobiloil ARCTIC *for your engine*
"CW" *for your gears*

Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

What other gift could possibly bring so much of lasting pleasure!

In performance the new General Motors Radio provides everything that advanced design and precision manufacture can contribute to complete radio enjoyment

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

No gift can surpass the modern radio as a source of lasting pleasure. And now the new General Motors Radio enables you to give the best at moderate price.

There are five different period styles of these exceptional radios and radio-phonographs. All are equipped with the Visual Tone Selector, a distinctive new feature with which you can actually "tune" reception to please your ear!

Choose from among these splendid new instruments and you will make your gift one long to be remembered—for the cabinets are *permanent* furniture. Any future chassis or speaker will be so designed as to permit installation in the cabinets of the present models.

Thus, a General Motors Radio owner can always enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost.

Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. See and hear how much is offered in these admirable new radios and radio-phonographs.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

Illustrated above is the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph, a fine combination instrument representing a remarkable value—$198, less tubes. Prices of other models (less tubes), the Hepplewhite $136, the Sheraton $152, the Late Italian $172, and the Georgian radio-phonograph $270. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient monthly payments.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
WITH VISUAL TONE SELECTOR

CHAMP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

XVII

THE sun rose next morning upon a new world for Eddie Riton. If he had enjoyed publicity by reason of Tommy's manipulations, he now was simply inundated by a rush of public interest. Articles carrying his name appeared in the newspapers, and these articles he read for the first time as they appeared.

When he queried Tommy about this strange affair the manager merely smiled and said:

"The day after we bought you from Olson, I sold your by-line. Some ghost writer is turnin' out this stuff at so much a column an' you got to go for it. I guess you'll get by all right."

Talking-picture people came to Eddie and wanted to take his picture in various poses and various places. He was asked to express his opinion upon everything from the tariff to Great Britain's position in India. Whatever he said was printed. Whatever he did was told an avid public. Wherever he went camera lenses followed him. He received letters from all over the world. And when he subscribed to a clipping bureau, each morning's mail brought him dozens of pictures of himself and clippings about incidents in his life which to him were utterly strange. A large vaudeville syndicate made him a proposition of ten thousand dollars a week to appear upon its various stages. Privacy had utterly deserted him. Wherever he went crowds gathered and pointed him out. He was suddenly become public property, and while this feature somewhat pleased his vanity, it nevertheless became a heavy burden to bear. The attitude of everyone but Seale Murphy and Tommy seemed to change toward him. Even his old friend Olson looked upon him now with a noticeable admiration.

"I always dreamed of you as champ, Eddie," his erstwhile manager smiled. "Of course, in the old days I thought I'd be managin' you. But as it is, I'm still damn glad to see you sittin' on top of the flagpole."

"I guess you know how I got there," Eddie grinned. "Anyway, I'm there, Oley, and if you can use it, it's yours to use."

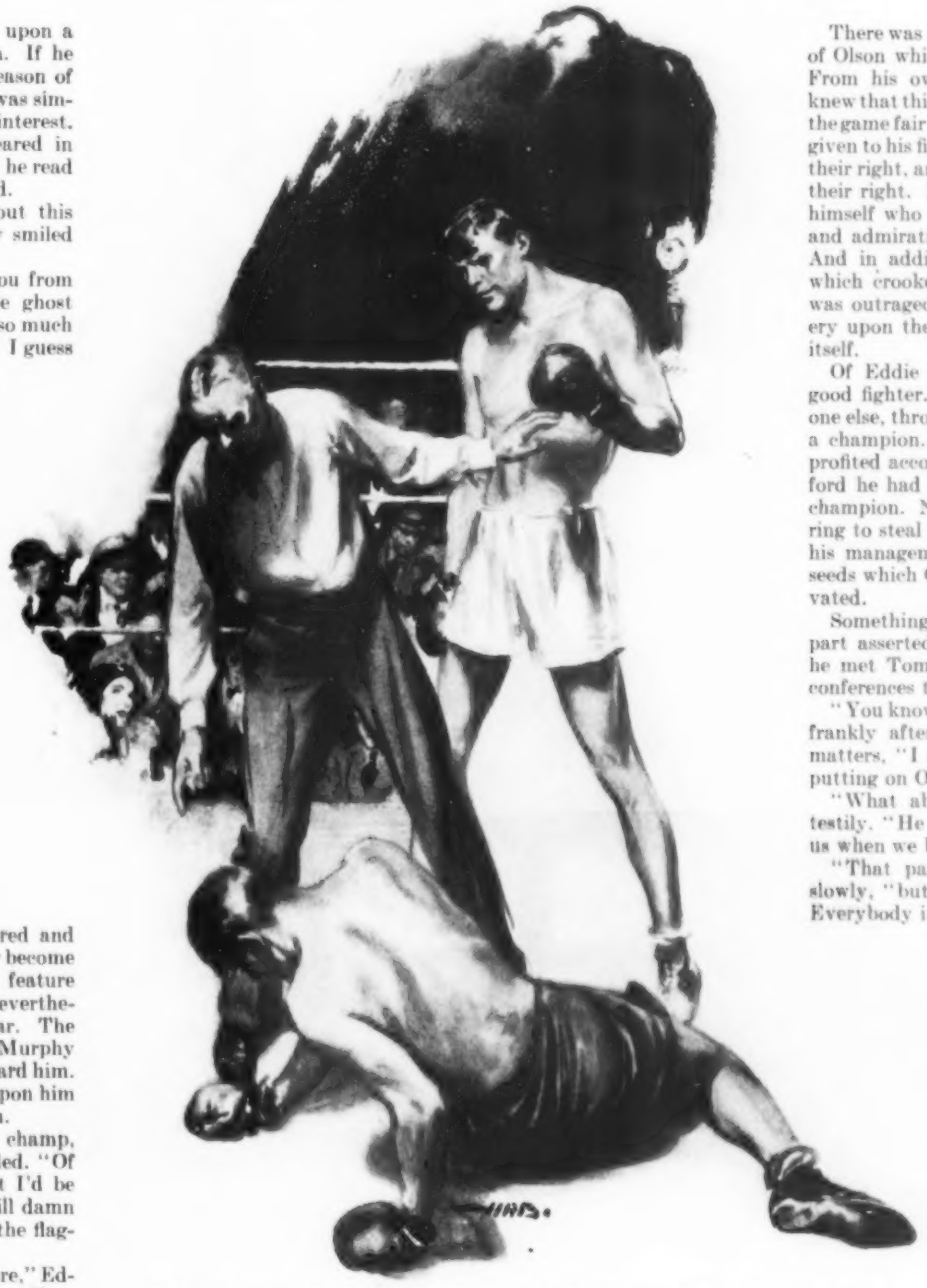
"Bradford's goin' to run out on me," Olson said matter-of-factly. "It's a cinch he'll sign his new contract with Murphy an' his gang."

"Has he told you that?" Eddie asked in high interest.

"No, he hasn't told me. But you laid your finger on the root of the thing the night you fought Scripps."

"You haven't had any proposition to match Bradford with me?" Eddie asked.

"Nary a proposition," Olson sneered. "Seale Murphy knows where he stands. That night you saw Bat over at the Manazita Club, there was an agreement made between those two birds. I suppose Seale put plenty of dough on the line an' my kid fell for it. I don't blame him a whole lot, at that. Since the night he knocked out Fetter he's had five fights and knocked out every man in less than three rounds. I might make him champion of the world, easy enough, if I got a chance to fight him right. But I'd never get the chance, an' the kid knows it. Seale Murphy probably told him they'd never promote a fight with you unless he was under their management. He figures he can lick you, Eddie. An' I suppose he'd get a lot more dough as champion if he was under their management than he would under mine. That's the way he figures, an' I guess he figures pretty near right."



He Was Down Again in the First Minute of the Round, and the Tumultuous Uproar of the Crowd Made a Din Through Which No Coherent Thoughts Came to Him

"It's rotten, crooked business, that's what it is," Eddie protested angrily.

Suddenly Olson laughed. "Rotten enough and crooked enough," he said, "to make you a million dollars inside of a year! Those fellows are awful anxious to get Bat Bradford, 'cause they know he's really a champ. He'll lick any man in the ring today, Eddie. Mark my words on that."

"I've heard you say it often enough, Oley," Eddie smiled, "but don't be too sure that he'll lick any man in the world. I'm not such a bad fighter and I'm getting better all the time."

"He's too strong for you, kid. Too strong an' too tough. He's got natural coördination. It's a gift that only champions have. An' when they have it they don't need anythin' else—brains or anythin'. He's a natural-born champ an' I don't know how you could get past him."

"Neither do I," Eddie admitted, "but I got a hunch I'd find out how if I ever go him in a ring."

There was a hopelessness in the manner of Olson which hurt Eddie a great deal. From his own personal experiences he knew that this manager had always played the game fair and on the level; had always given to his fighters everything which was their right, and very often more than was their right. He was an old-time fighter himself who had a deep-seated affection and admiration for the sport of boxing. And in addition to the personal losses which crookedness had brought him, he was outraged by the imposition of trickery upon the public and the profession itself.

Of Eddie Riton he had made a very good fighter. But it remained for someone else, through trickery, to make of him a champion. And these other tricksters profited accordingly. Of Battling Bradford he had made still another probable champion. Now it remained for the same ring to steal this coming champion from his management and again profit upon seeds which Olson had planted and cultivated.

Something of this attitude on Eddie's part asserted itself to his manager when he met Tommy for one of the frequent conferences they held.

"You know, Tommy," Eddie said quite frankly after they had talked of other matters, "I don't like the shake they're putting on Oley Olson."

"What about him?" Tommy asked testily. "He collected plenty dough from us when we bought you, didn't he?"

"That part's all right," Eddie said slowly, "but what about Bat Bradford? Everybody in the country is hollering for him to get a shot at my title. But Seale or yourself haven't made any proposition to Olson to sign him up."

"I'm not runnin' the Manazita Club," Tommy snapped.

"Well, Seale is. You and Seale are pretty close."

"You mind your own business," Tommy ordered. "For a guy that's sittin' on top of the world an' rakin' in money as fast as you are, I never knew anybody that wanted to horn into other people's business so much."

"Oley Olson's my friend, Tommy."

"Your bank roll's your friend."

"All right. I've got my bank roll. Now I can think of other friends," Eddie returned imperturbably.

"You lay off this bunk, kid. I ain't talked the thing over with Seale, but I guess when he's ready to promote a championship fight between you an' Bat Bradford, he'll know how to go about it without worryin' you, or me either."

"I guess he will all right. That's what bothers me."

"Why should it bother you?"

"Why don't we sign up with Bat Bradford now?"

"What's your rush?" Tommy demanded. "He'll probably knock your brains out anyway."

"If I got that comin', I'll be able to take it," Eddie answered. "What good is a championship if we don't use it? Right now there's a million-dollar gate in a fight between Bradford and me. How do I know but what somebody will drop a rock on his head, or he'll fall downstairs, or get pneumonia or somethin' else?

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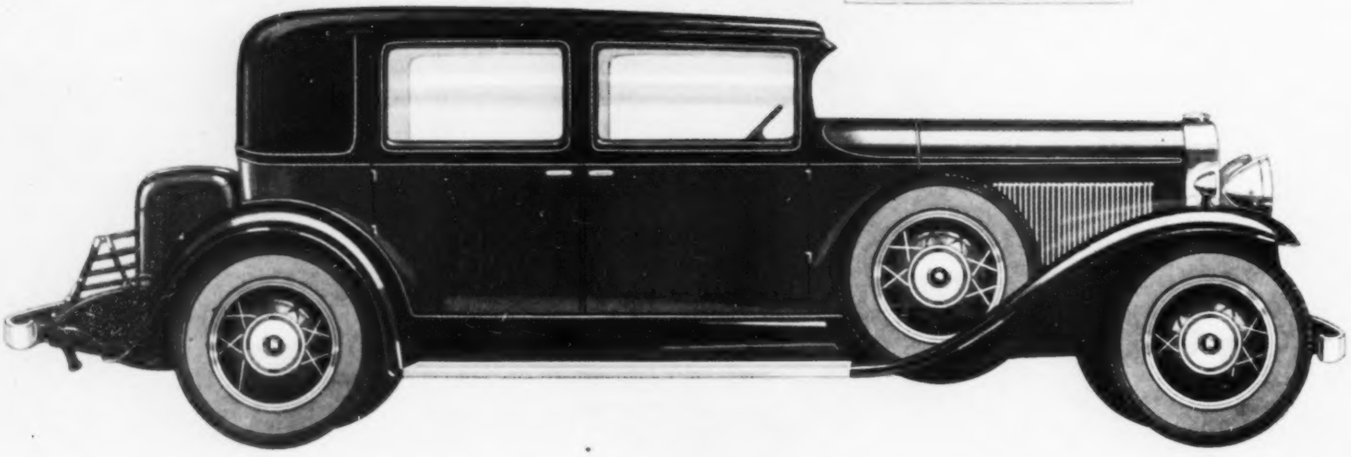
La SALLE



The new La Salle V-Eight, one of the distinguished family of four fine cars built by Cadillac, offers a type of spirited performance from its more powerful engine, a degree of driving ease, a measure of extra safety and a freshness of beauty in the Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork that give emphatic emphasis to the lowness of the price

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 37)

What would we do then? There ain't another fighter in the world that you could ballyhoo into as big a gate as you can Bradford. I want to cash in big, Tommy, and so do you. Pretty soon the outdoor season will be over. Then what'll we do? Try to run an indoor fight for the heavyweight championship? It'd cost us a fortune!"

Tommy was regarding the champion intently. This line of reasoning he seemed to consider foreign to anything he previously had discovered in the youngster.

"There's a lot in the wind," he answered slowly, "that you don't suspect, Eddie. Don't be worryin' about that open-air season. Don't forget that all over the South it's warm all winter long. How do you know but Scale is figurin' on a big championship fight in the South? Down where the rich people go an' everythin' is for sport. You could get fifty bucks a head at a show like that an' pack 'em in from all over the world. Don't be worryin' so much about the business angle. If Scale don't want to sign him up now, sit tight. Scale knows his racket better than you do."

This was as far as Eddie could go into the matter without disclosing what actually lay in his mind, and he feared speaking of the two months still remaining during which Battling Bradford would be under Olson's management. To talk of this thing might focus previously unattracted attention upon the matter and heighten the possibilities of losing Bradford, if that fact already had not been accomplished. So he let the matter drop. However, he left a parting shot with Tommy which the manager did not easily dismiss from his mind. A shot, in fact, which Tommy promptly carried to Scale Murphy and the two pondered in worried fashion for some time.

"All that's pretty good stuff," Eddie said to Tommy. "But get this: I'm the champ now. You can't unmake that, Tommy. And before you sign up for me to fight anybody, Bat Bradford or anybody else, you've got to have my name on the dotted line. Put that in your pipe. Don't sign up, Tommy, unless you talk to me first. Maybe that'll change your attitude a little bit toward Bat Bradford when Scale finally does come to the point where he wants to sign."

When Tommy had left, Eddie promptly called the various newspapermen who proved available and suggested that they come at once to his hotel room for the first actual, bona fide interview he had given as champion of the world. They came. To them Eddie issued a statement to the effect that the one outstanding contender for his newly won title was Battling Bradford. He said that he was anxious to fight this man and lamented the delay already shown in signing up the match. He implied that promoters other than the Manazita organization already had agreed to post huge forfeits to secure the bout, and intimated that if the Manazita organization did not soon have a definite announcement to make he would negotiate with these other promoters.

Immediately following the appearance of this interview, Tommy and Scale Murphy called upon the champion. Murphy accused him of being ungrateful and lacking appreciation. Tommy accused him of trickery and charged Oley Olson with some sort of chicanery with Eddie, the purpose of which had not yet disclosed itself.

In return to these outright accusations, Eddie flared up and indicted both men with trying to steal from the management of Olson the outstanding contender, Battling Bradford.

"You mind your own business!" Tommy shrieked at him when this charge was made. "We got you signed up for a solid five years. If we don't agree to it, you can't fight, understand that?"

"Yes, I understand it," Eddie thundered. "And let me give you a pointer. If I don't fight, nobody makes a nickel. You, or Scale, or Bradford, or anybody else. Where are you going to get with that stuff, Tommy?"

The answer to this was so obvious that neither man attempted to deny it. They tried cajolery and attempted to point out to Eddie that he was permitting loyalty to Olson to interfere with his own best interests. When they took this line they disclosed their hand and Eddie thundered his charges back at them.

"Then you are going to steal Bat Bradford? Is that the situation?"

"I wouldn't call it stealin' anybody," Scale qualified. "We got a big sportin' organization an' we run the fight racket around this part of the country. It's all right to be loyal to Oley Olson, but he never got a fighter anywhere in his life. Bradford is a natural comin' champion, with all kinds of dough to be made if he's handled right. Who are you goin' to be loyal to? Olson, and leave Bradford broke? Or Bradford, an' make everybody some money?"

"Why can't you be fair," Eddie demanded, "an' sign for this Bradford fight while Bradford still is managed by Olson? That'll give Oley his cut, and he certainly deserves it."

"I couldn't promote the fight before this kid's birthday anyway," Scale Murphy insisted. "I may take this fight South next winter."

"Certainly," Tommy augmented righteously. "That's just what I figured you'd do, Scale. . . . Don't you see, Eddie?" he tried to explain to the boxer. "There's a lot of angles to a thing like this. If we sign within the next two or three months with Bradford, then our ballyhoo is all gone when we actually want to promote the fight."

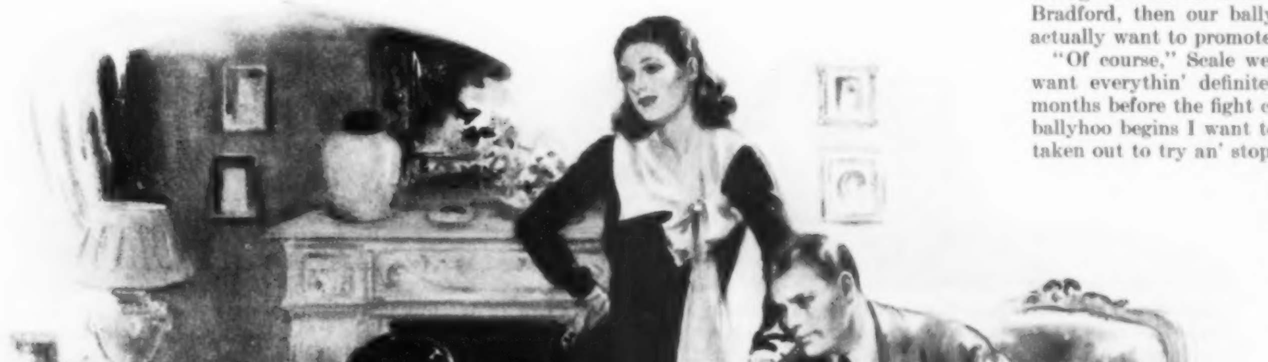
"Of course," Scale went on hopefully, "I don't want everythin' definitely sewed up six or eight months before the fight could take place. When the ballyhoo begins I want to have a lot of injunctions taken out to try an' stop the fight. I want to keep up hot publicity, so that everybody'll get plenty of dough out of it."

"All right, then," Eddie suggested instantly, "suppose you get Olson over here an' sign up with him to give him a flat 20 per cent, no matter when the fight takes place."

"Why should I cut that squarehead in for 20 per cent?" Scale demanded thunderously. "Who's he? He clipped us for twenty-five grand when we got you from him, didn't he? What more does he want? Has it got to a point where I got to pay Oley Olson every time I want to put a fighter in a ring?"

"You're bribing this kid not to sign his new contract with Olson," Eddie charged. "That's what you're doing, Scale. You're not kidding me about it. And you're not kidding Olson."

Then he whirled on Tommy. "You didn't kid me as much as you thought, either," he snapped. "I know the Fetter fight was a fake. I think Scripps was too. And probably Walton. For all I know, even Flaker was faked!"



"Don't Get Up, Eddie," She Said. "This Man is Going to Leave Us Now. There is Something Else I Can Do. And I Know What it Is!"

"If they hadn't been," Tommy howled, "you'd never have got out of the basement, you big bum!"

Eddie controlled himself. "Never mind that," he smiled. "I am out of the basement. That's what we got to go on. I'm sitting right on top of the flagpole now, Tommy. No matter how I got there, I'm there. And you'll talk to me in the future. I'll say who I fight, regardless of what you write into a contract. And if I make up my mind not to fight, nobody gets a dime. You're not going to run me like you used to. I'm champion of the world now, and you can take it an' like it."

Scale suddenly reached out and caught Tommy by the arm.

"None of us," he said quietly, "is in too good a humor right now. We'll talk this over again later on."

As they passed through the door, however, Eddie called after them: "Anything I say later on will be what I said right now. If that Bradford fight comes off at all, Olson cuts in for his full share as Bat's manager."

XVIII

THE next day Eddie Riton was approached by a suave lawyer whose interests lay in legal protection of the Manazita Club. He invited Eddie to luncheon, and the fighter, presuming that this luncheon would be productive of inside information as to what Scale and Tommy might do, gladly accepted.

"You three boys," the lawyer started gently, "got off on a wrong foot. That's all. I've seen it happen many times. You know how it is: You're an athlete in fine physical condition—a great world's champion, Mr. Riton—and naturally you get a little bit temperamental now and then. It is your right to get that way and no sensible person would deny you that right. On the other hand, Scale Murphy has a large commercial institution out of which he must make money for his stockholders. There is a business side to all sports, old man, whether they be professional or amateur. Unless someone willing to finance a sporting contest is able profitably to sell tickets to the general public, then sport, either professional or amateur, must die on our hands. As a heavyweight champion of the world, you are one of the very few outstanding exponents of sport. Anything which you do to interfere with the general tenor of sporting events is certain to react unfavorably, not alone upon yourself and close associates but upon sport as a whole."

Eddie listened to this diatribe with careful patience. He smiled when he answered: "I guess you're absolutely right about that. But it still don't change anything. For the past few months I've been managed by Tommy and Scale Murphy. I'm perfectly convinced that half of the fights I won to get this championship were downright fake fights. I'm not so sure that all of them were not!"

"Even if what you say is the truth," the lawyer interrupted cautiously, "that fact did not react to your disadvantage, did it? Try and consider, old man, the commercial aspect of these sporting events. You are now a heavyweight champion of the world. A very rich young man, with every likelihood of becoming a great deal richer. Five years from now, at the longest, a new champion will usurp your position in the public eye and you will have become forgotten. That is when your money must truly be yours, and there must be plenty of it. Otherwise even the fans themselves would put you down for what they call a sucker. I admit a frank admiration of your principle in the matter, Mr. Riton, but would direct your attention to the very essential and basic commercial facts which must be considered."

"It isn't morals that bothers me so much," Eddie admitted frankly. "This is strictly business. Don't forget that every dollar I got gave Tommy and Scale fifty cents. This fight with Bradford is a million-dollar shot and I know the ones promoting it are crooked. Olson is my pal. Either he cuts, or there's no fight. It don't take a lawyer to savvy that one."

The manner and the voice of the lawyer altered somewhat under this vitriolic comment.

"Perhaps," he said, his tone steel-like, "there are a number of legal phases to this controversy which have not impressed themselves upon your inexperienced mind, Mr. Riton. It might be helpful to you if, as a lawyer, I outlined your exact position in this affair from the viewpoint of the courts. What money you have made from the boxing profession might easily be taken from you for violating the terms of contractual obligations now in existence."

"It's a great thing," Eddie smiled through a sneer, "to be able to spill talk like that. It sounds good, sounds convincing. But there's something about this affair that maybe you also don't understand, Mr. Lawyer. I can't argue with you in legal terms, but I can throw facts in your face that nobody'd want to go to court with. How good an investment would a fight between me and Bradford be if the general public knew that I was framed into the heavyweight championship? Would that do boxing much good? How much money would Scale Murphy's stockholders get for the next two or three years if I told what I know? Do you think, in the face of a situation like that, Scale and Tommy would want to go to court and have you throw your highfaluting legal phrases at the jury and the general public?"

"You wouldn't be foolish enough to do such a thing," the lawyer interrupted. "You couldn't be that foolish, young man. Why, it would blacken your character forever. You've appealed to the American public as a fine, clean-cut athletic young man. Plenty of courage, plenty of intelligence, and the heart and stamina of a champion. In addition to that, the sweetest and most romantic of love affairs has characterized your public life. You and Linda Belledu have become the sweethearts of a nation. Such talk on your part would make it mandatory upon this girl to drop completely out of your life, and Scale and Tommy and myself have a hunch neither of you would like that. We found out a few things up in that little dump called Hooker's Falls, where the young lady lives under the name of Betty Stanton."

Eddie's jaw set. "You keep your mitts off Linda Belledu," he snapped. "You'll not drag her into your crooked schemes."

"Drag her in? Don't be barmy, my young friend. She already is in. Have you forgotten the perfectly legal five-year contract you two made? For five years neither of you must marry. For five years you are tied solid. How will she feel when you show up a crooked champion and put the interests of a fight manager ahead of her own?"

"Never mind that stuff," Eddie grumbled, though doubt was suddenly apparent in his voice. "I'll find a way around that somehow. Anyway, you wouldn't dare go to court."

The lawyer shrugged hopelessly. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you have a very severe lesson coming to you. The importance of signed legal documents seems lost to your imagination. Scale Murphy and the Manazita Club, my clients, will undoubtedly take you into court and force you to box for them under the terms of their contract with you. I'm sorry about this, Mr. Riton, because it will ruin your public standing, deprive you of hundreds of thousands of dollars which might just as easily be yours, and in all probability ruin your pleasing romance with Linda Belledu."

There was an ominous note in the lawyer's final words. Eddie never had considered his relationship with Betty Stanton in the light of a romance. Now, suddenly he did. He knew that out of a legally arranged and fortified publicity compact had come to him genuine romance. He loved Betty. Thought of separation from her left him weak and helpless.

"Beat it!" he said to the lawyer. "Go ahead. I'm on the level with that. Beat it! I've got your kind marked down in my book and I won't erase you. You go back and tell Scale and Tommy that I'm getting in touch with Oley Olson and laying my cards face up on the table. You tell them I won't fight Battling Bradford unless he's under Oley Olson's management when the fight takes place. As for Linda Belledu, you're just cockeyed. That girl don't care anything about me but the publicity we get together. I don't flatter myself the way you flatter me. As far as the contracts with her go, the most anybody can lose is five thousand dollars. I'll pay that rather than let Scale and Tommy cut Olson's throat."

XIX

WHEN the lawyer had gone a cooler reaction did come to Eddie Riton. He sat alone in his room for a considerable period and turned over and over again in his mind the swift developments which had taken place. The various business angles of the controversy, he vaguely felt, would adjust themselves under the guidance of Oley Olson. But there remained the problem of his relationship with Betty Stanton.

Surprising as it was, the lawyer for the enemy had succeeded in waking Eddie for the first time to his love for this little actress. Too, the lawyer seemed certain that the girl would resent anything Eddie might do which would break the contract between them. He intimated very clearly that he would predicate a lawsuit against Eddie upon any violation of this contract. There was no doubt that any sort of scandal would be worth far more to the parties involved than the mere five thousand dollars which had been placed in escrow. The lawyer had placed this controversial sum at a quarter of a million dollars. Even in this day of tremendous prosperity, such an amount rather staggered Eddie's imagination.

To Olson, who arrived next day, Eddie opened his heart. "I'm your pal, Oley," he said fulsomely, "and I'll never do anything to cross you up. Whatever they can trot out in the way of contracts or business tricks, I'll meet some way, even if I go broke doing it."

"I know you will, kid," Oley nodded understandingly. "I'm ready to go all the way through myself. Bat Bradford has come clean with me. Scale has offered him fifty thousand cash for signing a new contract on his twenty-first birthday. With that dough, he guarantees, in addition, the heavyweight championship, even if they have to frame you out of it. That gives us plenty to fight with."

"I was sure they'd made some play like that," Eddie nodded. "And now there's a new angle I want to talk over with you, Oley. I guess maybe you'll think I'm loony, but I can't help it. It means everything in the world to me."

"What is it, kid?" Olson asked practically.

"It's about Betty Stanton."

"Yeah?" Olson said. "Go ahead. What about her?"

"Well, Oley, I guess I've fell for her all right. I know there's nothing to it, because she's young and beautiful and got a lot of talent. She'll probably marry some highbrow, and that's about what I'd want her to do. But I can't help lovin' her."

Olson lit a cigarette; in his customary manner, began pacing the floor. "Have you told her you love her?" he asked after a moment.

"It wouldn't do any good, Oley," Eddie answered. "It ain't myself I'm worrying about. It's her. I guess I just been a fool about it, that's all. It had me before I realized."

"Yeah?" Olson asked. "Say, listen, kid; somebody married Scale Murphy, didn't they? Half the gangsters in the world have got wives. If they just happen to feel like it, I tell you, women will marry anybody. How do you know Betty wouldn't marry you?"

Eddie smiled wistfully. "You got me wrong, Oley," he went on. "It ain't that I figure on marrying Betty. I know my place. But I do want her to like me. What worries me most is that if you and I battle Scale and Tommy, they'll drag Betty in. That publicity contract we signed is good for five years. If I force Betty to pull out of that they'll sue me for a quarter of a million bucks."

Olson paced some more and puffed somewhat excitedly at his cigarette. Silence was between the two for many moments. Eddie sank onto the bed and dropped his face into the palms of his hands and sat there dejected and somewhat hopeless.

"You know what I'd do?" Olson asked after a time.

"What?" Eddie queried.

"I'd go right to the girl herself. As you know, I never had much faith in women. But that girl is a good clean kid and I'd go to her, Eddie. Lay the cards on the table. Tell her just exactly what we're up against. See what she'll think about breakin' a contract with these crooks."

"That wouldn't do any good," Eddie grumbled. "Don't you see, Oley, they'll sue me for a quarter of a million for breaking the publicity contract? I guess it's worth that much to them to lose all that publicity. Not only that, they'd sue her too. She's in a

(Continued on Page 161)

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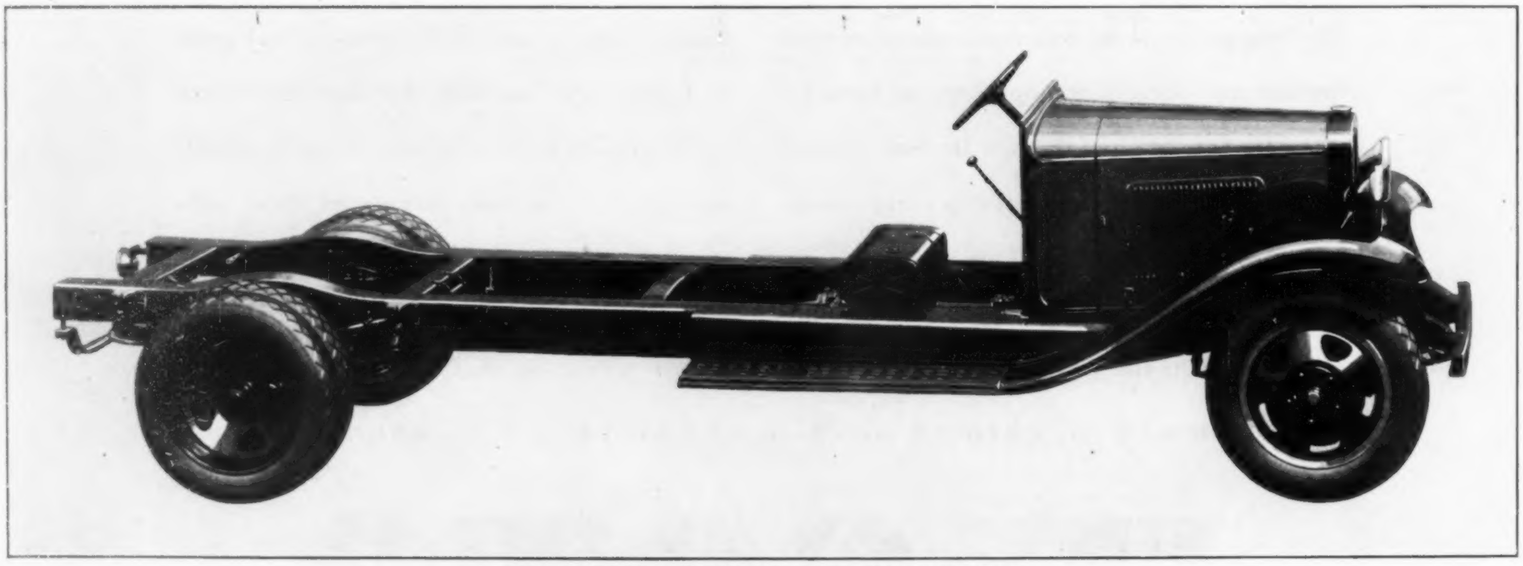

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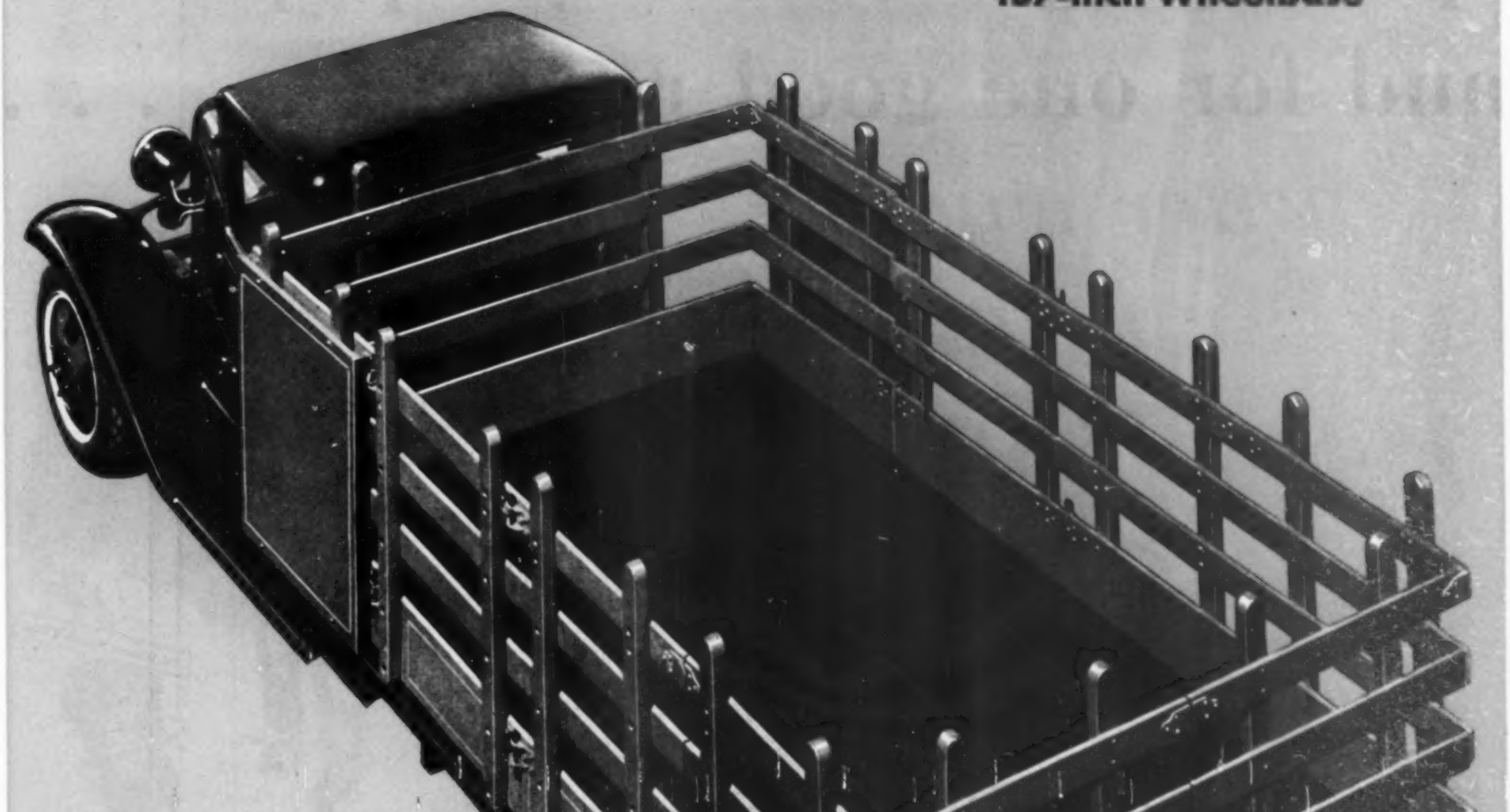

157-inch Wheelbase

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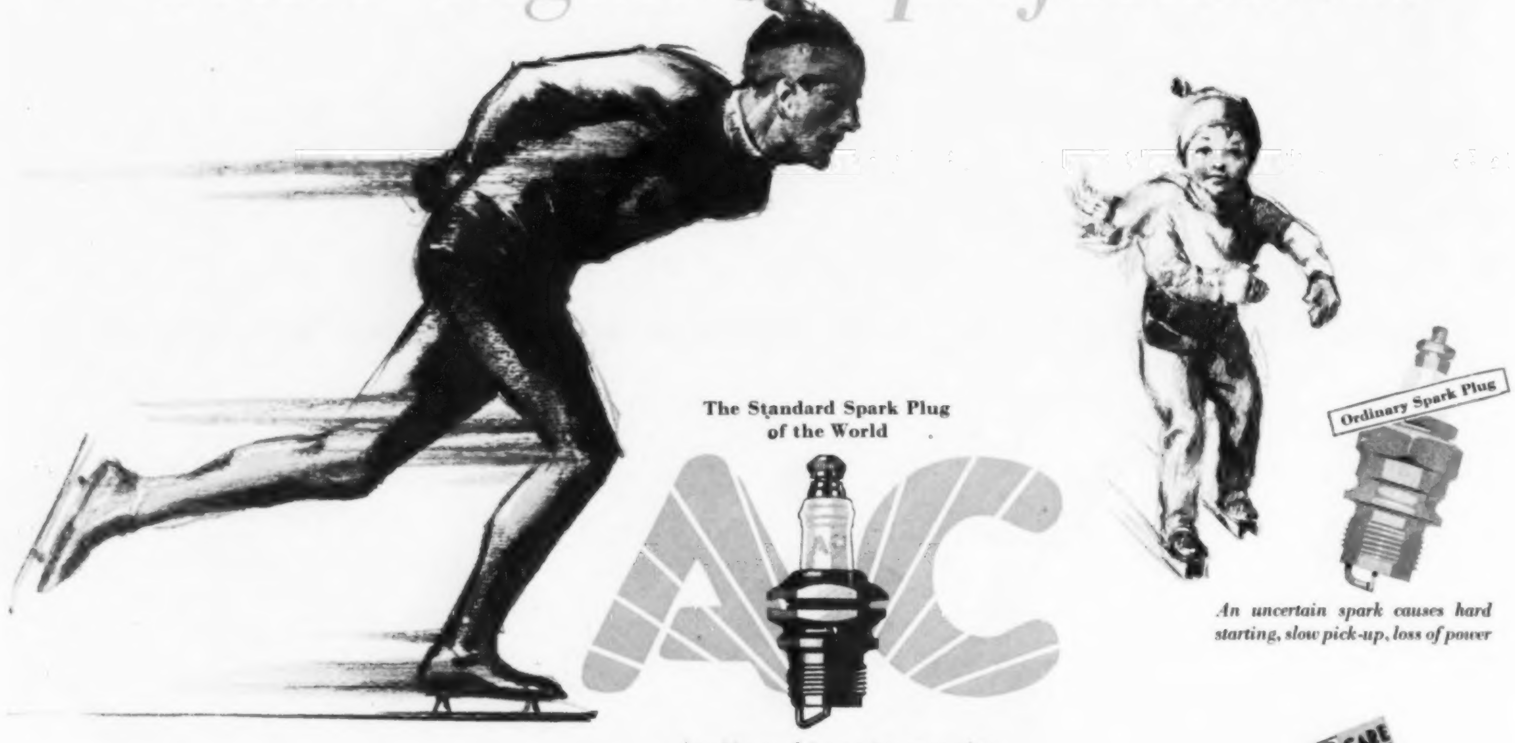
The Standard Spark Plug of the World
AC
Ordinary Spark Plug

An uncertain spark causes hard starting, slow pick-up, loss of power

A positive spark insures instant starting, swift pick-up, better engine performance

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AC is known and accepted as *the better spark plug* because it assures easier starting, faster pick-up, greater fuel economy, smoother engine performance.

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On putting in a new set of AC's—no matter what make of spark plugs you may now be using—you will immediately note the difference.

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AC-SPHINX, Birmingham, *ENGLAND* AC-TITAN, Clichy (Seine), *FRANCE*

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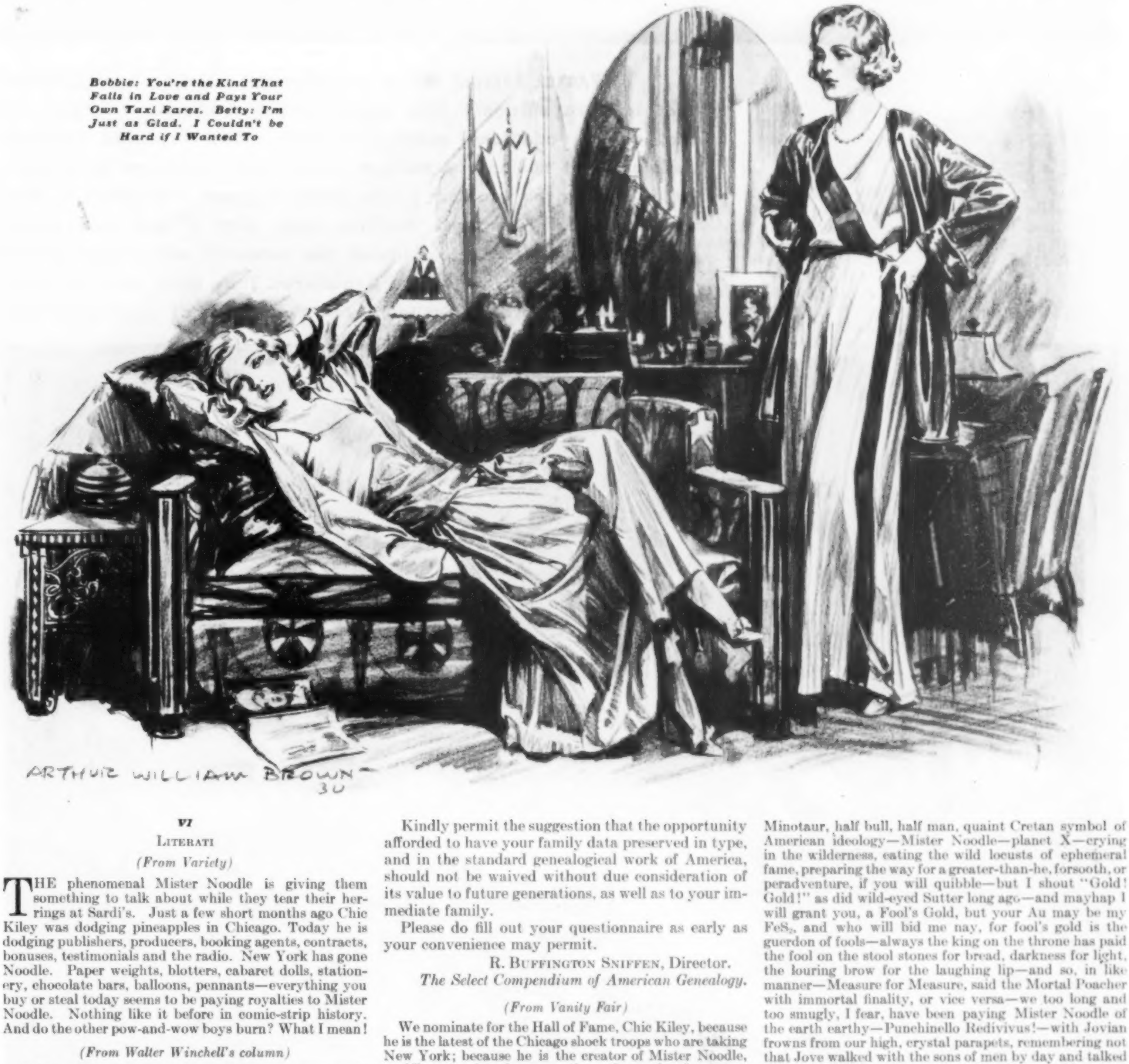
MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Bobbie: You're the Kind That Falls in Love and Pays Your Own Taxi Fares. Betty: I'm Just as Glad. I Couldn't be Hard if I Wanted To



VI

LITERATI

(From Variety)

THE phenomenal Mister Noodle is giving them something to talk about while they tear their herrings at Sardi's. Just a few short months ago Chic Kiley was dodging pineapples in Chicago. Today he is dodging publishers, producers, booking agents, contracts, bonuses, testimonials and the radio. New York has gone Noodle. Paper weights, blotters, cabaret dolls, stationery, chocolate bars, balloons, pennants—everything you buy or steal today seems to be paying royalties to Mister Noodle. Nothing like it before in comic-strip history. And do the other pow-and-wow boys burn? What I mean!

(From Walter Winchell's column)

Ankle up to Reubens' and get a load of the new sandwich—the Mister Noodle Special. . . . "There's ham in it," winces Harry—Abe Kabibble—Hershfield.

DEAR MEMBER: The guest of honor and principal speaker at the next regular lunch of the Dutch Treat Club will be our new member, Chic Kiley, creator of the new sensation—Mister Noodle.

GEORGE BELLAND, Secretary.

(From the New York Evening Sun)

. . . seen at last night's gala première at the Ziegfeld Theater were Jimmy Walker, Princess Matchabelli, Lillian Gish, Paul Whiteman, Chic Kiley, Al Jolson ——

DEAR MR. KILEY: Since we have not as yet received from you any response to our invitation, sent to you a short time ago, to furnish your family-lineage record for FIRST FAMILIES OF THE UNITED STATES, it is presumed the matter has been overlooked.

Kindly permit the suggestion that the opportunity afforded to have your family data preserved in type, and in the standard genealogical work of America, should not be waived without due consideration of its value to future generations, as well as to your immediate family.

Please do fill out your questionnaire as early as your convenience may permit.

R. BUFFINGTON SNIFFEN, Director.
The Select Compendium of American Genealogy.

(From Vanity Fair)

We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Chic Kiley, because he is the latest of the Chicago shock troops who are taking New York; because he is the creator of Mister Noodle, rapidly assuming the proportions of a national menace; but chiefly because, through the homely medium of comic art, he is interpreting the American Scene with a crude realism that is pregnant with psychotherapeutic significance.

(From Rian James' column in the Brooklyn Eagle)

. . . Tapped for Frank Case's Algonquin Round Table, Chic Kiley, the Attila of the New Scourge, "Mister Noodle," whose every ookle-ookle is gravid with psychotherapeutic significance, sez you, Vanity Fair—tch—tch.

(From the New York World)

AVE! MISTER NOODLE!
An Inquiry Into the Irrefragible Tenuities
By William Bolitho

"Bolitho writes like a man from Mars." Ralph Pulitzer and Walter Lippman on alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Swims into our ken a new planet—the algebraic mystification of orbital aberrations, the torturing ellipse of tortured ellipses, the Theseus before the throne of Minotaur, half bull, half man, quaint Cretan symbol of American ideology—Mister Noodle—planet X—crying in the wilderness, eating the wild locusts of ephemeral fame, preparing the way for a greater-than-he, forsooth, or peradventure, if you will quibble—but I shout "Gold! Gold!" as did wild-eyed Sutter long ago—and mayhap I will grant you, a Fool's Gold, but your Au may be my FeS_2, and who will bid me nay, for fool's gold is the guerdon of fools—always the king on the throne has paid the fool on the stool stones for bread, darkness for light, the louring brow for the laughing lip—and so, in like manner—Measure for Measure, said the Mortal Poacher with immortal finality, or vice versa—we too long and too smugly, I fear, have been paying Mister Noodle of the earth earthy—Punchinello Redivivus!—with Jovian frowns from our high, crystal parapets, remembering not that Jove walked with the sons of men by day and talked with the daughters of men by night—Danaë? Shower of Gold? FeS_2? Why not?—and from the little despairs of men, brewed by an alchemy lost to us the great courage of the gods against the comic crepuscle of the Götterdämmerung. (Ya sagers, all, shouting in the terrible twilight that finally swallowed warm, shining Olympus and cold, dread Erebus alike.) Vale, Great God Pan! Ave, Mister Noodle!

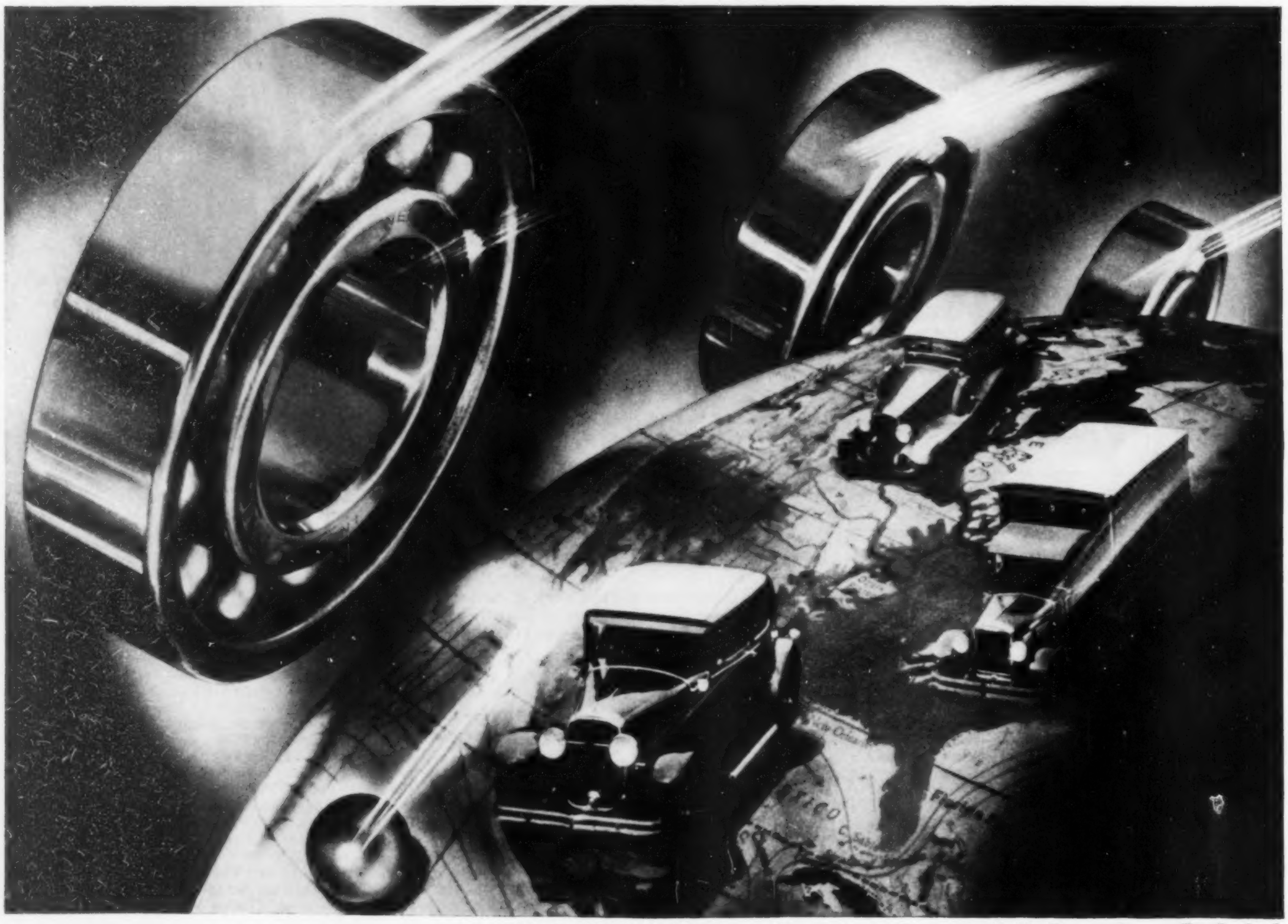
MR. SOL SCHMILLICK,
SUPER FEATURES FILMS, INC.,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR SOL: Looked around here in Chi between trains East and picked up an artist for you. Name is John Gordon—used to be an instructor in the Art Institute. Tells me he resigned, so I suppose he got kicked out. Plenty old-fashioned, but just what the doctor ordered to paint those glass shots for the Heidelberg picture. Signed him for six

(Continued on Page 47)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

FASTER SPEEDS! Motor cars that step! Mobile transportation that is more efficient! This means stronger chassis — longer car life, despite additional stresses of high speed — reduced frictional resistance. In millions of modern motor cars, engineers have gone far in solving this problem by the more frequent application of New Departure Ball Bearings. Nothing Rolls Like a Ball and surely motorists have a right to demand the economic advantages gained through the use of more New Departures. They have come to know that no other bearing gives more years and miles of carefree service.



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY BRISTOL
CONN.

(Continued from Page 45)

months, two-fifty a week, and let him think he was going to design scenery and revolutionize the movie industry. When he finds out that he's going to paint all his masterpieces on glass, to be photographed once and then thrown into the ash can, it will probably break his artistic heart, but who cares? He ought to be a knock-out for the job—was a student in Munich, and knows all that part of Germany, and besides, I saw his work, and it has that good, old-fashioned realism we used to see in the Turner Hall barrooms. Can't find young artists who paint like that any more. Well, you can't find the barrooms any more either.

The New York office has a lunch appointment for me tomorrow at the Astor with Chic Kiley, the bird who does Mister Noodle. I think we ought to work fast on him. Since he hooked up with that New York outfit, it's been going like wildfire all over the country, and some other gang is going to grab off the picture rights if we don't step on it. Considering the tremendous publicity value of the name, I think we would be safe to go up to as high as a hundred-thousand-dollars guaranty and even give him a cut on the profits in addition. Of course, I'll get him for less if I can. Will keep you advised. Sailing for Paris Saturday, Ile de France, meeting Stalinsky there and bringing him right back. It's all fixed with the Soviet for six months' leave of absence. How about having him direct Noodle as his first production?

Regards, JAKE.

MRS CHARLES KILEY
GREAT NECK
LONG ISLAND NEW YORK

GOOD NEWS STOP JUST SIGNED WONDERFUL CONTRACT WITH SUPER FEATURES FILMS TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD AT FINE SALARY TO DESIGN SETTINGS ETC FOR PICTURES STOP THEY PROMISE ME MY OWN WAY IN EVERYTHING AND IT LOOKS LIKE A GRAND OPPORTUNITY STOP HOW ARE YOU AND CHIC STOP WHY DONT I EVER HEAR FROM YOU STOP WRITE CARE SUPER FEATURES STUDIO HOLLYWOOD STOP LOVE DADDY

MR. JOHN GORDON,
SUPER FEATURES STUDIO,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

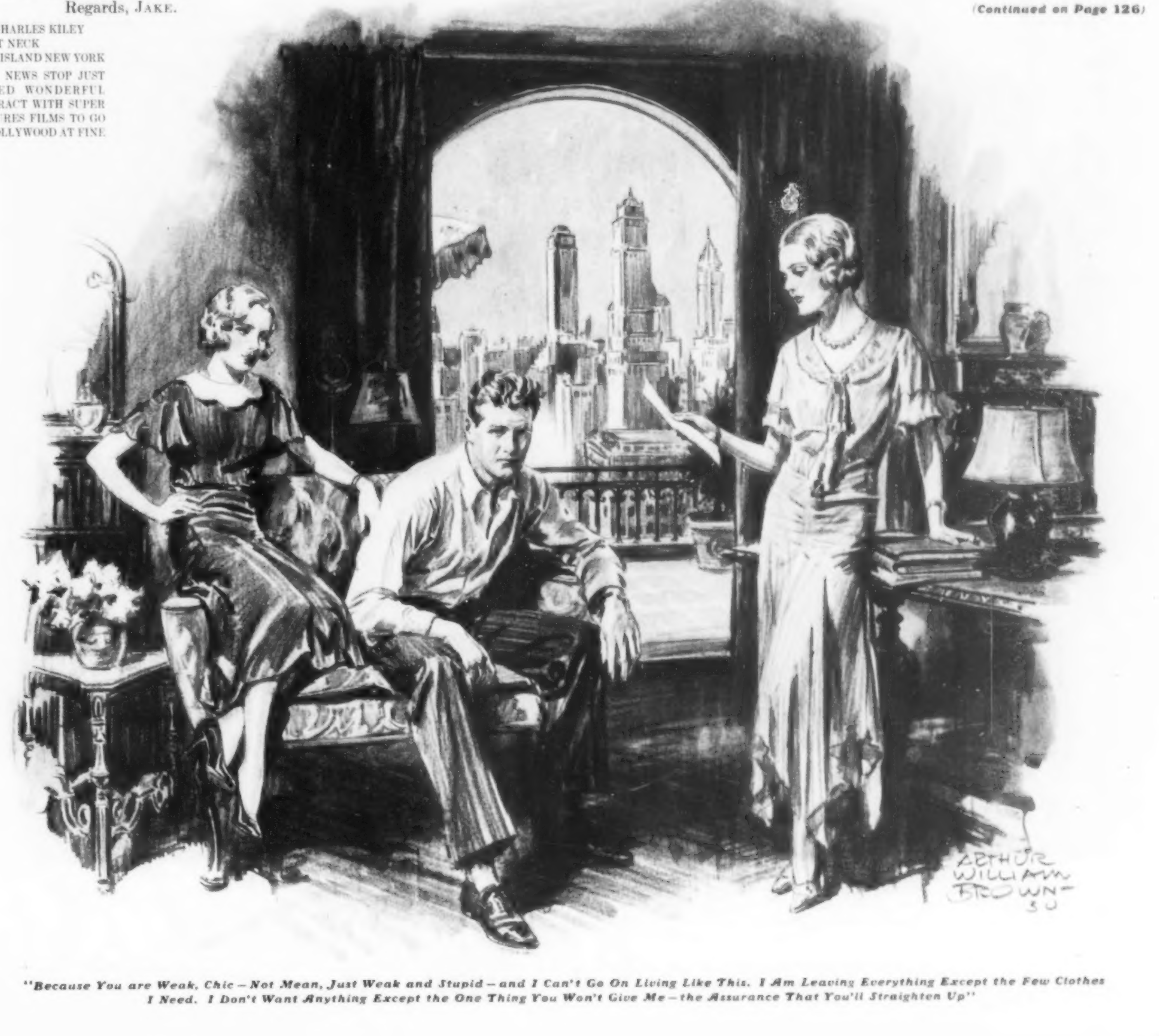
DEAR DADDY: I was thrilled by your wire. I know this means so much to you. You've had such a hard time since you left the institute. Maybe this is what they call, out in Hollywood, "The dawn of a new day." Anyway, I hope so, and I hope that you will write and tell me just what you are doing, and all about it. I would like to do the same for you, but I don't think you would understand it. I don't understand it myself. Although we have been down here only two months, I can hardly remember now what it was to live in Chicago. That was like a slow-motion dream of some kind. Here everything is as crazy as a merry-go-round. Take the money alone—where it was hundreds in Chicago, it's thousands here. Although Chic is making it hand over fist, we are always head over heels in debt. Just imagine, daddy, the house we live in here in Great Neck cost more than a hundred thousand, and, of course, he owes for most of it. But then, everybody in New York seems to owe everybody else. Success seems to be measured not by how much you have but by how much you owe.

I try to get Chic to save, but he just laughs at me. Says there's lots more where that came from. What he does with it, I don't know, but we always seem to be waiting for next week's check. Imagine him paying six thousand dollars to get into one golf club. But he says he's got to. Everybody who is anybody belongs to it, and he's got to keep up with the crowd. And I say, "Well, why do you have to keep up? As long as you keep up your work, what does it matter whom you play golf with?" And he says, "Well, you don't understand these things. Out in Chicago it's all right, but down here in New York it's different."

Well, I guess it is different, daddy, but I can't say it's better. I was happier in Chicago when Chic was making only a few hundred a week, and I saw him lots and we could pal around places together. Now I'm alone with the servants most of the time—hordes of them, it seems to me—cooks and housemaids and gardeners and chauffeurs, and what not, just for the two of us—while Chic spends almost every night in town. He always has conferences of some kind or other—with movie people, or syndicate managers, or out-of-town editors, or something. Tonight again he called up and said he wouldn't be home. Some big out-of-town publisher he had to see on important business. I guess I ought to be satisfied. I wanted him to be a success, and he is. But I don't know what to do.

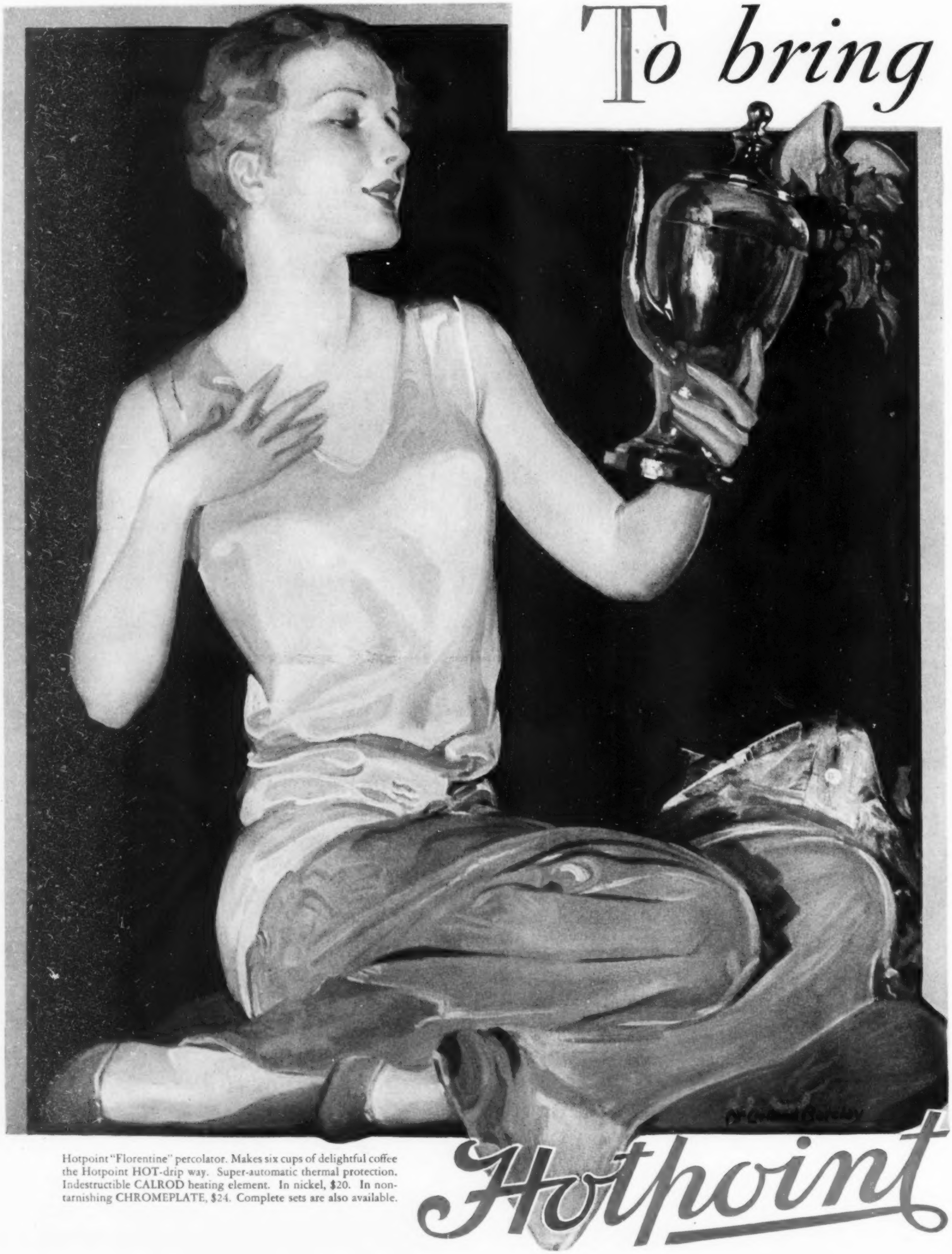
Love, DOROTHY.

(Continued on Page 126)



"Because You are Weak, Chic – Not Mean, Just Weak and Stupid – and I Can't Go On Living Like This. I Am Leaving Everything Except the Few Clothes I Need. I Don't Want Anything Except the One Thing You Won't Give Me – the Assurance That You'll Straighten Up"

To bring



Hotpoint "Florentine" percolator. Makes six cups of delightful coffee the Hotpoint HOT-drip way. Super-automatic thermal protection. Indestructible CALROD heating element. In nickel, $20. In non-tarnishing CHROMEPLATE, $24. Complete sets are also available.

Hotpoint

most Happiness . . .
Gifts long remembered

. . . *Ones you'd choose for yourself!*

HERE are gifts of enduring beauty . . . gifts that will bring most joy and happiness to a woman's heart . . . ones she'll use every day and cherish with pride for long years to come.

If you wish your gifts to live—and to keep the memory of your affection fresh for life, then choose Hotpoint electric gifts. Gifts bearing this treasured name are built to an ideal of fine craftsmanship, for lasting service and ever-youthful beauty through the years.

Yet Hotpoint gifts may be purchased for as little as $2.50. Your electric company or dealer will gladly show you a wide selection from which to choose.

The Hotpoint "Bordeaux" Percolator. Makes six cups of the most fragrant satisfying coffee. The finish is of ever-beautiful, non-tarnishing CHROMEPLATE. Indestrucible CALROD heating element. $13. Other models are available from $8.95; also urns and complete sets for almost any amount you wish to pay.

Hotpoint "Ambassador" Waffle, Cooky and Cake Baker. Automatic, with *double* action—the indicator says BAKE when heat is right, and the automatic temperature control *keeps* it that way. CHROMEPLATE. Indestructible CALROD heating elements. Including 52-recipe book, $20.

Hotpoint *Automatic* Toaster. Toasts both sides at once, *automatically* . . . and *fast!* Makes *better* toast, and keeps it HOT. The convenient timing dial is easily set for just the degree of brownness you want. Finished in gleaming, non-tarnishing CHROMEPLATE, with base and trim of lustrous black CALMOLD. A most beautiful toaster. $12.50. Others from $3.95.

Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron. Set throttle for *any* heat and it automatically maintains that heat. You will find it fastest, most economical. Safe for rayons, silks. Convenient Button Nook, restful Thumb Rest. CHROMEPLATE. Indestructible CALROD heating element. $8.80. Other Hotpoint irons from $3.50.

Hotpoint "Chastleton" Waffle Baker. Automatic, same as "Ambassador" model above. CHROMEPLATE. Indestructible CALROD heating elements. Including 52-recipe book, $14.50. Other Hotpoint waffle bakers are available for as little as $8.95.

"What Mother Really Wants." 1931 model, de luxe Christmas special, Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Includes beautiful, new automatic Telechron timer-clock, automatic temperature control, egg boiler, Thrift Cooker, warming compartment drawer, HI-SPEED CALROD heating element, condiment shakers, electric light, sliding cooking chart. Cooks automatically—no watching. Sootless heat—"as clean as sunshine." Fast! Economical! Ask your electric company about their special Christmas offer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago

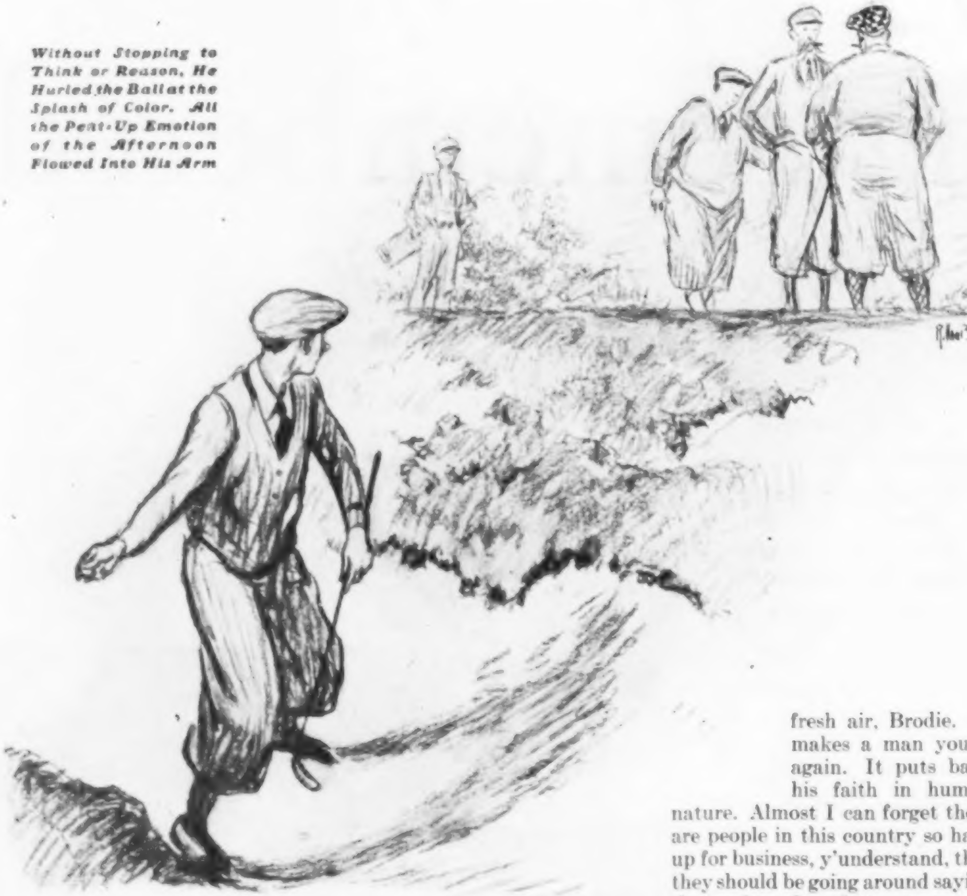
© 1930, E. G. E. A. Co., Inc.

Electric Gifts

FORE!

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



Without Stopping to Think or Reason, He Hurled the Ball at the Splash of Color. All the Pent-Up Emotion of the Afternoon Flowed Into His Arm

THERE are no available statistics on the probable occurrence of an active Coincidence, but it may be safely said, as is said of the hate of an elephant, that when one occurs the situation is fraught with interest.

William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive of the Atlas Advertising Agency, came out to the first tee of the Seekowkie Country Club with his highly valued client, Mr. S. Bullfinch, president of the Wet Smack Corporation, makers of that famous five-cent bar of the melting, health-building combination of milk chocolate, yeast and raisins known as Wet Smacks, without a care in the world.

He had just signed for a simple bowl of crackers and milk for himself—for Mr. Brodie took his golf very seriously—and a bowl of pea soup, an order of breaded pork chops, a vegetable salad, a large wedge of apple pie à la mode and two cups of coffee for his client. He proffered and had accepted a very large and expensive cigar, also chargeable to Client Entertainment. The valued client had slapped him jovially on the back as they strolled along the cinder path toward the caddie house and proclaimed that there was nothing like a little fellowship in business.

The sun was shining brightly. It shone equally upon Mr. Brodie's earnest, freckled face and the bright orange sweater of his client, which changed that beaming gentleman into a perambulating Florida fruit poster. It kissed the worn driver which he swung nervously before him, even as it danced upon the heavily plated club heads which protruded, in seemingly countless profusion, from the huge bag which his client cheerfully dragged behind him.

"The thing I like about golf, Brodie," panted Mr. Bullfinch as they turned from the caddie house and began to mount the stairs toward the tee, "is that it takes a man's mind off his business. Understand what I mean, Brodie? Out in the open where there ain't any balance sheets or even a big sugar inventory to bother about. Just sunshine an' birds an' fresh air, Brodie. It makes a man young again. It puts back his faith in human nature. Almost I can forget there are people in this country so hard up for business, y'understand, that they should be going around saying that a piece of candy turns a person into a side-show fatty."

Mr. Brodie nodded hastily. The opinion his valued client entertained of the makers of Pals Cigarettes was well known to him, as it was to everyone that Mr. Bullfinch came in contact with. It was usually never expressed in less than thirty-five minutes and often carried on, with appropriate gestures, to an hour and fifteen minutes. On one occasion, when Pals brought out their new slogan—Pick Pals Instead of Paunches—Mr. Bullfinch had continued, without interruption, for two hours and five minutes in the loudest barytone at his command.

"Thank heaven there's no wind," said Mr. Brodie brightly. "We won't have any trouble on No. 7."

"When the candy business gets so bad that I gotta go out an' tell people that they shouldn't wear hats because it makes them bald," went on Mr. Bullfinch heavily, "I should be in the fresh-flower business, or something."

"I'll give you four strokes on the first nine and five on the second," offered his advertising counsel cunningly. "What say?"

"I'll take five on the first an' six on the last nine," Mr. Bullfinch agreed absently and then went on: "As far as I am concerned personally, y'understand, it don't make no difference. With me every knock is a boost, Brodie. But just once—just one little once—I would like to meet this fella Peterson that is head of the Consolidated Tobacco Company. Only once, Brodie. If, when I get through telling him what I think of him, he is still able to open his mouth, I should only talk in the future like a deaf m—mu—with my fingers."

"Five and six is a pretty stiff handicap. Suppose we ——"

"They tell me he is a golf player," his client went on with a snort. "I suppose he tees his ball up in the rough an' calls all the shots he misses in the sand traps practice swings."

"I've heard that, for his age, he's a very good golfer," said Mr. Brodie recklessly.

Mr. Bullfinch reached the top of the stairs and, with a sigh of relief, rubbed his steaming forehead with his right elbow.

"How could he be?" he demanded heatedly. "How could he like the fresh air an' the sunshine an' the birds, an' still stick a knife in the back of somebody that never did anything to him? It ain't sportsmanship. Understand what I mean, Brodie? How could I be the kind of a fella that always counts my strokes in golf, an' at the same time, y'understand, kick my ball out of the tall grass in business?"

"Check," murmured Mr. Brodie.

Mr. Bullfinch replaced his green-and-white-checkered cap, removed during the process of mopping, and nodded.

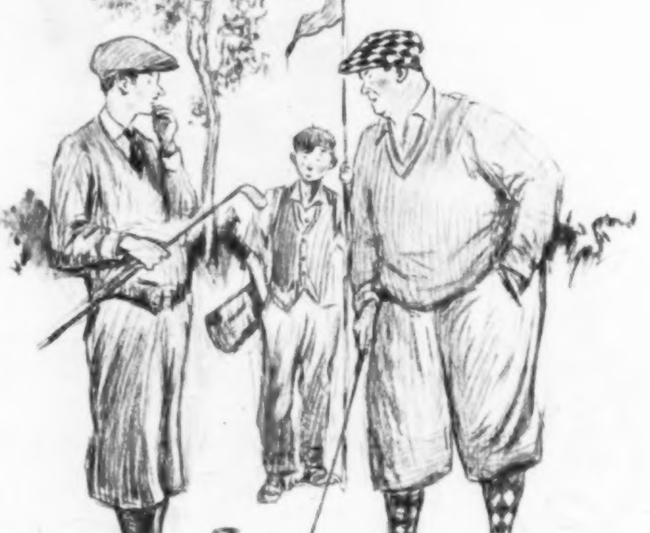
"Anyway, why should we spoil a wonderful afternoon by talking about business?" he observed. "We agreed on five strokes on the first nine an' six on the second, didn't we?"

"I—I ——" began Mr. Brodie, the golfer in him struggling, for the moment, with the salesman.

"Check," said his client decidedly, and moved away in the direction of the first tee.

It was then Coincidence, in the form of Hubert J. K. Sparks, head of the new-business department of the Atlas Advertising Agency, stepped into the picture. With him was a tall, gaunt man with a long, straggling gray mustache which looked as if it spent most of the time locked up in a clothes closet.

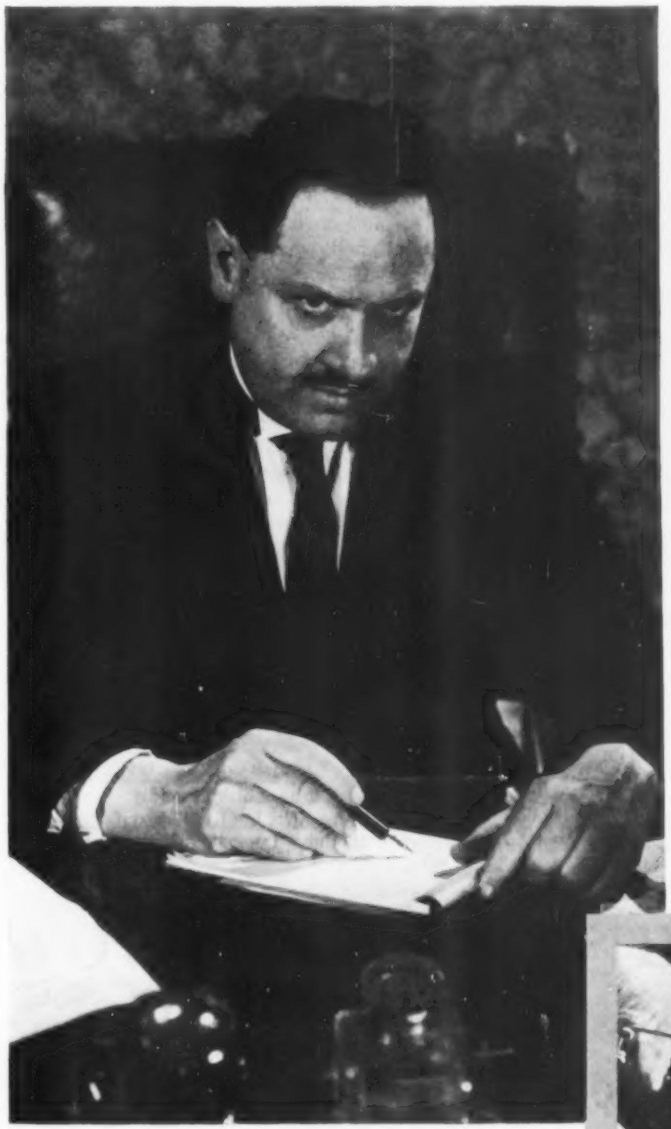
(Continued on Page 52)



"After This, Don't Shout at Me Just When I Am About to Play. Y'understand What I Mean, Brodie? It Makes Me Nervous"

If your Digestion *is* Bad...

read what this famous physician says



DOCTOR CHERUBINI

Professor of Medical Pathology at the University of Rome; Physician of the Dispensary of King Umberto and Queen Margherita . . . Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini is a Knight of the Italian Crown. He maintains his own private sanitarium in Rome.

His advice is simple: Keep your digestive system *clean* with fresh Yeast

WOULDN'T you welcome relief from indigestion . . . from unpleasant breath, coated tongue and discomfort after meals . . . if you could secure it without "dosing"—with a simple *food* that physicians everywhere advise?

Then imagine you are sitting in the office of one of the foremost physicians of Europe . . . Prof. Dr. Cherubini, of Rome. He says:—

"The body assimilates its nutriment from the intestines. When indigested food residue is permitted to accumulate there, trouble sets in.

"In the treatment of intestinal and digestive disturbances an invaluable aid is fresh yeast. Yeast has the wonderful ability to make elimination easier . . . to suppress intestinal putrefaction and improve digestion. It is one of the simplest, most efficacious sources of health."

The reason is that fresh yeast, unlike laxative drugs, actually strengthens the "tired" intestinal muscles. Contaminating wastes are softened and gently expelled. The poisons that were *causing* your indigestion no longer form.

Another thing. Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates secretion of the gastric juices. Food digests more easily. Appetite responds.

Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in *three* vitamins often lacking in the diet—B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 595 Madison Ave., New York.

(BELOW)

THIS IS THE WAY your intestinal tract looks with the X-ray. Digestion is upset when poisons accumulate here. Fresh yeast keeps this vital area healthy and clean!

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Fresh Yeast "tones up" Stomach and Intestines, physicians find!

DR. PAOLUCCI, famous Italian medical teacher and hospital head, declares: "Fresh yeast strengthens and purifies the intestines. Stomach secretions are increased, appetite and digestion improve . . . the individual's appearance freshens."

DR. JOHAN EDWIN BRUUSGAARD, noted Norwegian authority, reports: "I have used fresh yeast over a period of many years . . . It keeps the stomach in condition."

PROF. DR. CITRON, noted metabolism expert of the University of Berlin, explains: "In cases of constipation and stomach troubles . . . I have had excellent results from yeast."

"My stomach was upset," *writes* Miss Dorothy Granger *of Hollywood, Calif.* "Several friends had been advised by doctors to eat yeast. I decided to try it . . . My stomach trouble vanished." (*Left*) Miss Granger shows how thousands eat Fleischmann's Yeast—just plain, breaking off small pieces from the cake.

"My own doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Allan Craig, Jr., *Chappaqua, N. Y.* "I felt sluggish and dragged out . . . Yeast cleared up my troubles." (*Right*) Mr. Craig shows a very popular way to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—dissolved in water (hot or cold). You can eat it any way you like—3 cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!

(Continued from Page 50)

Mr. Sparks was waggling his driver after the unorthodox fashion of the fleshy, serious golfer. His friend was adjusting a pair of yellow, fingerless gloves. Two stubby caddies leaned against the iron railing surrounding the tee.

"There's Sparks!" cried Mr. Brodie, his lean face breaking into a cheerful smile. "You remember him—the head of our new-business department?"

"The windy fella," said the client from the rear. "Sure, I remember him."

Mr. Sparks was still concentrating on his waggling.

"Maybe we can have a foursome. How would that suit you, Mr. Bullfinch?"

"First rate. With me, Brodie, a foursome is even more cheerful."

Mr. Brodie nodded. "Hello, Sparks," he called. "How about a foursome?"

Hubert J. K. Sparks halted his waggling in midstream. Instead of the habitual warm smile of welcome which usually spread over his pink well-tended face, a stare of consternation, almost of horror, dropped his lower jaw and opened wide his light blue eyes. The tall, gaunt man was still fussing with his gloves; Mr. Bullfinch, bent into an orange-and-white jackknife, was extracting balls from the pocket of his great red-leather bag.

Hubert J. K. Sparks dropped his driver and scrambled through the opening in the iron railing.

"For God's sake get him out of here," he commanded hoarsely. "Go over and start on the tenth. Go anywhere, but go quick."

His associate stared blankly.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded. "I have a right here. I'm a member of this club just like you. I guess I can entertain a guest ——"

Hubert J. K. Sparks assented with a series of violent movements of his right hand. "Sure you can," he hissed. "But not here. Not now. You—you don't understand. This is frightful. Terrible! The old boy up on the tee is Peterson."

"Peterson," echoed Mr. Brodie blankly.

"Pals. President of Consolidated Tobacco. I'm after one of his smoking-tobacco accounts. I've waited months to get this chance at him—alone. Now do you understand?"

"Good heavens," said Mr. Brodie weakly. "What will we do? I've told him we'd have a foursome."

"Tell him we won't," Hubert J. K. whispered savagely. "Tell him we are waiting for somebody—our wives—anybody."

"But ——"

"Hurry. We ——"

From the tee came a reedy voice: "Are your friends joining us, Mr. Sparks?"

From behind the gently perspiring Brodie boomed a hearty barytone.

"Of course we are. A foursome is always more cheerful. How are you, Sparks? I was just saying to Brodie that there was nothing like golf to put a little good fellowship into business. Y'understand what I mean? Tell your friend we should be delighted to play with him."

Hubert J. K. Sparks stared helplessly at his associate, but Mr. Brodie was bending over, apparently engaged with a shoe lace.

"My—my friend isn't really a good player," he attempted desperately. "Perhaps you would have a better time if—if ——"

"Everybody has to begin," Mr. Bullfinch assured Mr. Sparks cordially. "Ha-ha. That's what the egg said to the hen, wasn't it?"

"Ha-ha," echoed Mr. Sparks hollowly.

"Maybe ——"

Mr. Bullfinch cut Mr. Brodie's attempted sortie short with a genial wave of the hand.

"Come on," he commanded. "Introduce me to your friend."

They walked slowly through the opening in the railing out upon the tee. Hubert J. K. Sparks led the way, a half dozen desperate, last-minute schemes hurtling through his frenzied brain. What would the Old Man say when he heard that a prospective piece of business had suddenly come to grips with a piece of established business? Would he admit the presence of fate, or would he associate coincidence with incompetence? Knowing T. Tattersal Byrd, president of Atlas, Mr. Sparks shuddered. Could he faint? Was there sufficient excuse for a fall and a sprained ankle? Could —— Before his numbed brain could decide, the lanky figure of Robert Lee Peterson was before him. From behind came the heavy breathing of the highly valued client. There was nothing else to do. He swung around and, with one last agonized eye appeal to his associate ignored, Hubert J. K. Sparks swallowed and moved his hand back and forth vaguely.

"Mr. Bullfinch," he stammered, "meet Mr. P ——"

"Ouch!" Dancing madly, Mr. Bullfinch tried to grab his foot and retain his driver at the same time.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Brodie was mumbling. "I brought my club down without thinking. Is it very bad? I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea ——"

While the highly valued client danced, Hubert J. K. Sparks shot an admiring glance in the direction of his associate. "Good work," it signaled. "I'll do my best to follow through."

At the conclusion of his dance, Mr. Bullfinch, though purple and wet of face, was forgiving.

"We all make mistakes," he admitted.

Mr. Peterson was holding out his gloved hand.

"Glad to know you. Your name sounds familiar to me. I ——"

Mr. Bullfinch took the hand and shook it vigorously. "Is that so? I didn't quite get your na——"

"What's that over there?" shouted Mr. Sparks suddenly.

Mr. Bullfinch shied nervously.

"Over where?" he inquired coldly.

Mr. Sparks laughed loudly. "Just for a moment I thought I saw a black cloud coming up over the trees behind No. 3," he explained. "I thought we were going to have some rain. Sorry. Ha-ha. I guess I better get myself a pair of glasses."

"How will we play?"

Mr. Bullfinch knocked the ashes from his fast-dwindling cigar. He beamed at Mr. Peterson.

"Anyway you say, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Suppose we take them on, Mr. Bullfinch?" Mr. Brodie suggested hastily. "Even-Stephen and adjust at the end of the first nine if the game is too one-sided."

Mr. Peterson tucked a spare wooden tee behind his long right ear.

"Suits me," he declared.

"Capital," said Hubert J. K. Sparks loudly. "Your honor, Mr. Bullfinch."

The president of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, adjusted a new ball carefully on a shiny red tee, stepped back, peered down the fairway at the little red flag some four hundred and twenty-five yards distant, addressed his ball carefully for several minutes, brought his driver back with the slow care of a big-game hunter taking careful aim, brought it down with the sudden ferocity of a headman's ax, grunted tremendously at the moment of impact, and then watched his ball bound, like a frightened kangaroo, through seventy-five yards of short rough, to the edge of the ninth fairway.

"I guess I put too much right hand in it," he observed finally.

"Better luck next time," murmured Mr. Peterson. "You have—er-r—great strength."

"I don't fool," Mr. Bullfinch admitted modestly. His warm smile said plainly that the tall, gaunt man was a discerning golfer.

Mr. Sparks gulped.

All eyes followed William Alexander Brodie's low, straight ball down the fairway for a full two hundred and fifty yards.

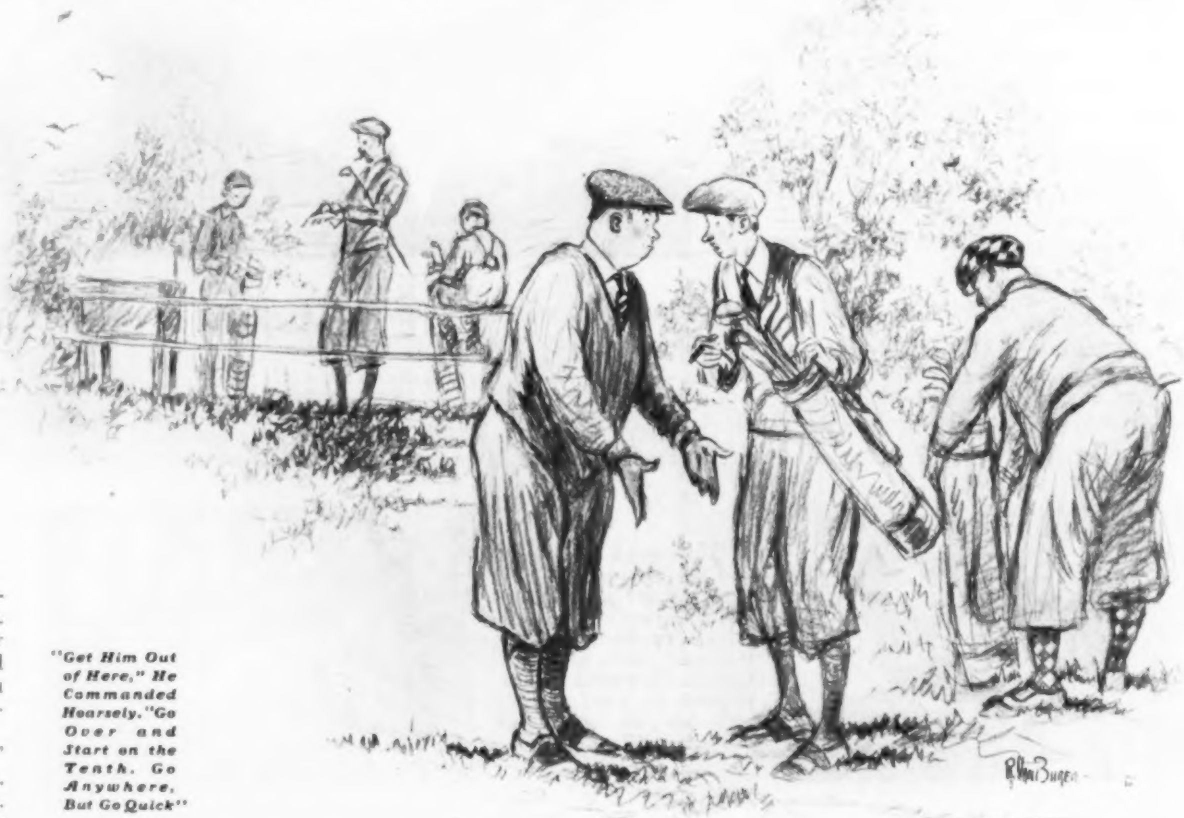
Mr. Bullfinch eyed it critically.

"Just enough right hand," he decided.

"Your shot, partner," announced Mr. Sparks.

With a nervous little jerk of his head, Mr. Peterson stepped forward, and utilizing a hasty half swing sent his ball high into the air and some hundred and

(Continued on Page 174)



"Get Him Out of Here," He Commanded Hoarsely. "Go Over and Start on the Tenth. Go Anywhere, But Go Quick"

Their words have wings as swift as light

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

We live and work as no other people have ever done. Our activities are pitched to the swiftness of this instantaneous age. Whatever happens, wherever it happens and however it may affect you, you may know it immediately over the wires or the channels of the air that carry men's words with the speed of light. Business and social life are free from the restrictions of time and distance—for practically any one, anywhere, may at any time speak with any one, anywhere else.

The widespread and co-ordinated interests of the nation depend upon an intercourse that less than sixty years ago was not possible in a single community. This is the task of the telephone wires and cables of the Bell Telephone System—to make a single community of our vast, busy continent wherein a man in Los Angeles may talk with another in Baltimore or a friend in Europe as readily as with his neighbor.

It is the work of the Bell Telephone System to enable friends, families and business associates to speak clearly and immediately with one another, wherever they may be. Its service is as helpful and accessible on a village street as in the largest cities.

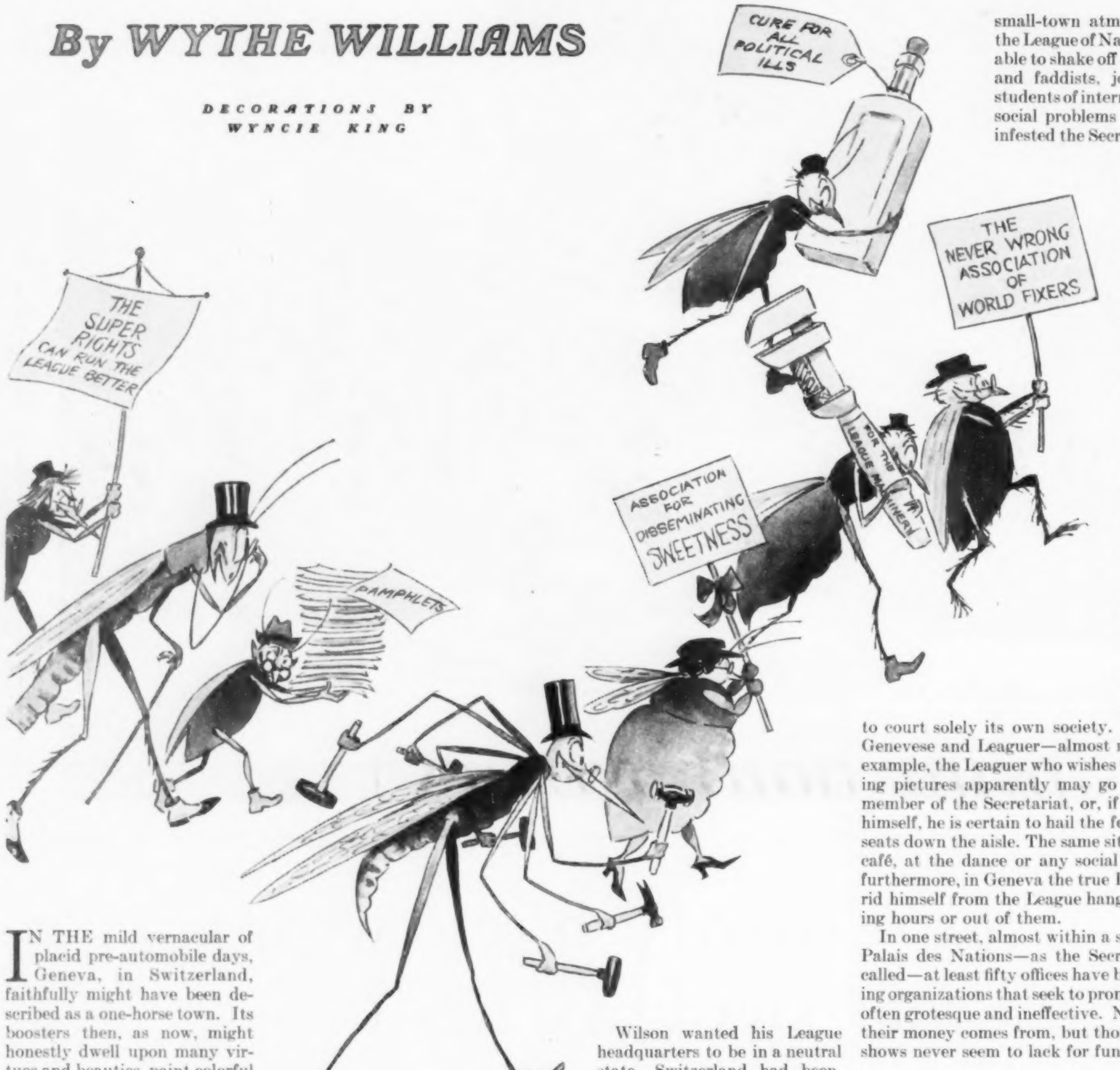
To match the growing sweep and complexity of life in this country, to prepare the way for new accomplishments, the Bell System is constantly adding to its equipment and bettering its service.

To this end, its construction program for 1930 has been the largest in its history. This System at all times accepts its responsibility to forward the development and well-being of the nation.

LOUNGERS OF THE LEAGUE

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

DECORATIONS BY
WYNCIE KING


CURE FOR ALL POLITICAL ILLS
THE NEVER WRONG ASSOCIATION OF WORLD FIXERS
THE SUPER RIGHTS CAN RUN THE LEAGUE BETTER
FOR THE LEAGUE MACHINERY
ASSOCIATION FOR DISSEMINATING SWEETNESS
PAMPHLETS
WYNCIE KING

IN THE mild vernacular of placid pre-automobile days, Geneva, in Switzerland, faithfully might have been described as a one-horse town. Its boosters then, as now, might honestly dwell upon many virtues and beauties, paint colorful verbal details of surrounding splendors—blue waters of Lake Leman, sunset upon Mont Blanc. Even could they truthfully bring the term "internationalism" into their propaganda, for from the days of John Calvin down to the period when the Red Cross chose Geneva as world headquarters, students, workers, reformers from all nations made it a place of pious pilgrimage. In addition, owing to salubrious summer climate, adequate prices maintained at hotels, Geneva, during resort season, was a stylish town. Guest lists then included some of the best names in Europe, which from time to time permitted the city to figure in the date line of world news. As, for instance, a reigning empress was murdered on the Geneva *quai* just as she was arriving from a rival resort farther down the lake. But politically, it must be admitted, Geneva did not amount to much. As a metropolis it amounted to nothing at all.

Suddenly, slightly more than a decade ago, a President of the United States put Geneva on the political map of the world. Woodrow Wilson, then in such position that he could disregard criticism, aid or advice, decided that at Geneva should be located the permanent Secretariat of the League of Nations.

Wilson wanted his League headquarters to be in a neutral state. Switzerland had been, then was, and proposed always to remain strictly neutral. Under her slogan of neutrality she had waxed prosperous. Belgium, who thought she had a real claim to the League, was pushed aside. War hates were still too recent and thoughts too bitter in Belgium, so Wilson said. It were far better that his League be installed in the pure Alpine atmosphere of Geneva.

Had the League gone to a real metropolis—and even Brussels filled that bill far more than Geneva—certain disadvantages, foreseen by Wilson, might have accrued, but, on the other hand, much good that in the long run perhaps could have offset the balance might also have been reaped. However, in the earlier years, perhaps, it was good for the infant League to grow in a quiet, harmonious, semipastoral environment.

But nothing appeared in the League covenant that it should forever remain at Geneva. By majority vote of the Council it is possible at any time to remove it elsewhere. Lately, so lusty has the League become, certain signs make it appear to have outgrown a place to which the mild vernacular of placid pre-automobile days might still apply. In the small-town atmosphere of Geneva the League of Nations now seems unable to shake off a new host of cranks and faddists, job seekers, pseudo students of international politics and social problems that have literally infested the Secretariat building the past few years, and particularly during recent sessions of the Assembly. In a world metropolis this new class of League loungers might simply be more absorbed into the town, even as, with profit, might also the members of the Secretariat, once their day's work was done and the office closed.

Unfortunately the staunch and worthy Genevese, true to traditions inherited from Calvin, remains a social law unto himself and prefers not to mix unduly with the outer world. Therefore, naturally, the League Secretariat has proudly come to court solely its own society. Thus, the twain—Genevese and Leaguer—almost never meet. So, for example, the Leaguer who wishes to relax at the moving pictures apparently may go only with a fellow member of the Secretariat, or, if he elects to go by himself, he is certain to hail the fellow Leaguer a few seats down the aisle. The same situation exists at the café, at the dance or any social gathering, and so, furthermore, in Geneva the true Leaguer now cannot rid himself from the League hanger-on during working hours or out of them.

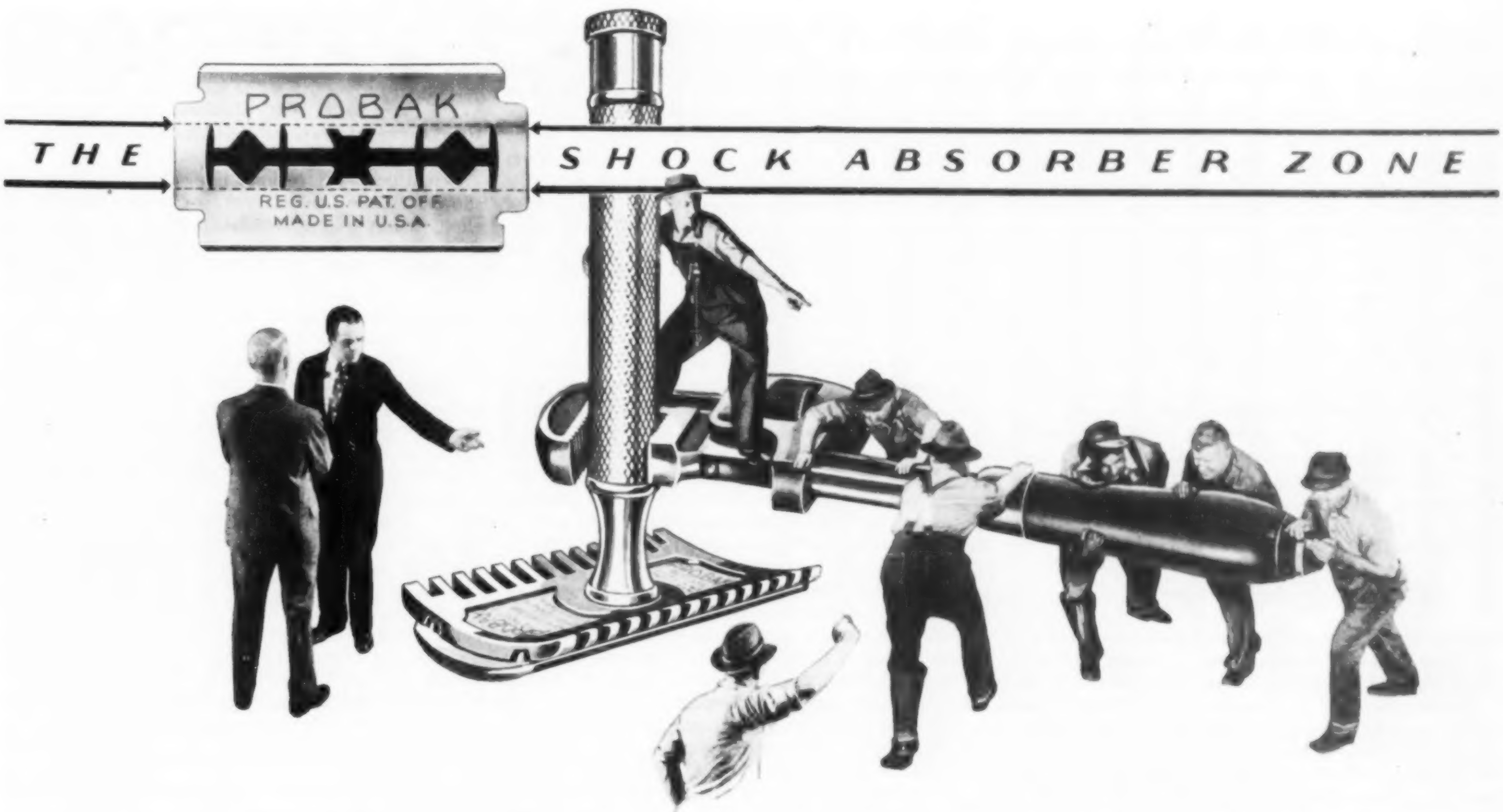
In one street, almost within a stone's throw of the Palais des Nations—as the Secretariat Building is called—at least fifty offices have been opened harboring organizations that seek to promote various causes, often grotesque and ineffective. No one knows where their money comes from, but those who run the side shows never seem to lack for funds.

The Big League and Minor Leaguers

HOWEVER, it should be stated that not all these adjunct organizations are unworthy in design. For instance, the Opium Information Bureau, under the direction of Alfredo Blanco, probably the world's greatest expert on narcotics, spends large sums of money in promoting the League program against illicit drug traffic. Also several child-welfare and white-slavery information bureaus exist that make a real contribution to the League's own investigations.

But, as a result of the conglomeration, a new kind of snobbery has grown up in Geneva around the word "internationalism." Under the auspices of the League, a few years ago the International Club was founded. There it was supposed that the members of the Secretariat—men and women representing many nations—might not only become better acquainted but have a cosmopolitan club life. But nowadays in the International Club, one caroms from one to another of the movement leaders or into its nobodies at all who get appointed to some nominal job, who plan later to go home and make speeches beginning with: "When I was with the League at Geneva." Most of

(Continued on Page 56)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The PROBAK BLADE

can stand your razor's 84 pound pressure . .

EDGE distortion—common cause of drag, pull and vibration—can't occur when you put a shock-absorbing Probak blade in your double-edge razor and screw down the handle. All bending strain is dispersed. You shave with light strokes that caress your face and soothe your skin.

Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel is the patented feature that kills shock at its source—gives men everywhere an entirely new conception of shaving comfort. The scientifically shaped perforation protects the finely honed edges. A Probak is just as keen and true in your double-edge razor (new or old model) as when removed from the modern red, blue and green package.

Learn the amazing comfort of a Probak shave. Buy a package of Probaks today and use two blades. See how they skim through your beard—leave your face smooth and refreshed. If every shave isn't quicker—cooler—better in every way—return the package and your dealer will refund every cent you paid—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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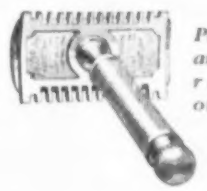

Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type

Introductory Offer

PROBAK RAZOR and
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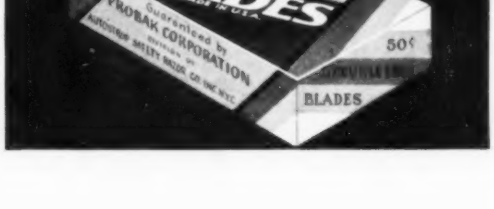
Now you can have a Probak *razor*. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish.



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If your dealer cannot supply you—
MAIL THIS COUPON

PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-48
656 First Avenue, New York City

Send me a MATCHED SHAVING SET, containing one PROBAK RAZOR and 8 PROBAK shock-absorbing BLADES, for which I enclose $1.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State____________

(Continued from Page 54)

them are anti-everything and constitute a veritable army trying to vanquish many harmless joys that make life worth living.

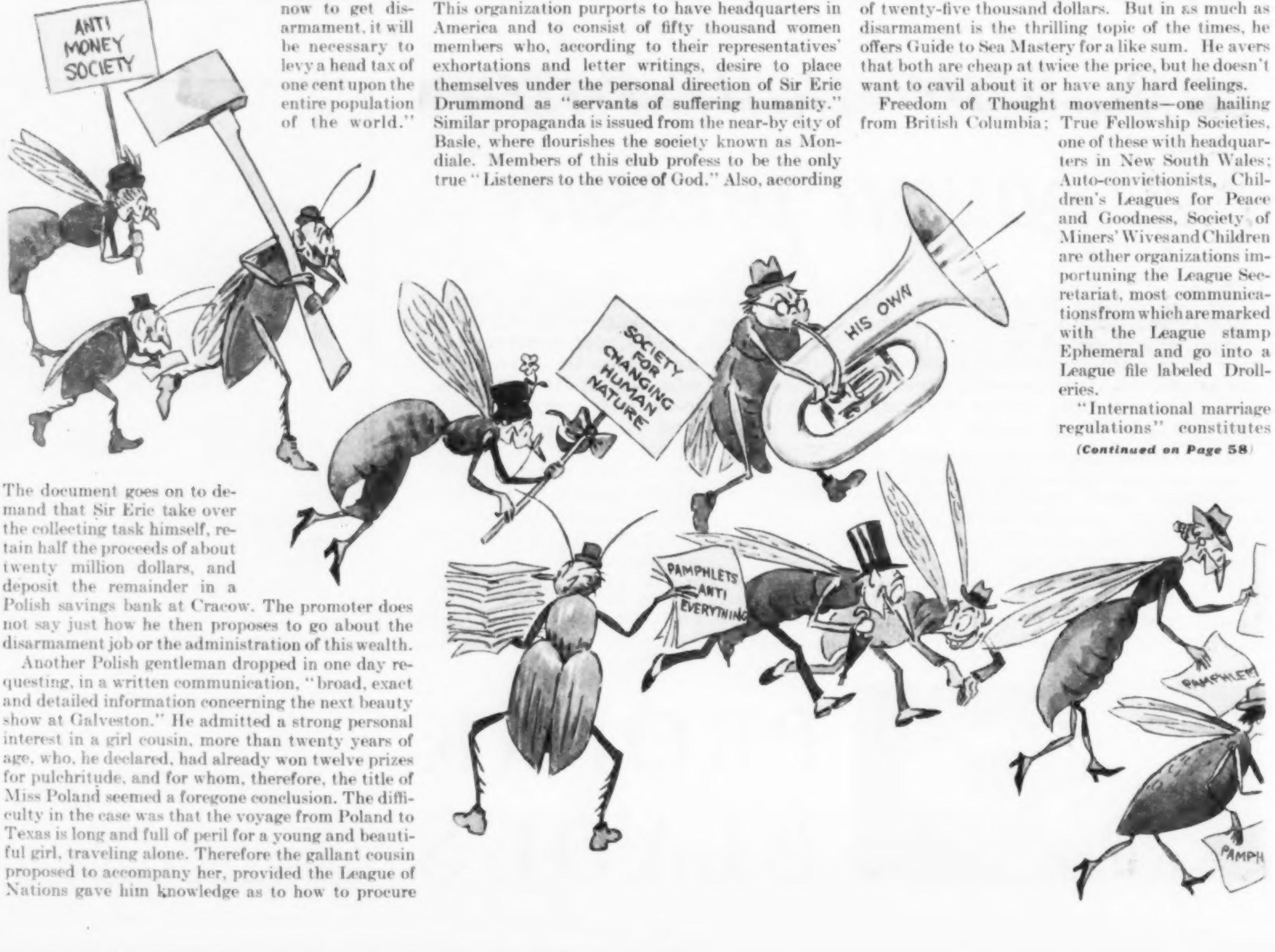
The Joiners probably present the largest number of time-wasting demands at the Secretariat. Not a day passes but somebody wants to "join the League." During the summer season the number often mounts to more than a score. One sedate official frequently recalls his confusion when, as he was just entering an important committee session, a beautiful American girl rushed to him, pushed a bill into his hand and said: "Someone in the U. S. told me that the subscription price is one dollar a year."

After the Joiners come the people with the schemes for stopping wars, such as that of the proposed League air force. The sponsor of this particular idea—a well-known American millionaire—finally did succeed in having his project brought formally before a Council meeting. But then, alas, it was somewhat brutally pointed out by the heartless, acting British member, Lord Cushendun, that the bombing of civil populations was not exactly a humane method for the prevention of war.

Ax Grinders at Geneva

THE acts-not-words boys and girls also occupy a large place in the new Geneva boarding-house directory, and the local printers are considerably enriched turning out their manifold pamphlets. Most of these are addressed personally to Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League, and point out at length where and how the League has either failed or where it can score a big hit if it bestirs itself.

One rapid-fire suggestion came from a Polish gentleman now settled in Geneva. According to his pamphlet, "in as much as the World War cost two hundred billions of dollars, in order now to get disarmament, it will be necessary to levy a head tax of one cent upon the entire population of the world." The document goes on to demand that Sir Eric take over the collecting task himself, retain half the proceeds of about twenty million dollars, and deposit the remainder in a Polish savings bank at Cracow. The promoter does not say just how he then proposes to go about the disarmament job or the administration of this wealth.



Another Polish gentleman dropped in one day requesting, in a written communication, "broad, exact and detailed information concerning the next beauty show at Galveston." He admitted a strong personal interest in a girl cousin, more than twenty years of age, who, he declared, had already won twelve prizes for pulchritude, and for whom, therefore, the title of Miss Poland seemed a foregone conclusion. The difficulty in the case was that the voyage from Poland to Texas is long and full of peril for a young and beautiful girl, traveling alone. Therefore the gallant cousin proposed to accompany her, provided the League of Nations gave him knowledge as to how to procure the cash, or, in such a deserving case, he was willing to accept that the League tip up the funds.

Hungarians also are strong in organizing themselves into societies for League betterment. Most of the representatives from Budapest have much to say in their documents about George Bernard Shaw. What G. B. S. has to do exactly with League affairs is never made quite clear. True, he did visit the League on one occasion and sat in the back row of the Assembly throughout an entire afternoon session. But afterward, when the reporters tried to interview him, he said he didn't know what it was all about and that he had nothing to say except that it was all very interesting. However, according to the Hungarian uplifters, it appears that Shaw often gives a world première of a new play in their capital city; therefore he is regarded as "very sympathetic to Hungary" and so entitled to whatever free advertising their pamphlets may accord.

Lord Rothermere's name also bulks large in these pamphlets. His great campaign to give Hungary her prewar boundaries is recalled, but without details concerning British business interests in that part of the world with which the London editor may be *au courant*. One of the early Hungarian boosters was strong on the idea of young Harmsworth—son of Rothermere—being elected king of this turbulent near-Balkan state, in as much as the legitimate archdukes, including the eldest son of the late Emperor Charles, were then, as now, having so much trouble deciding which is the most legitimate.

The false notes of the Banque de France which were cheerfully printed in Hungary, also that famous shipment of machine guns, seized upon a bitter New Year's morning by Austrian frontier customs guards, which almost provoked a Little Entente riot at the subsequent League Council meeting, have also caused much expenditure of printer's ink and the sending of special emissaries to Geneva.

Next, in our wandering down the street, we discover the headquarters of the Black Cross Nurses. This organization purports to have headquarters in America and to consist of fifty thousand women members who, according to their representatives' exhortations and letter writings, desire to place themselves under the personal direction of Sir Eric Drummond as "servants of suffering humanity." Similar propaganda is issued from the near-by city of Basle, where flourishes the society known as Mondiale. Members of this club profess to be the only true "Listeners to the voice of God." Also, according to them, God's voice calls for the complete suppression of cash and, instead, the issue of chits by each state sufficient merely to take care of its own job holders. By accepting the slogan No More Money as the main plank of its platform, Mondiale assures the League of Nations that the God of Love and Truth will then indicate the next step.

Scientific organizations likewise flourish on the shores of Lake Leman. Some of them are authentic enough, but others circulate reports and flood the Secretariat with pamphlets that are still circulating from office to office in the hope that finally someone will be found able to understand them. One of these organizations sponsors the Electromagnetic Terrestrial Pendulum, which is supposed to be made quite clear by an accompanying diagram, which "illustrates the actual motion of translation of our earth with reference to the sun as viewed by an observer from a fixed position in space." Then follows "a short outline of the true fundamental principles which govern celestial mechanics and the atomic dynamics of matter." This goes on for several pages, tending to prove at the end that "error is merely the result of misdirected human speculation, generally based on external appearances"; therefore, that "error arises merely from imperfect knowledge." The main difficulty of the League experts called to decipher this plan was that they could not find the observation post—"that fixed position in space" that the author declared was necessary. The plan failed to make clear whether they were to taxi out in the direction of Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune or some other twinkly star. So perhaps, after all, they argued, the "fixed position" might really be on the road toward some star that does not twinkle but is steady and cold.

World Improvement Societies

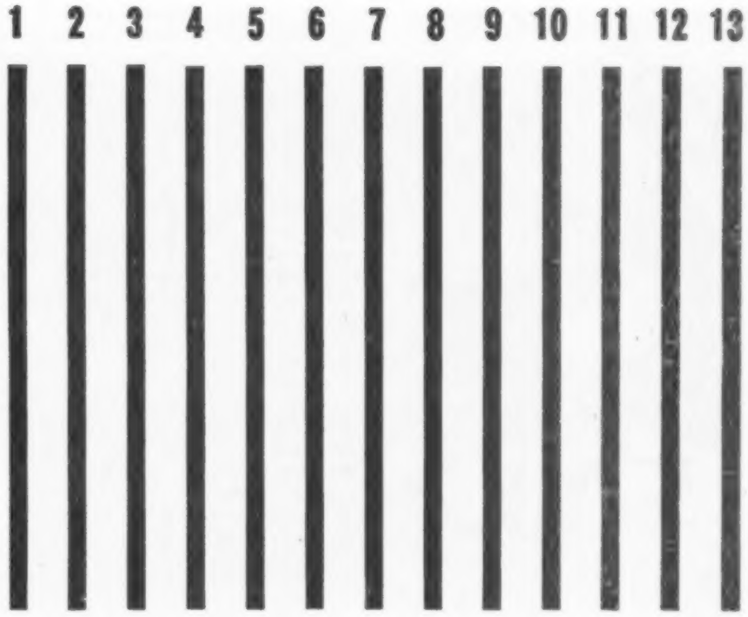
ANOTHER itinerant scientist offers the League The Master Key for All Law at a reduced rate of twenty-five thousand dollars. But in as much as disarmament is the thrilling topic of the times, he offers Guide to Sea Mastery for a like sum. He avers that both are cheap at twice the price, but he doesn't want to cavil about it or have any hard feelings.

Freedom of Thought movements—one hailing from British Columbia; True Fellowship Societies, one of these with headquarters in New South Wales; Auto-convictionists, Children's Leagues for Peace and Goodness, Society of Miners' Wives and Children are other organizations importuning the League Secretariat, most communications from which are marked with the League stamp Ephemeral and go into a League file labeled Drolleries.

"International marriage regulations" constitutes

(Continued on Page 58)

The FORD 13-plate battery fits many makes of cars



THE Ford battery is so designed that it will give a continued and steady flow of power, ample for starting an engine under the most severe weather-conditions.

The finest materials are employed with skilled workmanship, in making this battery. It passes our exacting tests, which tax its capacity to a degree seldom reached under driving-conditions.

The Ford battery has abundant structural and electrical strength to give long and excellent service in a car or truck. When it is given reasonable care and attention, it is equal to any demand which normal service requires.

Because the Ford battery is produced in large quantity, economies in its manufacture are possible, which permit a low price for a unit of such quality. Priced at $7.50, it offers a value, in the service it gives, far above its cost.

Any Ford dealer will make an allowance on your old battery, and quickly install a new Ford battery in your car or truck.

Ford
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MADE IN U.S.A.

$7.50

The equipment of present-day cars is making increased demands on their batteries. Your battery, today, must be able to furnish power for cowl or fender-lights, stop-light, interior lights, perhaps for a windshield cleaner, cigar lighter and other accessories—and it must still be able to operate the starting-motor, ignition system, headlights and horn, without fail. The Ford battery is strong and reliable . . . designed for such service.

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2 minutes? that's plenty of time for a BETWEEN-THE-ACTS

No need to go smoke hungry because time's too short for a long cigar. There's always time for a B. T. A. . . Between-the-Acts are your favorite Havana . . . *in miniature.* A 15¢ perfecto split into 10 delightful installments . . . to wedge into your briefest smoking moments. Try a tin of ten today. At your dealers. Or send 15¢ to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

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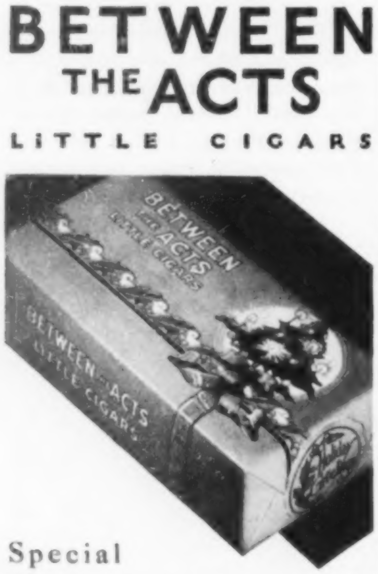

BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS
BETWEEN-THE-ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

Special Holiday Package of 100 BETWEEN-THE-ACTS $1.50

Copyright P. Lorillard Company . . Established 1760

(Continued from Page 56)

another theme for those who clamor at the League doors. One of these organizations advocates that the age of marriage for men shall not be under twenty-six, and for women, twenty-three. Its thesis reads that "Thus will end illness, pain, cruelty and crime."

Job hunters by the score, naturally, are attracted by the salubrious climate of Geneva and the supposedly easy money of the League. Many of them bring medical testimonials to the effect that the altitude of the Swiss Alps being necessary to their well-being, the League is thus commended to look after their cases.

Naturally photographers and artists of both sexes the League has with it always, hanging about the lobbies, snapping and sketching prominent delegates. Some of the artists are the rankest amateurs, using pad and pencil merely as an excuse to get inside the Secretariat building unchallenged. The effort of one such person was so crude that even the usually smiling and obliging Monsieur Briand refused to autograph it.

The Beleaguered League

One of the striking curiosities of the Secretariat is the unofficial bulletin board hanging outside the office of the League Bank, whereon most extraordinary announcements can be read—many of them tacked up by members of the Secretariat or merely by the League hangers-on. One may note anything from "Flat to Let" to "Boots for Sale"; "Quite new Gent's overcoat to fit a man five feet seven inches high"; "A bargain in Ladies' lingerie and evening frocks"; "a motor car for sale"; and "Wanted: A pair of Ladies' skiing boots"; the "address of a good janitress"; "Madame So-and-So, speaking all languages under the sun, would give up a few evenings for conversational lessons on reasonable terms."

Among other interesting documents that have appeared on this bulletin board was a letter from a large brewery and dance tavern near Geneva, requesting the list of states officially members of the League of Nations, so that their dance hall could be appropriately decorated with the League flags—supplied free.

By far the most troublesome group of all those that take up valuable time of Secretariat officials are the pseudo journalists, hailing from every land under the sun, many of them carrying credentials as special correspondents of cabbage journals that have never been heard of or, at least, have no standing whatever. But it is the correct and fixed idea of all these people that the best way to get into the League and occupy the best seats at meetings is by carrying a journalist's card. Some of them even go so far as actually to file dispatches from time to time, paying the toll out of their own pockets. This was well illustrated during the last Assembly, when the press section was already overcrowded with representatives of well-known journals. Suddenly came a volume of new demands from students, mostly Germans, all of whom had letters from unheard-of provincial newspapers. An investigation revealed that a professor had informed his class that the best way to get seats at the Assembly was, overnight, to turn into a newspaperman. The professor seemed surprised to get a terse rebuke from the Secretary-General of the League.

Apropos of the journalists—even the reputable ones—the Secretariat has had embarrassment as a result of the manner in which annual press-membership cards have at times accidentally been misused.

The International Association of Journalists Accredited to the League of Nations—such is the high-sounding and imposing title of the permanent press organization—some years ago convinced Sir Eric Drummond that its members should have a fancy pass—something to force respect from any under whose nose it was thrust. The Secretary-General did the thing right, with the result that members now carry a document so official-looking that it frequently serves as a diplomatic passport at almost any frontier post in Europe. It is neatly done up, with a blue leather back, bearing in gold letters the name of the League, printed in both English and French.

In addition to the photograph of the holder and the certificate of his signature, it bears the red official seal of the League, and a hope, also printed both in French and English and signed by Sir Eric Drummond, that in nations members of the League "all possible facilities may be extended to the holder to enable him to accomplish his duties."

The owner of such credentials seldom even has his baggage examined by customs officials and, in fact, usually gets much waiting upon.

This is all very well, except that the pretty little passes were printed in bulk, to be signed by Sir Eric only as new members were admitted. Unfortunately, accidentally some got into wrong hands—the hands of persons not in possession of proper passports, or even any passport.

Not long ago a well-known newspaper correspondent had the bold idea of moving the League of Nations from Geneva to Vienna. He went to Vienna, discussed the matter with prominent citizens, succeeded in having a committee formed to study the subject. He then wrote a number of articles that were copied and commented upon in almost every European newspaper. Thus the idea gathered weight, with the same momentum as a snowball rolling down a hill, until it finally crashed into the very midst of League officialdom at Geneva.

A Landlords' Quarrel

The state of Switzerland was properly indignant! Its *amour propre* had been touched by the suggestion that a Swiss city was inadequate to contain the League. The offending journalist was publicly denounced. The government council, sitting at Berne, decreed solemnly that the journalist had violated the laws of Swiss hospitality, and the suggestion was formally presented that he be barred from the country.

At that moment the offender had returned to Geneva and was sounding opinion in the League Secretariat. The news from Vienna was splendid! The new Hofburg, built for the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the most magnificent royal palace perhaps in the entire world, would probably be offered free as a permanent building for the Secretariat, provided the Council of the League formally entertain the notion of changing headquarters. In as much as the League was then facing the proposition of spending seven or eight millions of dollars for an adequate new building, and so, seriously was saving and counting its pennies, the idea of getting a home free of charge—and such a sumptuous one—naturally was intriguing. Many of the most prominent names in Austria figured in the list of the committee—politicians, bankers, industrialists, musicians, artists, university professors. Finally the state of Austria might be inclined, so it appeared, to give the League extraterritorial rights—something vainly clamored for from Switzerland.

The journalist originator of the scheme, under heavy barrage from the capital at Berne, retorted that he could not violate hospitality that he had never received, and offered his receipted hotel bills in evidence. But it was then pointed out to the would-be lord high executioners that the culprit also just then happened to be president of the International Association of Journalists Accredited to the League. Furthermore, he was an American, and so, after further official reflection, he was permitted to live.

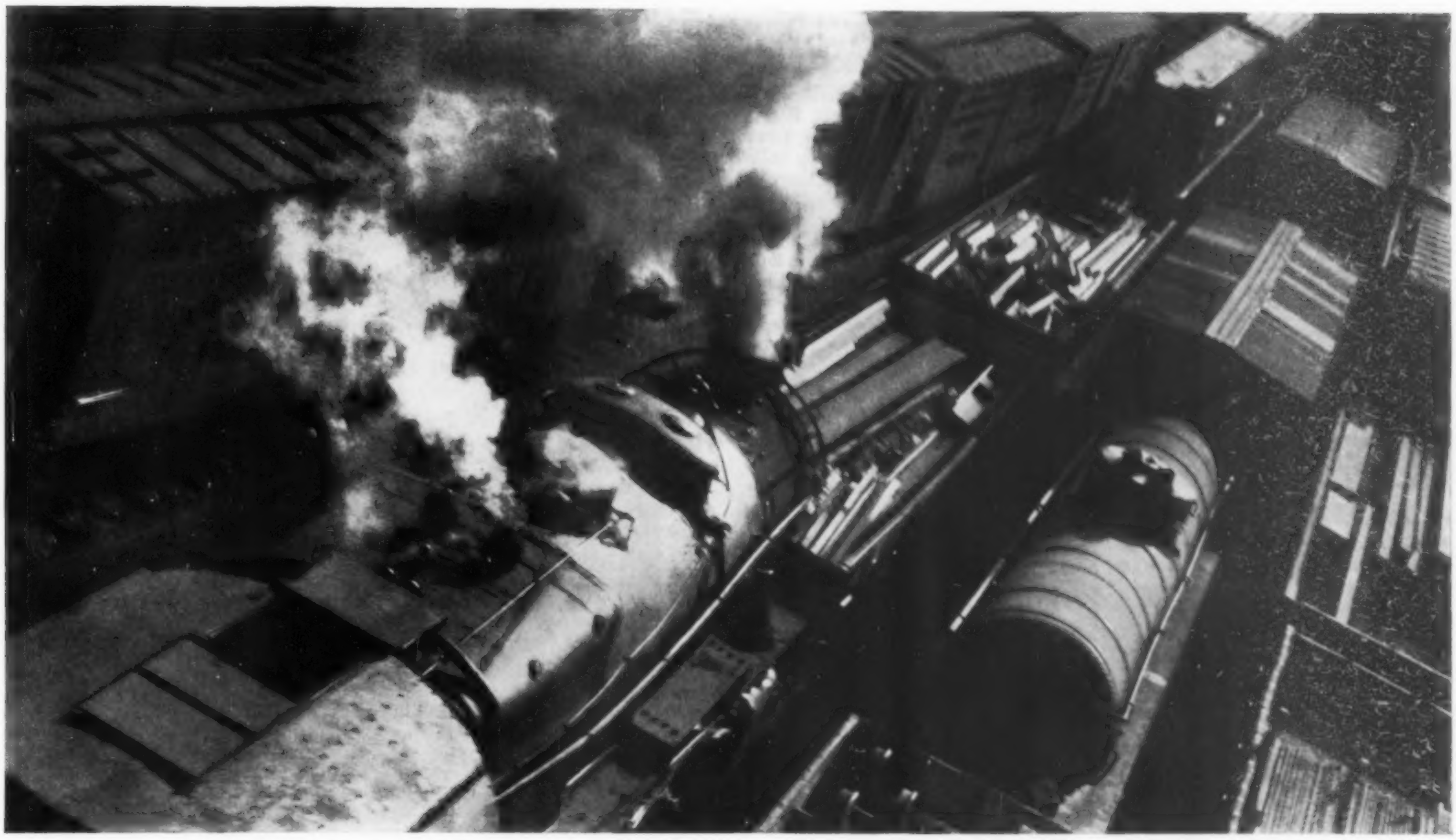
But the League remains at Geneva. The cornerstone has been laid for the new Palais des Nations on the shores of Lake Leman. At the solemn ceremony, coins and tokens from all the nations making up the League were buried under the initial block of granite. Vienna and its promises were forgotten. Vienna was too far away for the big League leaders, such as Monsieur Briand and the British delegates, to travel there by train. Also, it would become necessary for the Secretariat to take an additional language course in German.

All Quiet on the Swiss Front

The political aspect also made the move awkward. At present a large movement is under way, known as the *Anschluss*, for the purpose of annexing Austria to Germany—a new step in the pan-German dream of a new *Mitteleuropa* Empire extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The *Anschluss* boosters were all against Vienna, because once with the League installed there it would mean the end of all their aspirations. Vienna also, it was argued, was far too near to the turbulent states of the Balkans, where fires are always likely to break out that may again inflame all Europe. Against the argument that the League headquarters might be better situated near instead of far from scenes of trouble, one prominent statesman suggested that it would be rather dreadful if, when Monsieur Briand and other eminent delegates from the great powers attended a council meeting in the palace of the Hofburg, riots might break out and blood be spilled in its immediate environs. Even the counter argument, that whereas no Austrian emperor had ever been assassinated in Vienna, one Austrian empress had been assassinated at Geneva, did not prevail. The dire picture of bloodshed before Monsieur Briand's very eyes made a real hit when presented in the solemn conclave of the League Council.

A charming young secretary, at the cornerstone ceremony, wept bitterly. When asked the cause of her woe she said, "All my hopes lie buried there—under that cornerstone. For now the League will remain here always—and we shall never have fun. Here, at Geneva, it is just dead—dead. We can't even get away from ourselves and ——" The poor girl broke down completely.

Vienna, of course, has abandoned the faint hope given her that she might again shine as a world capital. Swiss *amour propre* has been saved, the League continues to save and count its pennies for an even larger and costlier palace than originally planned, one that will accommodate even a larger host of loungers—and the journalist who dared suggest it move elsewhere has another job.



• THE FLANGED WHEEL •

U.S. MAIL
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YOUNG AMERICA has realized one of the foremost expressions of its genius in its railroad men . . . masters of steel, masters of the flanged wheel.

Africa still uses human porters. Southern Asia moves by ox-cart, pony gharry and palanquin. Camels continue to carry the burdens of the desert. Where there are waterways, man moves somewhat faster, reaching from shore to shore or poling along canals, in sampans, junks and deep-draught vessels. These are not antiquated modes of transport—they are in vital use, supplying the needs of the greater portion of humanity today.

With the flanged wheel, Americans have built a nation, moving tremendous cargoes at racing speed across rivers, deserts and mountains.

Nowhere else in the world has transportation attained the standard of efficiency to which America has become accustomed through the construction and operation of railroads. Nowhere else has any group of industrial workers looked more shrewdly into the future, planned more wisely to anticipate the needs of expanding civilization. For who can say at what point the flanged wheels of the old wood-burners ceased rolling to give place to the flanged wheels of giant modern locomotives? How long did traffic stop while wooden stations were demolished to make room for the steel and concrete terminals of today?

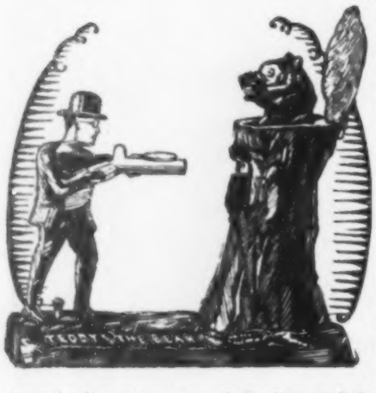
Just as semaphores and switches guide the laden limiteds, there are other semaphores that guide the ebb and flow of mercantile distribution. The railroads that give life must themselves be nourished by the communities they serve; and these communities in turn must live by the production and consumption of merchandisable commodities.

Before Detroit's automobiles are shipped, a profitable destination must be found . . . consumers must be rallied by the voice of advertising. So also must the oranges of Florida and California, the pineapples of Hawaii, be known in the nation's marketplaces if they are to be kept rolling in bulk upon the flanged wheel. So also does advertising find buyers for corn in packages and cotton woven into fancy fabrics before a stencil mark is placed on bales and cases. Even railroads must advertise today in order to sell their services, to enlist the good-will of the traveling and investing public, and to open up fields for new business.

Without the flanged wheel of the railways the products of this country could not be swiftly and evenly moved to their final markets. But without advertising, which is the spokesman and interpreter of industry and commerce, how could the railroad shippers find these markets?

• N · W · AYER & SON
INCORPORATED
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON SQUARE • PHILADELPHIA
New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Detroit London

The
"Teddy" Bank



Remember how this cast iron thrift-inducer worked: You placed a coin on the sharp-shooter's gun. Snapped the lever between his legs. And wham! the penny shot the grizzly right through the tree, the bear's head disappeared, and the lid closed down. Good-bye penny.

Save a Quarter

50¢ quality
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
now 25¢
a tube
LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM

Listerine Shaving Cream, at its reduced price of 25¢, promotes thrift far more pleasantly.

Just a pinch, one inch or less, billows into a thick blanket of fragrant lather. It softens the toughest beard. Stays moist on the driest skin. And lubricates the razor's path with a microscopic film of glycerine.

We made it to be worthy of the Listerine name. Millions of men have gladly paid 50¢ for the luxury shaves it gives.

Now growing sales permit mass production. And mass production gives you a clear saving of 25¢ on every tube you buy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

papers, they pounce on my half-cooked pome, till I think of Lucrezia Borgia, and a drive for the guestless home. There are scars on the gate-leg table, and stubs in the Persian rug; there's a scratch on the grand piano, a crack in the Roman jug; while the rollicking boy friends, staging a vaudeville stunt insane, wot not of a host engaging in longings that sear the brain. Do you think, O bright-eyed banditti, because you can treat me rough, that a bearded bard with a Public has time for your monkey stuff? Do you know what would happen, darlings, if my wish could be gratified? I would charter a wonderful airship and treat you all to a ride; I would lock you safe in the cabin, and when you had sailed away, I would see that you kept on sailing; yes, forever and a day!

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

By the Side of the Road

I LIVED in a house by the side of the road,
And I was a friend to man;
I planted red flowers and plowed and sowed
And dreamed of my garden plan;
I cherished each tendril and bud that showed,
Nor minded the sweat and tan
As I patiently watered and raked and hoed,
For I lived in a house by the side of the road,
And I was a friend to man.

They came and went on the broad highway—
Now, I was a friend to man—
And they gathered each tremulous bud and spray,
And left me a sardine can;
And I heard them laugh as they rolled away
From the wreck of my garden plan,
And jeeringly shriek at each other, "Say!
Will ya grab a look at the poor old jay
With the sorrowful look on his pan?"

I live in a house by the side of the road
And I've planted another crop,
Which grimly I've watered and raked and hoed—
And now let the motors pop!
They'll keep straight on down the gleaming road,
And never a one will stop,
For I live in a house by the side of the road,
With a bow-legged dog who resembles a toad,
And I am a friend to the cop!

—Lowell Otus Reese.

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

(Continued from Page 34)

lots more where it came from. He left Los Angeles for the Death Valley Ranch in Grapevine Canyon. Tarrying along the way for lunch, he tendered a five-hundred-dollar bill in payment. There was lots more where it came from. The next report on Scotty had him dickering with the movie magnates. He had a screen test at Mack Sennett's. The Lives of Death Valley Scotty were to be filmed. Looking for Scotty, I gave up trying to track him through the warrens of motion-picture town and went to Death Valley. I did not find Scotty, but I did meet his partner, A. M. Johnson.

Scotty's partner is thin and spare, and about six feet tall. His hair is white, the forehead wide and high, and the bright gray eyes are financial eyes under heavy brows. His photographs resemble Henry Ford. He is fifty-seven years old, and within him there is vast energy and flashing spirit. The desert Johnson is an active millionaire host; hospitable, affable, ready with a story, eager to laugh. Crushed in a train wreck thirty years ago, he can today spend fourteen hours in the saddle. Told that he was crippled for life, Albert Johnson began to climb the desert mountains.

The Other Ruler of the Valley

Few men know the Death Valley region as well as Walter Scott and Albert Johnson.

Together these partners have packed through and climbed over and explored the Death Valley country. This is a measure of the energy of Albert Johnson. He is a sturdy soul. Only a sturdy soul could survive the impacts of Scotty's personality in solitary camps and along high trails through twenty-five years. Albert Johnson has survived them. He revels in them. They are his relaxation from desk and office, from real-estate prices, from stock quotations, from the smothering clangor of Chicago.

My partner and I were waiting at Death Valley Ranch when Albert Johnson and his wife drove in at 4:30 on an April afternoon. They had been driving since three o'clock in the morning. They came to Death Valley from Los Angeles, crossing the desert by way of Mojave and Trona, climbing down the Slate Range beyond Trona to Panamint Valley, following Wildrose Canyon and Emigrant Canyon through the Panamint Range to Death Valley. It is an interesting and colorful route into the valley. It is also strenuous. Mrs. Johnson was tired, as she had a right to be. Albert Johnson, without a sign of fatigue, made the rounds of his ranch and was ready to spend an evening in talk.

We went into the great living room with the grottoed fountain and the large-tiled fireplace. Storm clouds were settling around the tops of the Grapevine Mountains, hanging a damp screen about the chill of evening. Albert Johnson left us and came back with an armful of paper and kindling. We built a fire in the fireplace, heaping railroad ties cut in short lengths upon the irons. The fire crackled to life.

Johnson said, "A fire is pleasant."

My partner said, "Those ties make a dandy fire. Weren't you lucky to have such a good supply handy?"

"Yes, they burn well. When they tore up the railroad between Beatty and Goldfield, Scott and I bought the ties. Some of our trucks are hauling in the sound ones. We'll have between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand ties in our woodpile." He laughed long and quietly.

I said, "Your fireplaces would make a hole in any woodpile."

Johnson said, "That's right. There's eighteen of them. Of course our central heating plant will keep us warm, but in the cold weather—and it does get cold here—the wood fires are cheerful. I always have one going near me. . . . Too bad Scott isn't here. Do you know Scott's history?"

"I've heard several," I said.

Scotty's partner laughed with me. He said, "Scott came out here when he was six or seven years old. He was born in Covington, Kentucky, and came to Northern Nevada as a small boy. When he was twelve years old he was a trail hand, and they were moving some cattle across the northern end of Death Valley when Scott saw the valley for the first time. Then he was in here when the surveyors came in. He was a water boy for the survey parties mapping Death Valley. Later he was back in Northern Nevada and Idaho; he grew up to be a real buckaroo on the northern range lands. Still later he rode for Buffalo Bill. He toured the world with Cody's Wild West Show. He was with the show twelve years before he came back to Death Valley. He's been here ever since. Scotty knows this country."

The fire burned on.

Johnson said, "Scott and I have been all over the hills. . . . You don't see a canyon the first time you go up it. You have to make two or three trips before that canyon is familiar ground to you. And then, if you let a year go by and a cloudburst comes down the canyon, it is a new canyon the next time you go up it. . . . I like it here. I feel better here. I've overcome a handicap that few men have lived through."

A Castle That Just Grew

With a friendly fire burning before us, Albert Johnson described the train wreck which had crippled him thirty years before. Wooden sleeping cars telescoped and crushed between a speeding locomotive and plunging cars of steel; his father was instantly killed beside him.

"My father was my chum," said Albert Johnson. "My own back was broken. They gave me three days to live, thirty years ago. . . . Yes, I like the Death Valley country. . . . You say people are interested and curious about our place. What do they say about what Scott and I are doing here?"

I said, "Most people think you are both crazy."

"Why?"

"They can't understand why anyone should want to build a two-million-dollar home in Death Valley. Two-million-dollar homes belong on the Lake Shore or on Riverside Drive."

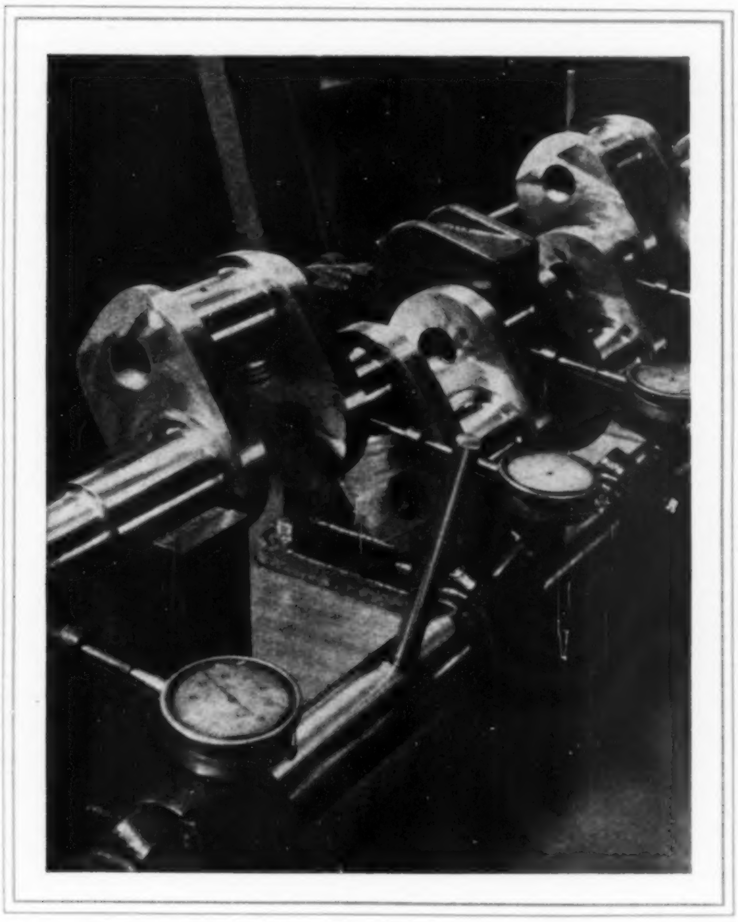
"What do you think about it?"

"I like it," I said. "You and Scotty had the idea and the money to carry it out. You like the country, and here you are."

"The place just grew, like Topsy," said Johnson. "We bought the ground twenty-odd years ago. Scott and I came up Grapevine Canyon and old man West was living in that old wooden shack you saw outside. We asked him how much he wanted for the ranch. It's an old, old ranch, you know. Old man West said he'd take a thousand

(Continued on Page 62)

Many people marvel at the fact that the Lincoln crankshaft can be turned with the forefinger after it has been finally assembled in its bearings. This is most unusual, and results from the highest type of precision workmanship. It is also extremely important to the owner of the car, because every imperfection, however slight, in the alignment of the crankshaft, interferes with the smooth performance of the car. The Lincoln crankshaft bearing surfaces are inspected simultaneously, as shown below, by six gauges to insure absolute alignment.



The extreme smoothness with which the power of the Lincoln is developed is constantly commented upon. In order to develop such smooth power, it is highly important that all pistons and connecting rods be as exactly similar as possible. This is necessary because the high speed of the motor tends to magnify greatly even very slight variations in weight, and thus to set up vibration. The utmost care is taken to see that all connecting rods and pistons used in the same Lincoln are identical.

THE ROOTS OF EXCELLENCE

THE swift, generous power of the Lincoln, the smart facility with which it swings securely around a steep curve or over the brow of a difficult hill, the year-in-year-out ease of its quiet riding qualities . . . all find their roots in the uncompromising standards to which the Lincoln's every part is built.

Examine the graceful Lincoln from bow to stern. Try its luxurious upholstery and alert springs. Probe the balanced integrity of its long-lived motor. Test the steering gear . . . formidable of strength, sensitive to gentle pressure. Wherever your examination leads you within the multi-tested structures of this distinguished motor car, you will find item after item of equipment or mechanism that is as perfect as high craftsmanship, unlimited resources and modern tools can make it.

Yet, perfect as is each element that goes into the Lincoln's painstaking creation, these alone are but part reason why each Lincoln remains so mechanically well-poised throughout its long term of service. The most important source of its quality lies in the admirable manner in which all these perfected elements of body and chassis have been brought into smooth, unfailing co-operation.

No single feature, regardless of how spectacular its possibilities may loom in the strategy of the sales force, is permitted to flourish at the expense of any other. . . . Thus is built the Lincoln . . . a sound and beautiful fusion of those major excellencies held in high regard by the great automotive engineers of the world.

THE LINCOLN

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

JOHN BOLES and LUPE VELEZ

in the world's most dramatic love story

"RESURRECTION"

JOHN BOLES and LUPE VELEZ will star in EDWIN CAREWE'S production of Tolstoy's classical *"Resurrection"* now under way at Universal's California Studios. Associated with them will be NANCE O'NEIL, WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, ROSE TAPELY and other players of note. This will be a rare treat, for the entire civilized world is familiar with this classic story of a great love that died and then lived again.

Do human vampires actually exist? *"Dracula,"* the story of the strangest love the world has ever known, gives you the answer. I promise everyone of the millions of people who have seen and enjoyed *"The Phantom of the Opera"* that this celebrated play *"Dracula,"* will be ten times more thrilling, entertaining and exciting.

If you have a chance to see *"King of Jazz,"* don't overlook it because it is most unusual and extraordinarily beautiful. *"All Quiet on the Western Front"* will be shown in your locality in the same form as it appeared in its record-breaking $2 run, at the Globe Theatre, Broadway, New York.

I have awarded a prize of $50 to Mr. Louis J. Sheednow of Chicago, Ill., for submitting an idea that might be usable in our business. Mr. Sheednow's idea was a title which not only struck us as most unusual, but also suggested a theme for a story. As you know, at the end of each month I will pay $50 for the best idea—not a story—just an idea in a few words submitted during that month and $10 for the next 10 best. Begin now. Put your wits to work. Besides, I will divide $50 between two people for the best constructive letter about UNIVERSAL pictures you have seen. This contest ends Dec. 31. What have you to submit?

Send 15 cents in stamps for **"Behind the Scenes of All Quiet on the Western Front."** The inside story of how the world's most famous story was made into the world's most famous photoplay. A 94 page book replete with nearly a hundred illustrations.

Your FREE copy of the beautifully illustrated booklet describing the new UNIVERSAL pictures is ready. Write for it.

Carl Laemmle

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CARL LAEMMLE, President
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 60)

dollars. We gave him fifty dollars to bind the bargain and told him we'd be back in a few days with the balance. I guess old man West thought Scott and I were crazy too. He never expected to see us again. He figured he was just fifty dollars ahead. But we came back. We searched the title to the ranch at Independence and discovered that other men were claiming the ranch, so we hunted them up and brought them back with us. We had a series of armed camps in the canyon. Old man West had his camp. The men we brought with us had their camp, and Scott and I were camped together.

"We called a meeting of all the owners and we threw down the papers we had all ready for their signatures. We told them to sign up, and then we put down the thousand dollars and let them fight over its division. Our title was clear." Johnson laughed and stamped a leg heavily upon the tiles. "And here we are."

"Your place has been a long time in the building," I said.

"Yes; we added this, and decided we needed that. With changes and additions, we've been working more than five years now, and we're not finished yet."

My partner said, "What in the world will you do, Mr. Johnson, when everything on the place is complete?"

"Ah! I hope that unfortunate day never comes."

In the morning the low clouds blanketing the tumbled Grapevines were still spitting rain. Fifty workmen gathered around the trucks in front of the garages and stood in idle groups, their unoccupied hands gesturing in the spitting rain. Brewster Brown, the construction boss, came over to where I stood near the tall palms in the center of the quadrangle. Motors coughed and the trucks ran into cover. The workmen stood at a loss.

Brown said, "I never thought I'd see this—no work in Death Valley on account of the rain."

A Tour With Scotty's Partner

After breakfast my partner and I joined Albert Johnson. While we looked at the olive trees on the slopes above the cookhouse and the Joshua trees framing the guest house, the rain gave up and the clouds overhead thinned and parted. The morning brightened, but no sun appeared. The crews of men went to work. Outside the high fence around the ranch the power shovel and two trucks clawed away at the hills which stood in the way of the new road entering Death Valley down Grapevine Canyon. Three large trucks grumbled away from the ranch to thunder up the canyon on their way to pick up loads of railroad ties twenty or thirty miles away. Indian children came over to play in the pigpen. Albert Johnson had a new view to show us. In his coupé we sped up Grapevine Canyon to approach the Grapevine Range from the east. At fifty-five hundred feet we were in the clouds. We sat in the car on the edge of a deep canyon and caught glimpses of the canyon and the great walls of the Grapevine peaks through the broken wisps of vapor. Rain pattered down. Five hundred feet above us it was snowing and all the mountains were white.

Albert Johnson drove skillfully down the hogback of the mesa toward the road which led to Grapevine Canyon. Picking his way down the mesa at a swift pace—there was no road—Albert Johnson chuckled. With his eyes on the ground ahead of the leaping car, he asked, "So people think Scott and I are crazy?"

"Yes," I said.

"Just because we want to fix up our camp a little, we're crazy." A bright smile lit his gray and drawn face.

"Yes," I said. Albert Johnson smiled all the way down the mesa to the newly dragged road.

The Indians all know Albert Johnson. He unlocked a storeroom to show us treasures from seventeenth-century Spain—chests, lamps, grilles, vases in bright yellow and blue, chests of drawers. Another door opened to his keys and exposed a large closet. It was full of Indian baskets. Johnson said, "All the squaws bring me baskets." He is a market the squaws cannot glut. Paiute baskets are beautiful. They become increasingly rare.

An Indian Prophecy

Scotty's partner enjoys the Indians as part of the desert which has meant so much to him. We stood on the balcony on the second floor, above the living room of the ranch house which he calls his camp. We faced an immense wrought-iron chandelier swung down into the depths of the room. The enduring work of master craftsmen was all around us. Albert Johnson said, "We used to have an old Indian working for us here. I don't know how old he was, but he was more than a hundred when he died. We buried him up on the hill. Ike Shaw, the medicine man, gave him a sing when he died. Mrs. Johnson and I went to the sing. The sing lasted all night, but the Indians had invited us, so we stayed until the service was completed. A month or so before this old fellow died, I had him in one day and showed him around the house. He stood on the balcony, here, where we are standing. He looked down into the room below, and leaned on the handrails and shook them, and examined the tiles and the walls. He took a long look at everything. After a while he said, 'Umph! Byemby, squaw upstairs, pony downstairs!'

"Maybe he was right," laughed Albert Johnson. "We don't know."

Scott's partner has a keen relish for yarns of Scotty. He tells them in sincere tones of conviction. All of them he enjoys. Mystery, romance, adventure—standing alone as words, these are poor worn-out words. Constant use has dulled their luster. They are gray words. But Walter Scott had the wit and the ego and the color to go behind the words and freshly burnish their lure and glamour for half the world. Hear Albert Johnson say: "For years Scott and I never went out in the hills that we were not followed." Soberly he nods his head. "For years we were followed and shot at. . . ." Walter Scott brought mystery, romance and adventure actively into the life of his partner. Death Valley Scotty is a fit partner for any millionaire.

The old bell from the Rhyolite schoolhouse was hammering its summons outside the cookhouse. It was lunchtime. The indolent dogs under the trees in the quadrangle sat up and sang dolorously with the bonging notes of the bell. Workmen trooped through the quadrangle under the fig trees. The straw bosses moved toward the gray-green foliage of the olive trees. The sun was out and the day was a smiling desert day. The fresh-washed sky carried clean white clouds. The atmosphere was new. The mountains were white with the snow flung upon them by April storm. Desert days like this belong to everyone. They are not private.

Construction of the Death Valley Ranch of Albert Johnson and Walter Scott began before Death Valley had a tourist season. In 1925, Grapevine Canyon and the ranch site were isolated and unfrequented. The lower ranch around Grapevine Springs on the slopes of the Grapevine Mountains in Lost Valley itself was even more isolated than the present site of the ranch buildings on the old Staininger Ranch. The lower ranch around Grapevine Springs is now called the Lower Vine and eight miles of tall fence with concrete posts surrounds the melon patches and cultivated fields, the warm springs, the cold springs, and the rustic bungalow which looks across Lost Valley at Tin Mountain and the Last Chance Mountains. Another eight miles of fence surrounds the mass of the Spanish structures in the pocket of the Grapevine hills. Sixteen miles of fence hung on eleven-foot concrete posts is a lot of fence to erect in the desert. It insures seclusion in some degree, but it cannot restore the solitude which was Lost Valley's before the tourist found his way to the bailiwick of Death Valley Scotty.

Roy Thompson said, "You'd think we were running a side show. We had eighty-seven people here to inspect us one Sunday. People don't seem to realize that this place is a man's home."

I asked Albert Johnson about the flood of curious visitors. I said, "You started to build in the wilderness, and now you're practically on the highway. You've lost your privacy."

Fifty-Fifty Partners

Johnson pointed south across the ridge above Grapevine Canyon. He smiled and said, "When we feel crowded, there's plenty of privacy over that hill, isn't there?" He waited for my doubtful assurance and then pointed over another hill to the north. "And there's privacy over there. We've lots of privacy; it's all around us."

A broad strain of romanticism runs through this millionaire desert lover. The Scott-Johnson partnership is a full partnership. Scott has nothing—nothing anyone has been able to locate—but half of it is Johnson's. Johnson has everything, and half of it is Scott's. The forceful, picturesque, imaginative Scott says, "When Johnson puts up a million, I put up a million."

And his partner laughs and says, "That's right. We're partners, and I'm just Scotty's banker."

Albert Johnson can forsake the moiling hubbub of Chicago and visit his partner on Death Valley Ranch. There the business man can get into boots and a ten-gallon hat, and sit before the fireplaces and the fountains and listen to the chimes in the clock tower ring out through the amazed Grapevine Mountains. As a sergeant in the Nevada State Police, he is occasionally seen with a police star on his khaki shirt, a .38 gun on his hip, walking the streets of some small desert town.

Scotty and his partner can pack out along their old trails through the Death Valley hills and search out their old camps on the high places. When Scotty wakes at two in the morning and wants a smoke, his partner will be sleeping on the ground beside him. Scotty can shake his partner awake and have someone to talk to until he finishes his smoke and goes back to sleep. Camped in the hills, the restless Scott will be the

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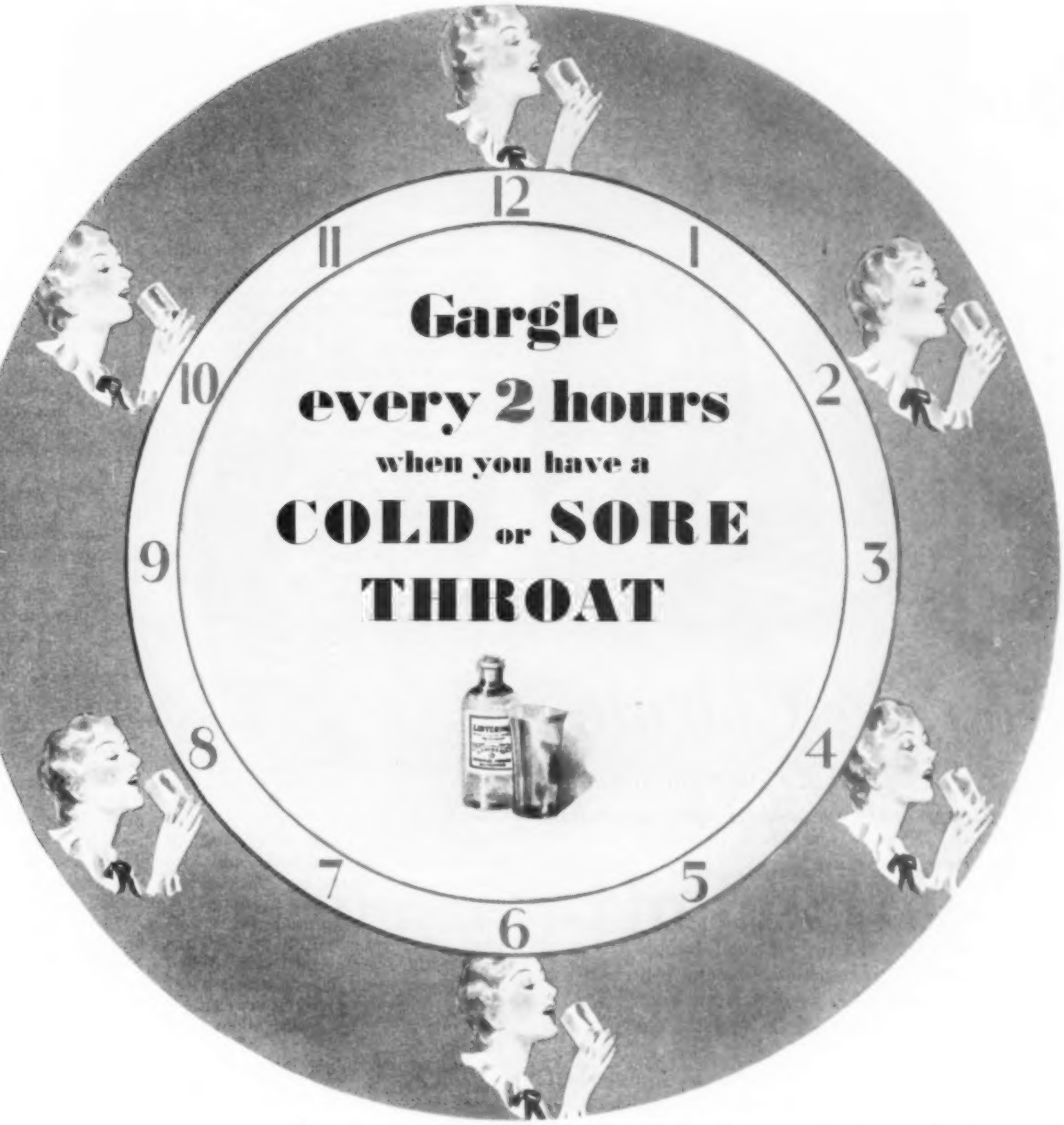


Reduces mouth germs 98%—heals tissue

Your mouth is the open door to infection, the breeding place for millions of disease germs, the battle ground for the forces of health and disease.

Surely you realize the importance of using a safe antiseptic to maintain its cleanliness. Surely you welcome a pleasant germicide to aid in the prevention and attack of diseases that develop there. Listerine is both an antiseptic and germicide.

Under ordinary conditions of health, the usual morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine is deemed sufficient to assist nature in keeping dangerous disease micro-organisms under control.

Gargle every 2 hours

But when infection has actually started, as is the case when you have a cold, influenza, grippe, or irritated throat, more frequent gargling is necessary. Once every two hours, authorities urge.

For in ill health body resistance is low. Nature alone can no longer cope with multiplying bacteria. Full strength Listerine with its swift germicidal action then becomes an extra attacking force.

Kills germs in 15 seconds

Exhaustive laboratory tests show that this safe, non-poisonous antiseptic destroys even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds.

Less resistant but no less dangerous pathogens such as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the germ associated with sore throat and cold), the Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) are destroyed in much larger numbers.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

And in the mouth, further tests show that full strength Listerine reduces the bacterial count of saliva 98%. Think of it! In order to maintain a continuous reduction of bacteria, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"No colds or sore throat in class," school-teacher says

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Robinsonville, Miss.
Gentlemen:

It has occurred to me that you might like to hear of the experiences we have had this year with LISTERINE—"we" meaning our little one-room school here. Perhaps no other letters have come from an old-fashioned district school of all ages and all grades: and because of this, you may be more than ordinarily interested.

On our roll are the names of twenty-eight children, a larger number than at any time in the history of the school. We have made the best average daily attendance, however, that I have ever known—and I have been teacher here for the past nine years. The entire school has been *almost perfect* from a no-cold-no-sore-throat-no-cough-no-sniffle standpoint, and I attribute this condition to the daily use of pure Listerine. The children are taught the lesson of "watching the gateway of the mouth"—to quote their Hygiene text—and *this year*, I *urged the gargling of full-strength Listerine*, in addition to the toothbrush and other sanitary precautions. The weather was unusually severe this winter, and the old schoolhouse full of cracks and holes, but we have come through with flying colors. It has been a source of comment to many, and we give Listerine the credit. I am sure you will be pleased to know this.

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Mrs. W. E. Cox
Principal, Robinsonville Rural School

LISTERINE

Longer Time Between Shaves

when you use Colgate's

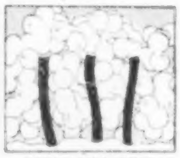
. . . a closer shave when small-bubble lather softens beard at razor-line

THE fewer shaves, the better . . . don't you think? Well then, give yourself precious "extra time" between shaves by using Colgate's. Its unique small-bubble lather . . . laden with moisture . . . soaks your beard at its base. This permits your razor to do a cleaner, closer job . . . without the slightest soreness.

Ordinary lather, with large, air-filled bubbles, can't help your razor do its best work because the hairs aren't softened at the skin-line.

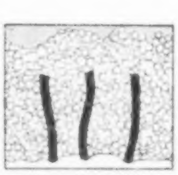
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of "After-Shave," a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect finale for every shave.



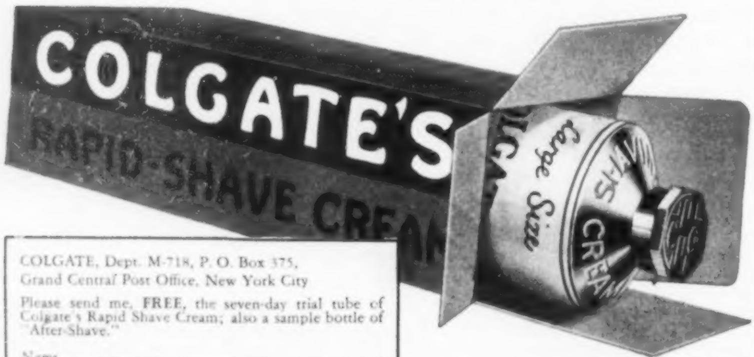
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-718, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, **FREE**, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

(Continued from Page 62)

first to wake in the morning. He will stir as the false dawn sends its soft light over the desert country. He can have another smoke and watch for the rising of the star which old desert men call the Teamster. When the morning star breaks trail over the horizon for the sun, Scotty can poke his partner and say, "All right, Johnson! Teamster's up!"

Scotty and his partner can reëxplore the desert trails and visit the camps they have known for twenty-five years. Just where the high trails run, or what lies at the end of them, no one can definitely say. But wherever they go and whatever they find, the two-million-dollar Death Valley Ranch is a nice permanent base camp to work from.

In August, 1930, six months after Scotty went broke, I visited him at the Death Valley Ranch. I had not seen him since his fortune had been swept away. I found him in the kitchen of the big house.

"Hello!" he cried. "You're just in time for mulligan. I got a real mulligan here, and you'll like it."

It was good mulligan, because Scotty is a good cook. After lunch we sat back. Scotty spread himself on the big leather cushions of the built-in seat.

I said, "It's too bad, Scotty, and I want you to know I'm sorry—your being broke, I mean."

"Hah!" cried Scotty. "So many public schools in the country and still so much ignorance."

"Tell me about it," I said.

Scotty said, "I was sitting here in the kitchen one afternoon and two ladies came in to see my castle. They were all excited about it, and they went on about how wonderful it was. They never expected to find such a place in the desert. And I said, 'Why? Didn't you know it was down here? Didn't you ever hear about my castle?'

"They said, 'We heard about it in Tonopah.'

"I asked, 'You never heard about it until you got to Tonopah?' I could hardly believe it.

"'Why, no,' they said."

All Roads Lead to Paris

"So I asked them where they were from. I thought they must be from another world, but it turns out that they're from Oregon or some place real handy. And they had never heard of Death Valley Scotty's castle. After I showed them around and they went away, I came in here and sat down and did some real serious thinking. I knew I had to put on a show. I'd been putting on shows for years, but here was two ladies who had never heard of my castle until they got to Tonopah. I knew I had to put on a good show right away.

"I had twelve or fifteen thousand dollars in cash right handy, and after a lot of thought I decided to take a trip to Paris. I went to Los Angeles and told them I was going to Paris. The morning papers gave me about an inch, saying that Death Valley Scotty was going to Paris. At the bank the banker says he hears I'm going to Paris, and tells me that one of the bank officials is going to Paris, and if I can wait for him, why, he'll be company for me. The manager of the hotel says that a couple of his friends are going to Paris and would like to go with me. Every place I went someone was going to Paris, and everybody I talked to had a friend who was going to Paris, or they were packing to go themselves. This Paris idea of mine didn't seem to be so good, and I was like a coyote dragging a trap—it worried me.

"When I got to Chicago I went down to the Board of Trade to see some old friends. They said they saw in the paper that I was going to Paris. It had been in the Chicago papers and it said just that; just one line—Death Valley Scotty going to Paris.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I'm going to Paris, and it don't seem to be going over very good. We got to think of something better. What would be a good story?'

"We all had lunch in one of those Board of Trade dumps—you know, way over in a corner—and we all did a lot of figuring, and my friends were sorry for me, but we couldn't think of a good story. And my friends said that if I really was going to Paris, why, they knew some people who were going to Paris and we could all go together."

Scotty Takes a Cue

"I hung around Chicago for a couple of days, wondering what I could do to put on a show. There was no excitement in this Paris business; people were going to Paris faster than they went broke last fall. One afternoon I went into a theater and sat there watching the show and thinking about my own troubles. The show was all about this man who once had a lot of money, but had lost it somehow or other. I wasn't paying much attention to the show—all about this rich man who had gone broke. And then suddenly I sat up straight in my seat. A rich man who went broke! Bang! There was my cue! I got right out of that theater. I knew what I was going to do.

"I got on a train back for the Coast and I wired that I was returning. When Kansas City was still several stops away, a newspaperman climbed on the train and located me. We talked. Yes, my Paris trip was off. I'd just found out I was broke. Learned it in Chicago. Well, this fellow sat and listened to me and was sorry I was broke, but there didn't seem to be any excitement in it. We talked along, back and forth, and I happened to say that I had lost the Death Valley castle. Blooie! There she was! That was what the world wanted to hear! And the world sure heard about it!"

"It was a grand story, Scotty," I said.

"Wasn't it? Boy! Why, in Los Angeles the papers sold twenty-two thousand more copies than they did on Lindbergh's flight, and seventeen thousand more than they did when Aimee disappeared. Sure, it made a sucker out of me, but what do I care? If I go to all the trouble of cooking up a good story and giving it out, and the papers don't play it up big, why, then I'd have some reason to be sore. Praise me or condemn me, but don't ignore me. I didn't watch Major Burke work for twelve years for nothing. . . . You know Major Burke? Major Burke of the Wild West Show?"

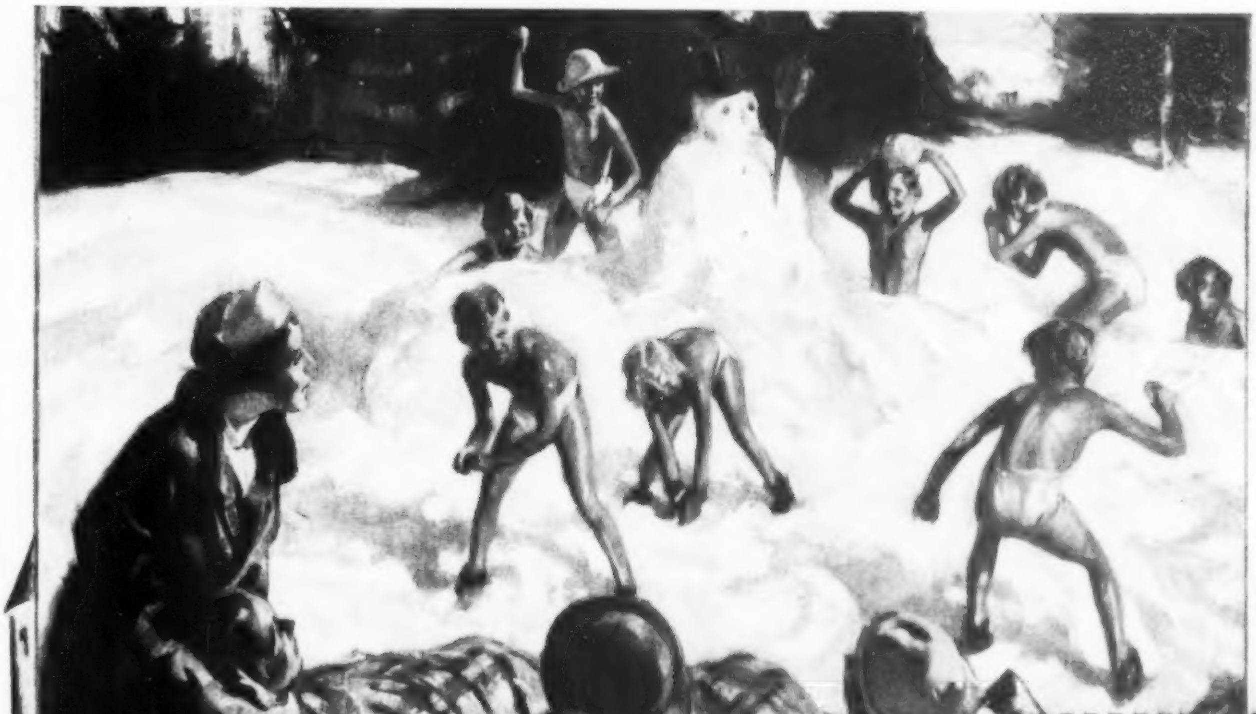
Others have already called Major Burke, of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, the first of the great American press agents. Scotty still considers Major Burke the greatest of them all.

"And at that," said Scotty, "P. T. Barnum had a circus, and Major Burke had a Wild West show, and I'm just a one-man show—the greatest one-man show on earth. I'm a lobo wolf. I've fought them all for twenty-five years. I'll lead the pack and make the kills, but the pack can't claim me as

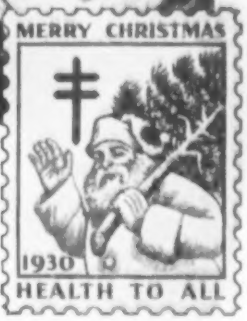
(Continued on Page 67)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Heliotherapy (sun-treatment) has long been one of the most effective weapons against tuberculosis. Under a doctor's care, children convalescing from bone-tuberculosis are often sent practically naked into the sun even in midwinter.



Christmas Seals cost one cent each. Buy as many as you can.

Postmaster Holboell's penny dream

One winter twilight in 1903, Einar Holboell, blond young Dane, was sorting stacks of Christmas mail at the post office in Copenhagen.

Outside, on the snow-clad street, a group of happy children scampered homeward joyously clutching their parcel-laden father. Through his icicle-fringed window, Holboell saw the merry party as he toiled over the Yuletide messages of hope and cheer. Then, before his eyes appeared a vision of other children—pallid, wan, joyless—victims of tuberculosis.

Suddenly Holboell's blue eyes lighted—his face brightened. Were not all these Christmas wishes witnesses to man's humanity to man? Could not the warm energy of the Christmas spirit be harnessed to a great movement to aid tuberculosis sufferers?

Out of his dream came that gay-colored harbinger of health and happiness, the penny Christmas Seal, which has since become so powerful an international weapon in the fight against this age-old enemy of mankind.

A winning fight—but not yet won!

The educational campaign made possible from the sale of these penny stamps has helped to cut the mortality from tuberculosis by more than half in the United States during the past 25 years.

Part of the Christmas Seal money also promotes research work. Holboell's dream is an important factor in the relentless siege warfare now being waged against this dread disease under the highly organized leadership of the Research Committee of the National Tuberculosis Association.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, eminent research scientists are tirelessly striving in a dozen famous universities, in celebrated medical research institutes and sanatoria, to forge new ways to annihilate tuberculosis.

Parke, Davis & Company is privileged to aid in this great fight by contributing immense quantities of tubercle bacilli to the chemists and biologists for their investigations. In the world's largest incubator at the Parke-Davis Research Laboratories in Detroit, you would see thousands of flasks, each harboring billions of bacilli for this great experimental effort.

But, ever in the forefront, carrying the brunt of the battle on his shoulders, stands the medical practitioner—your doctor. White Plague still claims its tens of thousands—many of them *needlessly*. Those who consult their physician in time, find today that *not only can tuberculosis be prevented, but it can be cured!*

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN · WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

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WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK U.S.A.

TEXACO-ETHYL starts quicker.. because it's "DRY"

WHEN your motor greets the first command of the starter with a sputter—that's warning enough of cold weather troubles on the way.

Why not avoid them this winter? You can with Texaco-Ethyl! For the gasoline base in Texaco-Ethyl is the quick-starting *new* and *better* Texaco. It vaporizes so readily that it forms a "dry" gas—an active mixture of gasoline and air which responds to the first spark flash and permits uniform diffusion of the Ethyl compound through the manifold into the cylinders.

Begin to use Texaco-Ethyl now! Do away with the long warming-up periods, excessive crankcase dilution and battery waste. Enjoy the smooth anti-knock performance provided in the Ethyl compound. Even on the coldest days Texaco-Ethyl starts quickly and keeps your engine running so quietly, and so well, that, as far as the engine is concerned, you'll never know that winter has come. Available in all our 48 States.

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Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

TEXACO *the original* "DRY" GAS + **ETHYL** *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = **TEXACO-ETHYL** THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

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(Continued from Page 64)

one of them. I like people. If I didn't I wouldn't go to so much trouble to entertain them. But I keep to myself. I always have. I always will. I'll never commercialize myself. I'm not selling anything. I'm not taking up any collections. I don't ever intend to. That's why I say I'm a lobo wolf."

I said, "All right, Lobo. What about this confession story that you didn't have any mine and got all your money from your partner?"

Scotty laughed. "That was a good story too," he said. "People have been wanting to see that in print for years. So I gave it to them. It was a good follow-up on my going broke. It shoved me right down in the mud, but they gave it plenty of space. You know what the situation is here between me and Johnson. Johnson's my banker. On the ranch here we are partners. We are fifty-fifty on this ranch. It's so fixed that if anything happens to either of us, the other one gets the ranch. Mrs. Johnson once told me that if anything ever happened to me she doubted if they'd ever come back here. You know how much time my partner spends on his visits out here."

"Yes," I said. "I had lunch with him in town the other day and he told me he was just your banker and your partner on the ranch."

Friends of a Friend in Need

"Why should he tell you that if it wasn't so?" demanded Scotty. "That's the straight on the whole business. All the rest is hooey. People have been saying for years that I didn't have anything. I didn't have any money; I didn't have any mine; the castle I was talking about was just a lot of Scotty's wind. The castle's here. You can see it. It popped right up in the desert. Two hundred and seventy thousand tons of material for people to look at! It all came in over the road to build Scotty's castle. Wouldn't it be funny if that noisy Death Valley Scotty popped up with that mine he's been talking about? Boy, what a story that would be! And then I could tell them my partner gave it to me. And about this castle, if it's good, praise the architect and builder; if it's no good, blame me! I'm responsible for everything you see around here, so anything that's wrong is my fault."

I said, "You are a generous soul, Scotty."

"Why shouldn't I be? In all my life I never got a dirty deal from but two men. People have been generous with me. Why, say! Here's something: When that story went out that I was broke donations of money poured in on me from all over the world. From the people! On the train when I was talking to the newspaperman and the word got through the train that I was broke, they started a collection for me. I went back to the diner and they gave me a purse of twenty-five dollars; the cooks and waiters had made it up. Now what do you think of that? In Los Angeles I got a present of eight dollars in nickels and pennies from the newsboys, the kids on the streets who knew me. In a restaurant where I've been eating for years I find a five-dollar bill in my napkin. A nephew of a man I once rode herd for up near Butte sent me a check for fifty dollars. The letters poured into the ranch. They came in tied up in parcels of two hundred. More than twenty thousand letters! There was $4881 sent to me to help me out of my trouble. You don't know how good that made me feel. It was a lot of work sending all the money back, but the warm feeling it gave me made the work nothing at all. . . . Generous! Why shouldn't I be generous?" Scotty reared around restlessly on the leather seat along the wall. He sat up and ruffled his hair and looked at me. "But hell," he said, "that's all dead. That's yesterday's paper. Let's get out today's paper. I'm going down to the Lower Vine. Come on along. I want to show you the place I'm fixing down there for my mules. Going to have a nice place for the mules. . . . Where'd I put that gun? Come on! On with the show!"

Scotty found the six-gun which was never beyond his reach during the days I spent with him, and we drove six miles down Grapevine Canyon to the irrigated farm which is called the Lower Vine. We entered the rustic, heat-insulated bungalow and Scotty took a big armchair and I sat in the shade on the tiles of the doorstep. It was late August and Death Valley's sink to the south was hot, but we were two thousand feet above it, and a dry breeze blew through the shade of the trees where Scotty will have a modern corral for his mules. Scotty rolled back in his chair and lit a cigar and looked west toward the Last Chance Mountains.

He said, "I like this place better than the castle. There's not so many people around for you to fall over. I can be by myself down here. I'm going to have a nice place here for my mules." He smoked a moment, and then said, "I sat here in this chair with a quarter of a million dollars in my pockets, and nobody knew I had it, and nobody knew where it came from. A quarter of a million dollars, and lots more where it came from. If I were to go out in the hills today and bring in fifty thousand dollars, half of it would be Johnson's. Whatever my racket is, remember that Johnson is my partner on this ranch. We're fifty-fifty on this ranch—a ranch that never will be finished in our lifetime. It'll be a perpetual show. And it's only the tail to the kite. . . . You know, people haven't got the key to this situation and this one-man show yet."

"That's passing strange," I said.

Find the Kite

"Years ago," said Scotty, shifting about in his chair, "a great city editor told me three things I have never forgotten: First, never show your hole card; second, never commercialize yourself; third, always play to the gallery. Never mind the dress circle—play to the gallery—that's where the applause comes from. I've put on some good shows following that advice, and I'll put on some more."

"But tell me, Walter, this key you were talking about, this mystery which surrounds you—what about it?"

Scotty said, "This castle of mine and all the rest of this outfit is just the tail to the kite. Everybody is worrying about the tail to the kite. They ought to forget the tail and get the kite, get the facts. Just pick out the facts."

"That ought to be easy," I said.

"Certainly," said Scotty. "For twenty-five years people have been worrying about the tail to the kite. Just forget the tail and find the kite, and then you've got something."

The tale of Scotty's kite is long, and of string there is no little. On with the show! Scotty's getting out tomorrow's paper.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. Lee.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT PIPE TOBACCO
A POINTER ON TOBACCO
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
Merry Christmas from Aunt Martha

One pound of Good Cheer!

AND as fine a tobacco as ever sweetened a pipe bowl! A sixty-year-old secret, our own Wellman's Method, gives Granger its "fruity" fragrance; *seals in* the mellow "pipey" flavor that smokers love to draw deep.

And Granger smokes *cool!* Big shaggy flakes—Rough Cut—that burn slower, smoke cooler, leave a pipe cleaner. For a Merry Christmas a whole month long, give him a pound of Granger Rough Cut.

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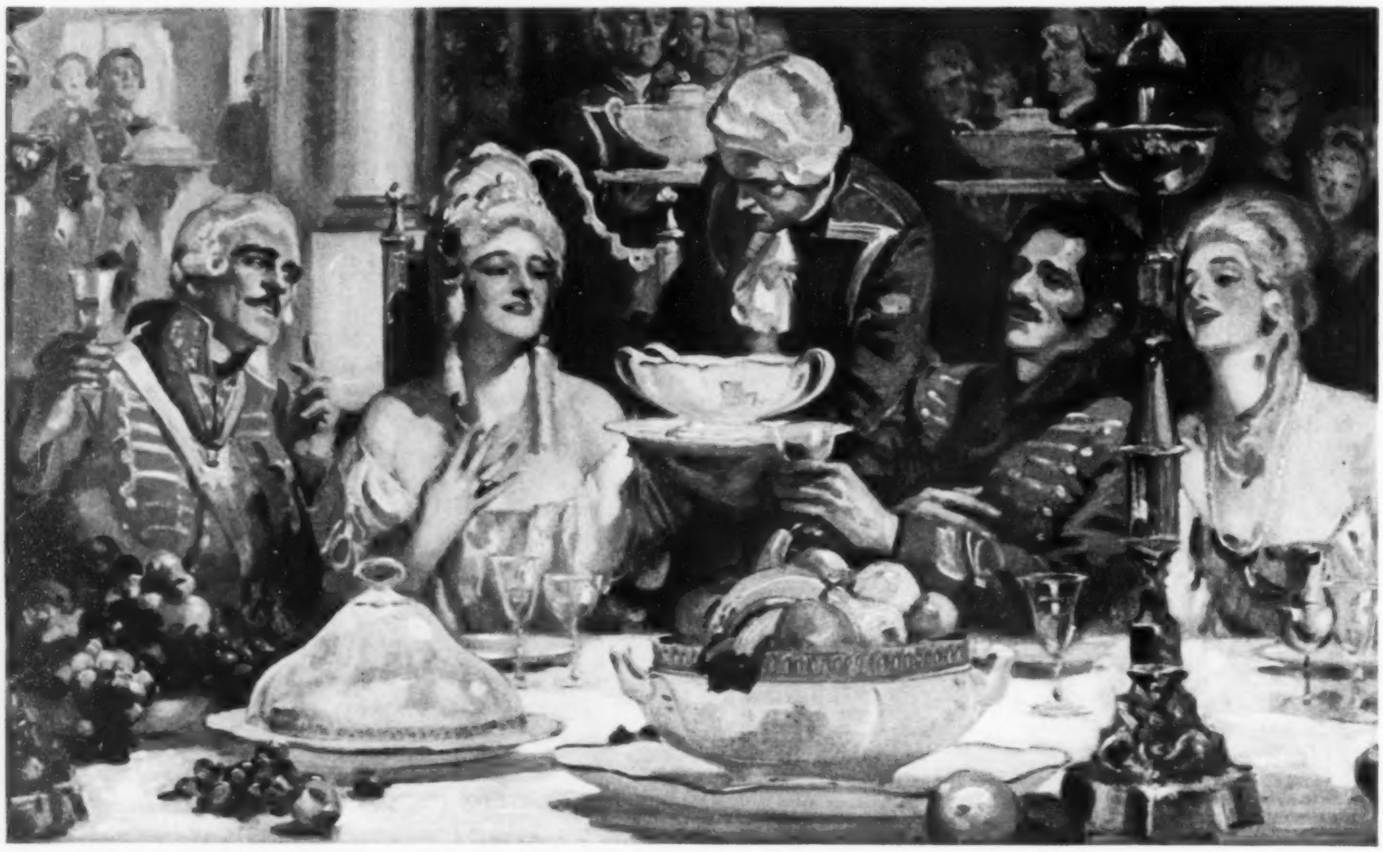
"Pipe tobacco that IS pipe tobacco!"

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



FOR A DISCRIMINATING CLIENTELE

When Josiah Wedgwood in 1763 was appointed Potter to the English Queen Charlotte certain of his creations became known as Queen's Ware. Commissions from nobility and royalty—including the famous Russian Dinner Service of 952 pieces ordered by the great Empress Catherine—from then on inspired the exquisite Wedgwood masterpieces famed today throughout the world

The world of discrimination has always turned to those with reputation established upon a long record of supreme excellence. Packard for 30 years has enjoyed that reputation in the field of fine motor cars.

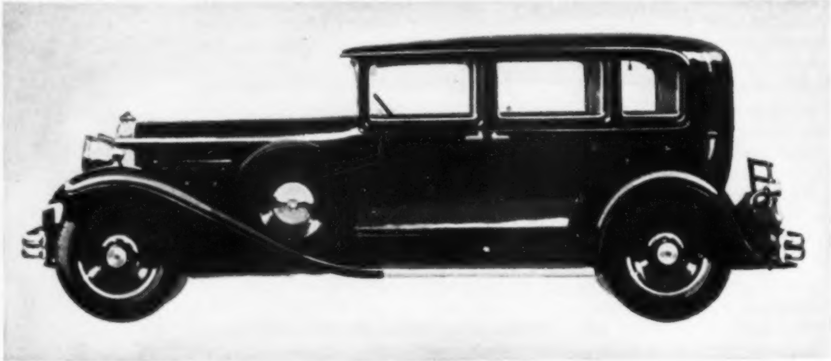
Yet motorists have found that they can enjoy the luxury and distinction of Packard Eight transportation at no increase in expense.

Depreciation is the one really important item of ownership cost. And depreciation on a Packard costs no more than on a lesser car—even if bought at two-thirds of the Packard price—if the Packard is kept and driven proportionately longer! And most Packard owners *do* keep their cars far longer.

As to operating and maintenance costs everyone knows they are no greater for a Packard Standard Eight than for any other car of like size and power, whatever its price.

That is the real secret of enjoying *luxurious transportation.* Buy a Packard Standard Eight and keep it a little longer than has been your custom with lower-priced cars. You gain the advantages of unchanging Packard beauty, Packard comfort, performance and prestige—and the ownership costs are no greater.

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD

HORSE PLAY

(Continued from Page 11)

It was then decided that Jacques Johnson was too free with his teeth to be trusted behind any of the other horses. Accordingly he and his team mate—a somewhat smaller black horse by the name of Siki—were taken off the tongue and stood at one side to be used as the lead team.

The work of hitching up the rest of the horses proceeded slowly and painfully, with much shouting of directions by Monsieur Leboutellier, a great outpouring of quaint French phrases by the drivers, and a lot of joyful frisking and leaping about by the horses.

All this time the spectators whom Monsieur Cru had invited were arriving, and they enjoyed the little horse show every bit as much as Gadget and I. Finally, about ten o'clock, the last reluctant animal was jerked into place, and the great French harvester, pulled by the thirty beautiful steeds, with Siki and Jacques Johnson in the lead, moved majestically out to the edge of the wheat field. Here a halt was made while Monsieur Cru explained that he wanted me to harvest the south side of the field, while the French machine was to take the north side. Monsieur Leboutellier walked up to his apparatus, and by pulling a large lever threw in a clumsy-looking jaw clutch which connected the threshing machinery to the large rear wheels. He then announced that he was ready to go.

Gadget and I walked over to our own outfit. I cranked up the tractor and started the motor on the harvester. Then Gadget climbed into the tractor, I took my place in the operator's seat of the harvester, and we started off. The wheat was wonderful—better than anything I have ever seen in America. It was very tall, very thick, and loaded with grain. But the machine handled it beautifully, and we proceeded smoothly up to the far end of the field, and then returned. At the end of this first round we noticed that Monsieur Leboutellier's machine had not yet started; so we stopped and walked over to see what was the trouble. Monsieur Cru was kind enough to explain matters to Gadget.

"That large black horse," he said, "has been making trouble again."

"Jacques Johnson?" asked Gadget.

"Yes. That is his name. Just as they were ready to start he kicked the horse behind him with great violence. Apparently he did no serious damage, but as long as he is acting in this way it seems unsafe to leave him in his present position."

"So what are they doing about it?"

"They have sent to the barn for an extra piece of chain. When it comes they are going to hitch Jacques Johnson and Siki two or three meters farther forward. They will then be so far out ahead of the other horses that their kicking can do no damage."

"Well," said Gadget, "I wish them luck. And I suppose we might as well go back to our work. If you want to see some real harvesting you had better come over and watch us."

[NOTE: The above conversation was, of course, all in French. I have given it to you as Gadget translated it to me.]

Gadget and I walked back and started another round, and everything went very smoothly. The only trouble was that we didn't seem to be making much impression on our audience The prominent farmers—to the number of a couple of hundred—were right there where they could have looked at us, but they were so fascinated by the lively animal act which Monsieur Leboutellier was putting on that they seemed to be paying very little attention to us.

We kept on, however, making round after round with relentless regularity. I was using the grain-sacking attachment, and at the end of each round I always had a number of sacks full of grain, which I dumped at the edge of the field.

Toward the end of the morning Monsieur Cru and a few of the farmers came over and watched our work, and at noon Monsieur Cru very kindly invited Gadget and me to have luncheon with him. We accepted the invitation, and after parking the tractor and harvester beside Monsieur Leboutellier's machine, we strolled back to the château with Monsieur Cru.

"I had hoped," he said, "that Monsieur Leboutellier could join us at luncheon, but he says he will be busy with his horses all through the noon hour."

"I notice that he hasn't got started yet," said Gadget. "What seems to be the trouble now?"

"During the last hour he has had to replace two or three broken whiffletrees, and he has also spent a good deal of time rearranging the teams."

"What was the idea of that?"

"He has been trying to fix it so that all the kicking horses would be at the rear, and all the horses that like to bite would be at the front."

"That sounds like a good scheme," said Gadget. "How does it work?"

"Fairly well," said Monsieur Cru, "except that all of the horses bite to some extent, and all of them kick. I fear that Monsieur Leboutellier has almost more horses than he can manage effectively. But we must give him time to get this thing worked out, and this afternoon I trust we shall see his machine in action."

"I hope so too," said Gadget. "I would hate to see the demonstration too one-sided."

We continued our walk to the Château de Mocquethon. Monsieur Cru provided a most excellent luncheon, which lasted until about two o'clock, at which time we drove back to the field in my little rented French car. By this time Monsieur Leboutellier had managed to get all the broken whiffletrees replaced and had succeeded in getting the horses fed, watered and hitched up again. He had found a number of muzzles and had put them on the horses which were the most active with their teeth. He announced that he was ready, so we all stood around expectantly and waited to see him start his monster machine.

With great dignity he climbed up a short ladder and took his place in the midst of a lot of intricate levers and control wheels on the forward deck of his craft. Little André mounted to the poop deck and stood at attention beside another group of levers and wheels. It was very impressive. That French harvester seemed to have more wheels, handles, levers, cranks, adjusting screws, and other gimcracks than a battleship. Out in front pranced the thirty horses, while the fifteen drivers sat their saddles with grim determination. Monsieur Leboutellier raised his hand. There was a moment of awe-inspiring silence. Then Monsieur Leboutellier's voice rang out loud and clear.

"*Allez!*" he yelled. "*Allez!*"

The drivers took up the cry. "*Allez! Allez!*" they repeated. They leaned forward. They dug their heels into the horses' flanks. But nothing in particular happened. The horses jumped around perhaps a trifle more vigorously than before, but they did not move forward.

Monsieur Cru, who stood near us, diagnosed the trouble at once. "Those horses," he said, "are accustomed to working alone or in pairs. Not one of them will start to pull unless he sees the field clear ahead of him."

"They dragged the thing out here from the barn," said Gadget.

"That was easy. The machine was out of gear. But now that it is in gear the horses will have to pull with all their strength to get it started. And each horse is waiting until the animal in front gets out of his way. None of them, except the leaders, have the slightest intention of moving off."

"As far as that goes," said Gadget, "it doesn't look to me as if the leaders were doing very much either."

We looked at Jacques Johnson and Siki. They stood out in front with their ears back, their noses curled up in a very ugly way, and their tails switching viciously. Their feet were planted solidly and stubbornly on the ground. In other words, they were feeling slightly ugly and distinctly balky. They had made up their minds they were not going to start, and they glared around as if they were daring anybody to make them. It was obvious to everybody that the other twenty-eight horses would never get under way as long as those two balky brutes were out in front of them.

Monsieur Leboutellier climbed down from his lofty perch. He ordered Jacques Johnson and Siki to be unhitched and equipped with muzzles taken from a couple of the other animals. Two of the wheel horses were then unhooked and placed out in front, and Jacques Johnson and Siki were put in their old places beside the tongue.

At this point a most unfortunate accident occurred. Little André—who is a very nice kid and always wants to be helpful—had climbed down from the harvester and had come forward to assist in changing the horses. While he was fastening up one of the traces Jacques Johnson suddenly kicked out behind, and one of his iron-shod hoofs hit poor André in the head. It was not a particularly hard blow, but it knocked him out cold, and he fell down right behind Jacques Johnson, where he was in great danger of being trampled upon or kicked again.

Gadget and I, who were standing nearer than any of the other spectators, immediately ran forward, grabbed André by the feet and dragged him out of harm's way.

"Take him back to the château," said Monsieur Cru.

I lifted André into the rear seat of my little car. One of the spectators stepped up and said that he was a doctor. We had him get in beside André. Monsieur Cru and I climbed into the front seat.

"Gadget," I said, "you had better stay here with the machine. If you want to cut any more grain before I get back, perhaps you could get one of these French gentlemen to ride on the harvester."

I then drove rapidly to the château and we took André upstairs and put him to bed.

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While the doctor was examining his head he came to, looked around and smiled somewhat feebly. The doctor, after he had finished his examination, spoke briefly to Monsieur Cru, and then repeated his remarks to me in English. Most of these French professional men seem to be pretty good linguists.

"Apparently it is not serious," he said, "but it will be wise to keep him quiet for the rest of the afternoon."

André, however, did not seem to want to stay quiet. He asked the doctor various questions. The doctor replied. Then André looked at me and started a long harangue, which—as it was in the French language—I did not understand. The doctor tried to quiet him, but he kept right on. Finally the doctor turned to me.

"This boy," he said, "has just related a very strange tale, which he wishes me to pass on to you."

"Very good," I said. "I am listening."

"First of all," said the doctor, "he wishes me to thank you for saving his life."

"And what gave him the idea," I asked, "that I did any such thing?"

"He asked me exactly what happened, so I told him that after he was kicked you and your wife, at great risk to yourselves, pulled him out from beneath the hoofs of the horses."

"The risk was much less than you think," I said. "I have great respect for the hoofs of that old Jacques Johnson, and I can assure you I kept myself well out of the danger zone. All I had to do was reach in one hand for the fraction of a second and give a strong pull on this young gentleman's left leg."

"Well, be that as it may," said the doctor, "the young man is grateful, and he has told me something which was already on his conscience, and which he would have told before, except that he was afraid of his master, Monsieur Leboutellier."

"Well, well," I said, "this all sounds most amusing. Exactly what is this strange tale?"

"He says that this Leboutellier—seeing that he couldn't compete with your excellent machine by fair means—has determined to get the better of you by treachery."

"The dirty bum!" I said.

"And this noon, while you were absent at luncheon, he tampered with your machine."

"What's that you say? What did he do?"

"The young man's explanation is rather complicated. It appears that Monsieur Leboutellier waited until the drivers had left to take their horses to water. Then he forced our young friend here to help him drain all of the essence from the tractor tank into a number of pails. Or at least that is the way I understood it. That would be perfectly possible, would it not?"

"Yes," I said. "The gasoline, or essence, as you call it, is carried in the large tank which you may have noticed just under the rear end of the hood which covers the motor. All he would have to do is open the side of the hood, place his pail under the drain cock in the bottom of the tank and turn it on. But I don't see how any such proceeding would do him any good. We would discover at once that we were out of fuel and send for some more."

"But wait," said the doctor. "Monsieur Leboutellier did more than that."

"Go on," I said.

"He removed the drain cock and also a bushing which was around it. The young man says that this left a hole more than a centimeter in diameter in the bottom of the tank."

"And what did he do next?"

"He plugged up the hole with a piece of wax, and then they poured all the essence back into the tank."

"This is all beyond me," I said. "What did he think he was doing?"

"After this," continued the doctor, "he took the spark plug out of the rear cylinder, and laid it—with the wire still attached—on a cross member of the tractor frame directly under the wax-plugged hole. Is that clear?"

"It is. Go on."

"He then cranked the motor and had this young man watch the spark plug to see if it gave forth a spark in its new location. Apparently it did. Monsieur Leboutellier then soaked a large quantity of cotton waste in essence and left it on top of the spark plug. After this he closed down the hood and went back to his own machine."

"Holy Moses!" I said. "If anybody cranks that tractor it will set all that waste on fire."

"Exactly so," agreed the doctor. "And that is not all. Our young patient says it was Monsieur Leboutellier's intention that the heat from the burning waste should melt the wax so that the entire tankful of essence would run out, catch fire and cause such a conflagration that your entire machine would be destroyed."

"Excuse me," I said as I grabbed my hat, "but I must be on my way."

"Just a minute," said the doctor. "Our friend wants to tell you one more thing. He says that these plans have already partially gone wrong."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It seems that just before we returned to the field they heard a gentle, splashing noise from the direction of your tractor. They investigated and found that the piece of wax had dropped out of the hole in the tank and all the essence had run out and soaked into the ground. Monsieur Leboutellier was going to plug the hole again and try to get more essence to refill the tank. But we returned before he could do anything, so they had to leave matters as they were."

"Let me see," I said. "We could still have a small fire in the cotton waste. And we could have something else. Good Lord, yes! That tank is probably full of an explosive mixture of gasoline vapor and air. If that waste catches on fire the flames would go right up through the hole in the bottom of the tank and —— Pardon me, but I really must be going."

I went out of that old château like the well-known bat out of hell. Monsieur Cru followed. We leaped into my little car and headed for the wheat field.

As I sped along I could see ahead of me the vast, looming bulk of the French machine, with the mob of horses in front of it. Beside it stood our neat little harvester. In front of the harvester stood the tractor. And in front of the tractor stood Gadget. Apparently she was just getting ready to spin the crank.

I pushed the accelerator right down to the floor, but I couldn't get any more speed out of the little car. I sounded the horn violently, but it was one of those feeble little French affairs operated by a rubber bulb, and it didn't make enough noise to matter.

Far ahead of me I could see Gadget stooping over. She was evidently taking hold of the crank. On the seat of our harvester sat a Frenchman with black whiskers—evidently one of the spectators who had volunteered his services. Over by the French machine I could see Monsieur Leboutellier walking nervously back and forth. The thirty horses and fifteen drivers were strung out in front. I recognized Jacques Johnson and Siki on either side of the tongue. Apparently the French outfit had been held up by more trouble of some sort; they had not budged from the place where they had been when I had left.

Gradually, but with maddening slowness, I was drawing closer. I began to hope that I might arrive in time. But I did not. When I was still several hundred meters distant, Gadget gave the crank of the tractor a brisk flip. There was a sudden flash from the center of the tractor. There was a loud report, like about half a dozen sticks of dynamite going off. An irregular-shaped object—which I found out later was the entire end of the tank—went sailing through the air and landed with a resounding whack directly on Jacques Johnson's muscular rear end. This spirited animal—who had so recently balked and refused to move an inch—came to life in a most surprising manner. He leaped forward. He dragged the whole tremendous harvesting machine about six feet. It bumped into the other three wheel horses. These brutes—already half scared to death by the explosion—also plunged madly forward. They butted into the horses ahead. These horses started up. The panic spread. And before the unfortunate drivers knew what was going on, the entire thirty animals were galloping madly across the field, dragging the great harvester after them.

I stopped my little car beside Gadget. Monsieur Cru and I leaped out. I was much relieved to find that she was unhurt. The spectators also had escaped. The explosion had been violent, but there had been no flying fragments except the end piece of the tank which had given such a lusty but harmless blow to Jacques Johnson. I gave the tractor a hasty inspection. The small fire in the cotton waste was already out and the only damage was the destruction of the tank.

By this time the French harvester was nearing the far end of the field. The drivers, although they could not stop the horses, or even slow them down, were able to guide them slightly to the left, so that the huge harvester, in its mad career, swung slowly around in a magnificent circle and finally headed straight back toward where we were standing. The visiting farmers were all in a state of the wildest excitement, rushing hither and thither and shouting and waving their arms around as only Frenchmen can. Monsieur Leboutellier was weeping copiously and rubbing his hands together as if he were engaged in washing them. I think this quaint gesture is commonly described as wringing the hands.

As the harvester, in its circular course, drew nearer to us we were all startled to observe that a very curious phenomenon was taking place. From time to time the huge machine seemed to be throwing out fragments of various kinds, much as Vesuvius in eruption belches forth stones and ashes.

"What on earth is going on?" I said.

"I bet I know," said Gadget. "That machine is in gear. Those horses are pulling it at least five times as fast as it is supposed to go. The threshing machinery inside is being driven at least five times too fast. And it can't stand it."

Gadget was right. The unfortunate insides of the machine had been forced into a state of frenzied activity such as the designers had never dreamed of. The cylinder was spinning like a cream separator, the grain augers were whirling like mad, the fans were going like airplane propellers, and the whole mechanism, as it drew nearer, seemed to be making a noise very similar to the big rattler in the foundry at Earthworm City. And all this accelerated motion was, as Gadget had said, more than the machine could stand.

The entire header, with the cutter bar and reel and everything, had been wrenched off at the far end of the field. And now, as the tremendous apparatus with its plunging horses bore down upon us, we observed a lot of screens, bits of torn canvas and other junk being projected through the side. A moment later we were all running madly for the fence to avoid being hit. But the drivers managed to pull the horses sidewise, and instead of running over us, they went charging by and started another lap of their wild race. As they passed, there was a rending crash and a large assortment of cylinder teeth and about half of the concave shot out through the upper deck. And a moment later a mass of kindling wood that had once been the Jackson feeder was spewed out of the mouth of the dog house.

Once more the horses and their clumsy vehicle receded into the distance. It looked as if the poor animals were getting tired. As they swung around the circle for the second time they slowed down more and more. And when they got back again to where we were standing, the drivers, with much jerking and sawing of the reins, finally managed to bring them to a stop.

The stupendous French harvester was a complete wreck. The remains of the chassis were towed back to the barns. The horses were unhitched and taken away. And a couple of peasants with a wagon were sent out to the field to gather up as many of the fragments as they could find.

I really began to feel rather sorry for Monsieur Leboutellier. His demonstration had been a complete fizzle, his machine was a total wreck, and Monsieur Cru—before I had a chance to do anything myself—confronted him with the proof of his criminal action in attempting to destroy our tractor. Poor Leboutellier saw that denial would be useless. He begged for mercy in a most piteous manner, and I finally told him that if he would pay for the damage I would take no action against him. I named a reasonably high figure, and he paid it at once.

I then asked Monsieur Cru if we had done enough demonstrating to suit him, and he said that we had. However, he did not wish to buy anything until he had had an opportunity to think things over, and he said that he would be glad to talk to us tomorrow morning. Gadget and I, therefore, spent an hour or so interviewing the various spectators who had come to see the demonstration. They spoke highly of our machine, but they all said that their farms were too small to justify the purchase of such a large apparatus. Probably they are right. Apparently Gadget and I will have to be satisfied with the sale of this one demonstration machine to Monsieur Cru, final arrangements for which we hope and expect to make tomorrow morning.

Before we left the Château de Mocquethon we learned that young André had so far recovered that he had resigned from Monsieur Leboutellier's employment and taken a job with Monsieur Cru.

(Continued on Page 75)

DOES AWAY WITH "STUCK" GEARS AND REPAIR BILLS

WHEN your gears are hard to shift in cold weather, the trouble lies far deeper than the surface unpleasantness of tugging at the gear shift. Stuck gears are your mechanical warning that the gear lubricant you are using is all wrong.

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Try this simple formula of subtracting from your repair bills and adding to the pleasure and joy of fine winter performance. But see to it that you *get* these services where an Alemite sign is shown. Those signs are to insure Genuine Alemite Lubrication. Be satisfied with *nothing less!*

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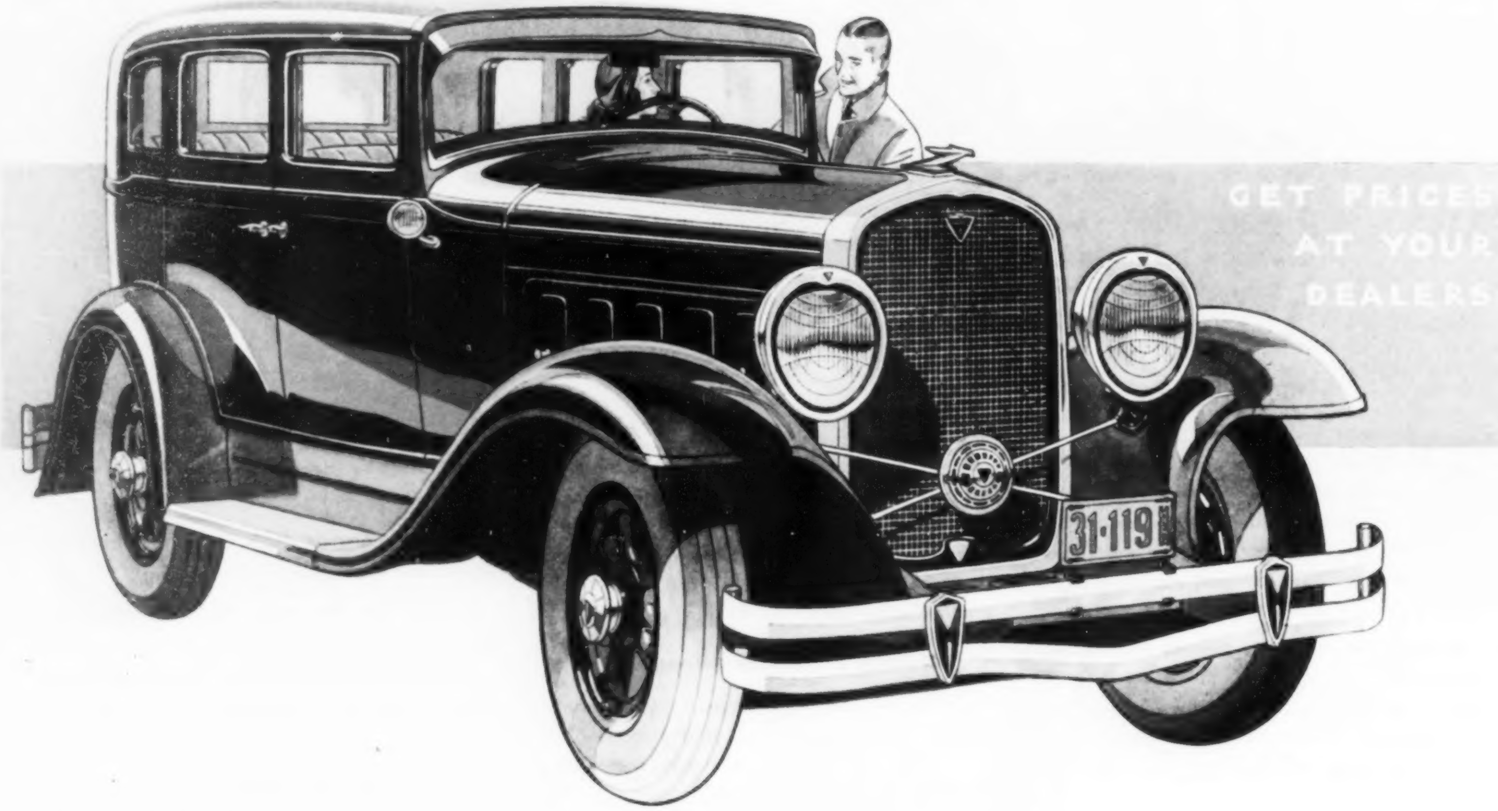

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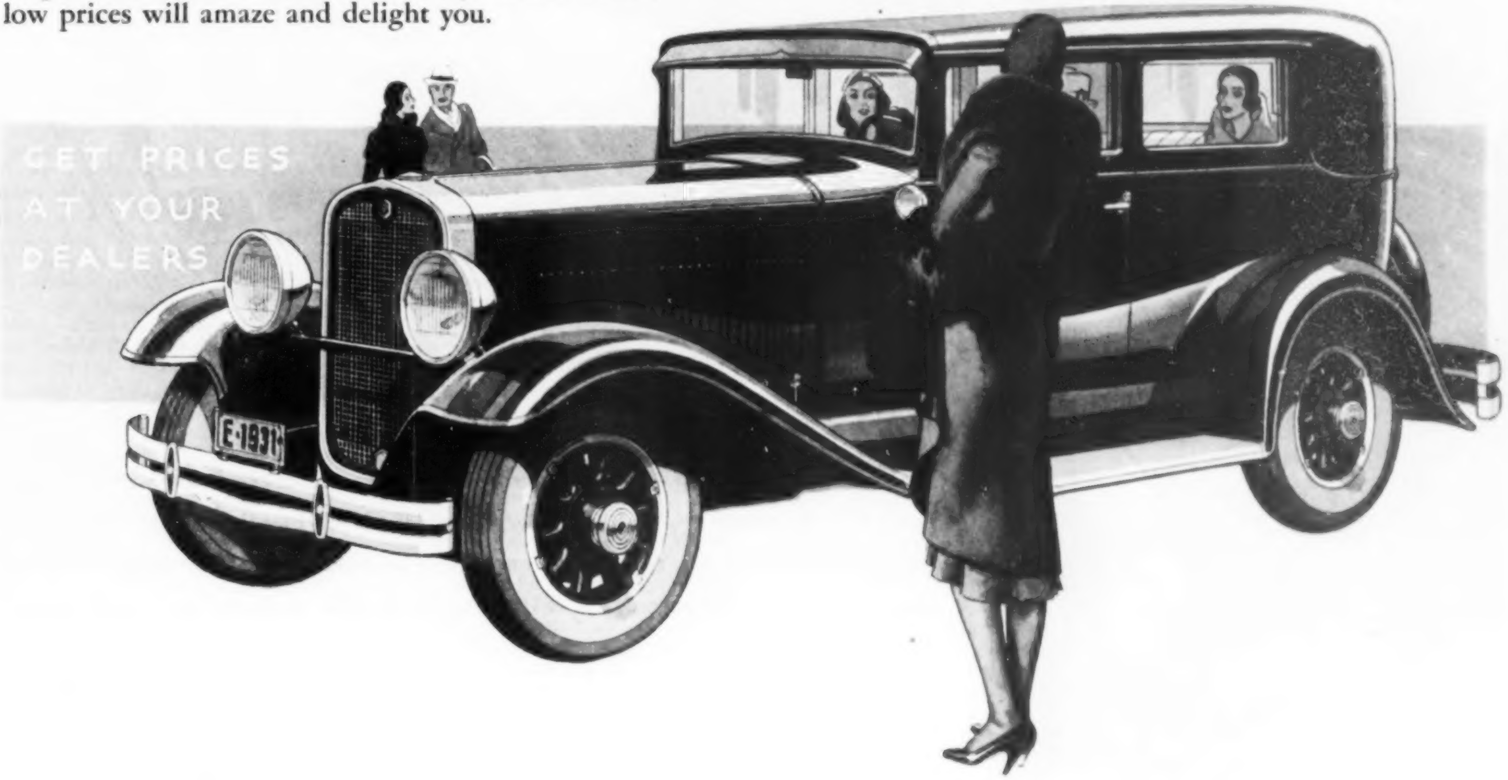

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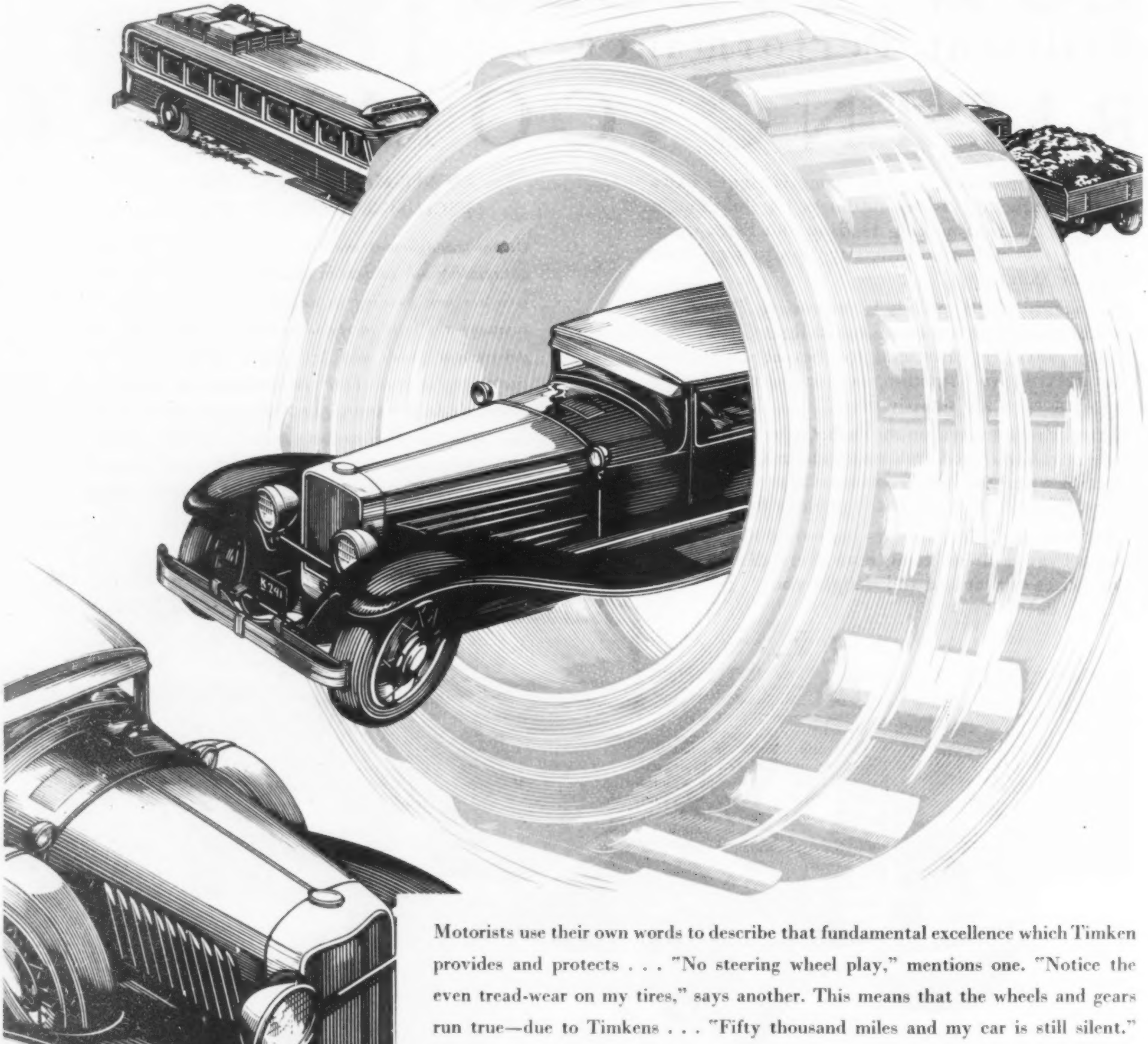

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Tapered *Roller*
TIMKEN BEARING
EQUIPPED

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(Continued from Page 70)

Late in the afternoon, when we had returned to Château-Thierry, we were fortunate enough to find at a hardware store a tank of just the right size for our tractor. We will take it out tomorrow and install it. And then, as soon as we have sold the tractor and the harvester to Monsieur Cru, I will write you so that you may congratulate us on our success.

Very truly,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HÔTEL JEAN-DE-LA-FONTAINE,
CHÂTEAU-THIERRY, FRANCE,
Tuesday Evening, July 31, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Mere words fail utterly to describe the present mental state of Gadget and myself. But perhaps if I tell you what happened this morning, you may be able to form at least some faint conception of the way we feel this evening.

At about eleven A.M., after we had installed the new tank on the tractor, we saw Monsieur Cru.

"I have decided to buy the French harvester," he said—"not the one which was wrecked, but another one just like it which they are shipping up from the factory."

"I don't understand," said Gadget. "If you want a machine that will harvest your grain and save labor ——"

"But I don't," said Monsieur Cru. "What do I want with your labor-saving machinery? Labor is so cheap here in France that there is no point in trying to save it."

"But you told us that you would be interested in seeing us demonstrate."

"Perhaps I should have explained more fully in the beginning. You see, I am a motion-picture producer."

"Yes," said Gadget, "we had heard that."

"I am making a picture called Les Glaneuses—The Female Gleaners. The scene is laid in the wheat fields of France. It is inspired by Millet's painting, around which we have woven a story of tender sentiment and burning passion. We wish to give the picture an up-to-date flavor by showing something new and spectacular in the way of harvesting methods. For this purpose your machine is almost worthless. All it does is harvest the wheat. But you saw what Monsieur Leboutellier's machine did."

"Yes," said Gadget. "We certainly did."

"My only regret," he said, "is that we did not have the cameras here yesterday. What a spectacle it was! Ah, those magnificent, charging horses! Ah, the awe-inspiring intricacy of that tremendous machine of Monsieur Leboutellier! It was majestic! It was incredible! It was as a gift from heaven to the motion-picture industry of France. In short, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am not buying your harvester. I am buying the other one. It is all decided."

And apparently it was. Gadget protested and argued for a long time, but it was no use, so at last we brought the tractor and the harvester back here to Château-Thierry, thus bringing to an absurd and idiotic conclusion what had promised to be one of the most successful selling campaigns of your usually successful salesman,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

SPLIT SECONDS

(Continued from Page 13)

his impact not against the horse, as should have been done, but against the three other members of his family. Instantly there was a tangle of forms; the four riders were thrown from the horse, over the ring bank and into the hippodrome track, where the father and the daughter-in-law failed to rise. Mrs. Homer Hobson's head had struck a net stake; she was unconscious. Twisting in the air to break her fall, the father-in-law had fallen under the weight of the girl's body, and they carried him out too. Naturally, they worked that night as though nothing had happened—the recuperative powers of circus people form one of the cheering things of life. So did the horse work—he went to work for a number of extra sessions of practice.

Reversing the Order of Things

About all that an audience ever notices about a rosin-back is that a broad-backed horse appears to have a wonderful ability to keep time to the music. But a circus audience does not see all that it believes it sees under the big top. With rare exceptions nothing in the circus keeps time to the band. The band keeps time to it. Essential as the circus band is—and I believe I would halt my triple somersault in mid-air if the drum should stop rolling—it, nevertheless, is secondary. For instance, when the elephants dance their hootchy-kootchy, they are not following the music; they are leading it. The band follows them, matching their movements so closely that they are in unison; the elephant pays attention to no one but his trainer. The same is true of dancing horses and all the other animals, and of the acts themselves. None of them is practiced to music; the performances are perfected, and then the music is fitted to them.

Today there is not so much jealousy and bickering in circus life as there once was. But when it does arise, the performer who works in the center ring has an easy system by which he brings grief to other performers whose acts he does not desire to shine. He simply develops a penchant for changing his music, with the result that while the playing of the band is matched to his act, it is not matched to the others. Time is thereby destroyed, and good performers suddenly become bad ones.

But for all of us there are plenty of difficulties even when things apparently are running at their smoothest. We must work in the dark to a certain degree; we do not know why we let go at a certain instant, or what clocklike arrangement of our brain gauges that tiny part of a second which forms the starting time. We only know that a flashing energy shoots through us and on we go, to the double somersault, the triple, to the back of a horse, or to speeding cart wheels along the ground, to the applause of a well-done act, or to the sympathy of an audience as we fall, spin about, fight for a safe landing and then, rope-burned or bruised, go back to our tricks again.

I have had more bumps in my life than the usual performer, for the reason that I have always hated to use a mechanic. In fact, I learned the triple somersault without one. It wasn't pleasant, but I felt that was the only way I ever could master it. There would be plenty of falls, I knew, after I had become proficient; I might as well learn to take them in the beginning, and while doing so learn to guard against the dangers of the net.

For that great spread of knotted rope which stretches across the breadth of a big top during a flying-trapeze act is not the beneficent thing which it appears to be. It is dangerous, a friend indeed if you fall into it properly, but otherwise a lurking enemy, waiting to snap the bones of an arm or a leg—or a neck. Persons have been killed by falls into the net, and even on many tumbles which the audience classes as uneventful, it seems to possess satanic joy in gouging the flesh out of one. A net is made by a succession of spaces between square knots. Those knots can flay one like a whip if the fall is not accurately gauged.

So I practiced my triple into the net, and I believe that it was due to this that I succeeded. The history of the triple somersault is a history of death; as long as there have been circuses, there have been men and women whose sole ambition was to accomplish three full turns in the air. The struggle to master it has lasted more than a century, beginning with the old days of the famous leapers who worked with a springboard, and the triple somersault has killed more persons than all other dangerous circus acts combined.

Mile-a-Minute Somersaults

The reason lies in the terrific speed at which the act must be accomplished. At a propulsion of more than sixty miles an hour, the body is traveling so fast that by the time the second revolution is reached, the space gauges of the brain have ceased to function properly. The body is going faster than it can be controlled, and for a split instant one loses all knowledge of time, space, distance or surroundings. Then, in another split instant, as the body begins to fall and slows slightly with the third somersault, that ability to gauge must be regained, so that when the performer breaks out of the third revolution and toward the hands of the catcher, his brain can be clear again. It is a lack of clarity here which causes death; the performer has spun so fast that he has lost all knowledge of where he is, and plunges downward to the net or onward to the mat—if the turn is from a springboard—without being able to protect his body properly in the fall. The impact, therefore, comes not on his back but at the base of the skull, in as much as the natural whirl of the fall almost invariably carries him toward that position; and the net or mat snaps his neck. One of the gloomiest show openings I ever saw was that of the Sells-Floto Circus in the Coliseum at Chicago some years ago. The band swung into action, the spec, or grand entry, moved forward with all its new costumes and features; the acts crowded one another into the rings with all the apparent happiness which usually accompanies a season's opening. But up

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Note how exactly Sunkist Junior fills many places on your holiday shopping list—for the family—for friends who entertain—for everyone with an orange-squeezing problem. It's scarcely possible to imagine a home where it would not serve as a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

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in the dressing rooms a floral contribution was being collected for Ernie Lane, who had been killed by the net at the previous night's dress rehearsal—during the triple somersault.

What my own end will be, I, of course, do not know. I think I'll die of old age. But other persons have different opinions, among them the manager of a Berlin theater, a cheerful soul who did much to make an engagement happy for me several years ago. He dug into every file that existed, and with a complete list of the scores of deaths resultant from the triple somersault wrote an article for his program, incorporating all the fatalities and exactly how they occurred. Following this, he added:

> Alfredo Codona is now the one living man consistently performing the triple somersault. Sooner or later, of course, he will meet the same fate that has befallen others who have attempted this dangerous feat.

That program had a strange reaction upon me. I fell more times during the Berlin engagement than in all the rest of that year's European trip.

Indeed, there are times when I wonder just how closely psychology and muscle are mingled in the triple. I do know that its fatalistic history had an effect which prevented me from learning the trick in spite of five years of hard work. I couldn't get it; there was always the ingrained feeling that since it had killed so many others, it would kill me too. That interfered with my concentration, and as a result I invariably cast in the middle of it.

"Casting," to the circus performer, is purely a psychological term. It has to do with that part of an instant when the mind seems to let go, to refuse longer to hold to the terrific burden of concentration which has been placed upon it. It is like a sharp knife struck suddenly against a set of tightly drawn strings; the parting comes in a dozen directions; the performer sprawls hopelessly, all thought of his trick departed. And, of course, he fails. Why it happens, or how it happens, a performer rarely knows. He only realizes that one instant he is apparently as able to do a trick as ever; the next instant he is a gangling amateur, unable to pull himself out of psychological transgression that threatens his life.

The Demon of the Circus Tent

Sometimes it arrives like an epidemic. One year, for instance, on the Ringling-Barnum Circus, we had a number of girls who worked a mixed aerial number spotted at various parts of the tent. As the tricks were simple and comparatively safe, they worked without nets. One day a girl fell. Into the tent rushed the stretcher bearers, to gather her from the ground and hurry the unconscious crumple of soiled silk and spangles to the doctor's tent. At last she regained consciousness. A companion, kneeling beside her, asked how it happened.

"I don't know," she moaned. "I just let go."

A week later, another fell. Then another, and a fourth and fifth and sixth; it seemed to us as the season progressed that they were dropping like ripe plums. Nor was there ever more of an explanation than:

"I just let go. I couldn't hold on any longer."

That is the invisible demon of the circus tent which we call "casting." It is always present, working through gravitation, through a headache, through some piece of sharp kidding which has hurt sensitive feelings, through heat and illness and fatigue, for the failure of the act. Sometimes it comes more into the open; it almost visualizes itself into a personality. Through experience I can tell why a certain queer, overtired light appears in Lillian Leitzel's eyes when, her act done, she can cease to be the taut, watchful performer and relax into my wife. It is a peculiar light, like no other expression I ever have seen, and I know without a word what it means.

A Struggle in Mid-Air

Forty netless feet from the ground, suspended by one arm which never ceases to pain, owing to the remorseless gouging of the rope from which she hangs, Leitzel has been fighting something more dangerous than height, or loose rigging, or heat, or fatigue. The common enemy has all but materialized, sufficient even to talk! The words run through her brain as though someone were suspended in mid-air beside her. A queer, argumentative streak in her brain has leaped into action, so strong that instead of a mere mental quirk, it seems like an actual voice incessantly pleading:

"Why don't you let go? You're tired; it's foolish to hang onto a rope away up here in the air. The audience won't care; there is plenty more for them to look at. Let go! Let go!"

To loosen her grip would mean death. Or in that instant when, with hands wide open, she poises herself in a hand stand upon the Roman rings, balancing herself upon the web of flesh between her thumbs and index fingers; to relax then would mean a forty-foot plunge to the ground. Or when she swings over, still holding her hands open until that hundredth of an instant when her body lies upon the dividing line between pressure upon the Roman rings and the effects of gravitation—if in that hundredth of an instant the hands would fail to grip, there would be little left of Lillian Leitzel. But the voice goes remorselessly on:

"Let go! Let go! Why go to all this effort, when you could drop to the ground and rest?"

I know that circus performers are not supposed to know much about psychology. Perhaps not, as it is taught in the textbooks, or in the Freudian philosophy. But we have our own manifestations which perhaps might interest an occasional professor. My conquest of the triple somersault, for instance, was as much mental as it was physical. Even today I feel its reaction.

As I have mentioned, the long, fatalistic history of the triple deterred me from its accomplishment for years. Then, in 1919, I determined either to accomplish it, get killed or quit trying. My brother Lalo and I fitted up our rigging in a building in Shreveport, Louisiana, and with my father "patting" for me and aiding me in my timing, we set to work.

It was not long until a psychological effect exerted itself. I had adopted a fatalistic attitude; if this was to be the end of my efforts, very well, then, it would be the end, and there need be no more thought wasted on the subject. So, with that out of the way, my mind cleared itself of extraneous matters and exerted itself fully upon the concentration necessary to the accomplishment of the feat. The next spring, in the Coliseum at Chicago, I went into performance with the triple somersault as a climax of my regular routine.

(Continued on Page 79)

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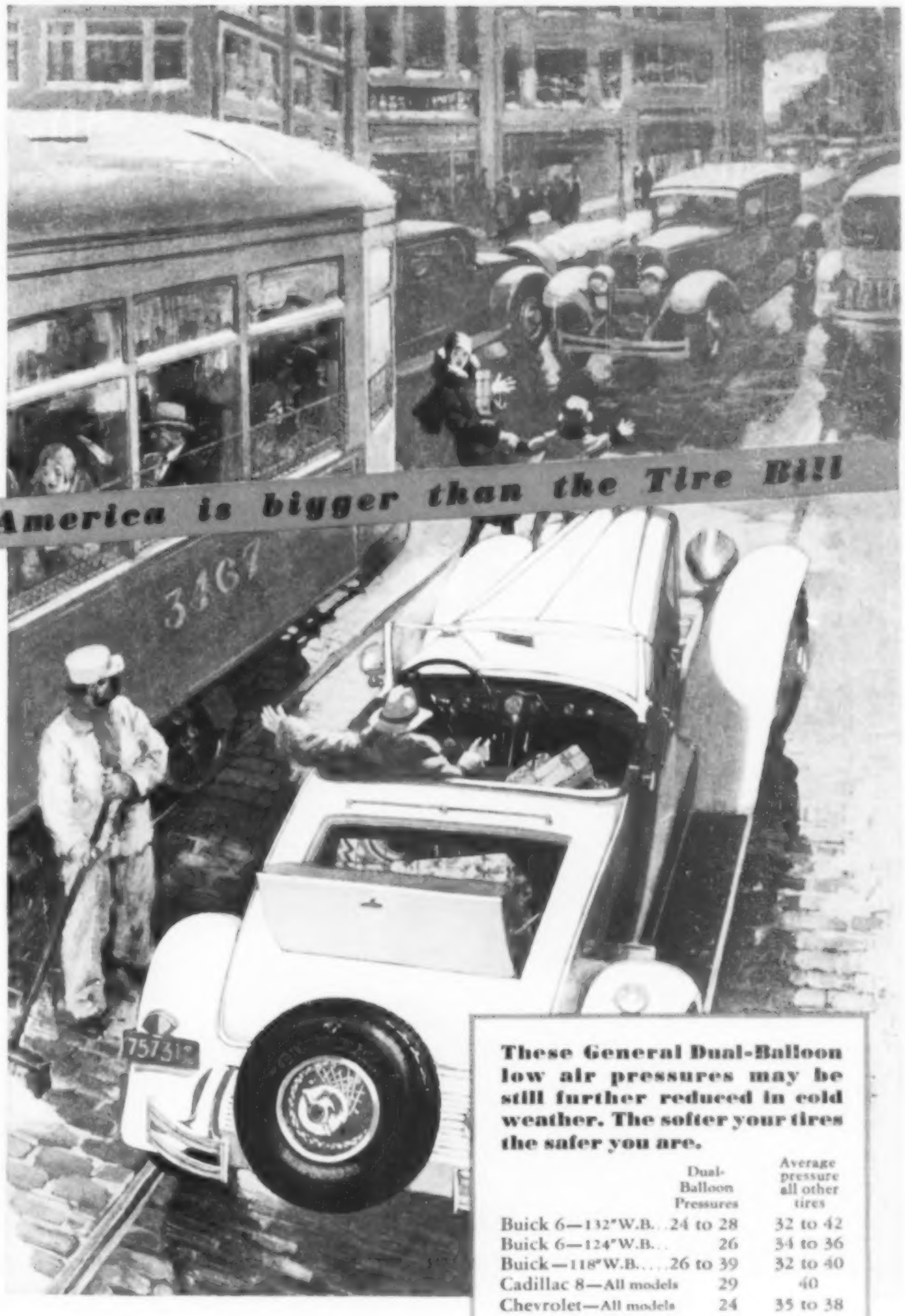


These General Dual-Balloon low air pressures may be still further reduced in cold weather. The softer your tires the safer you are.

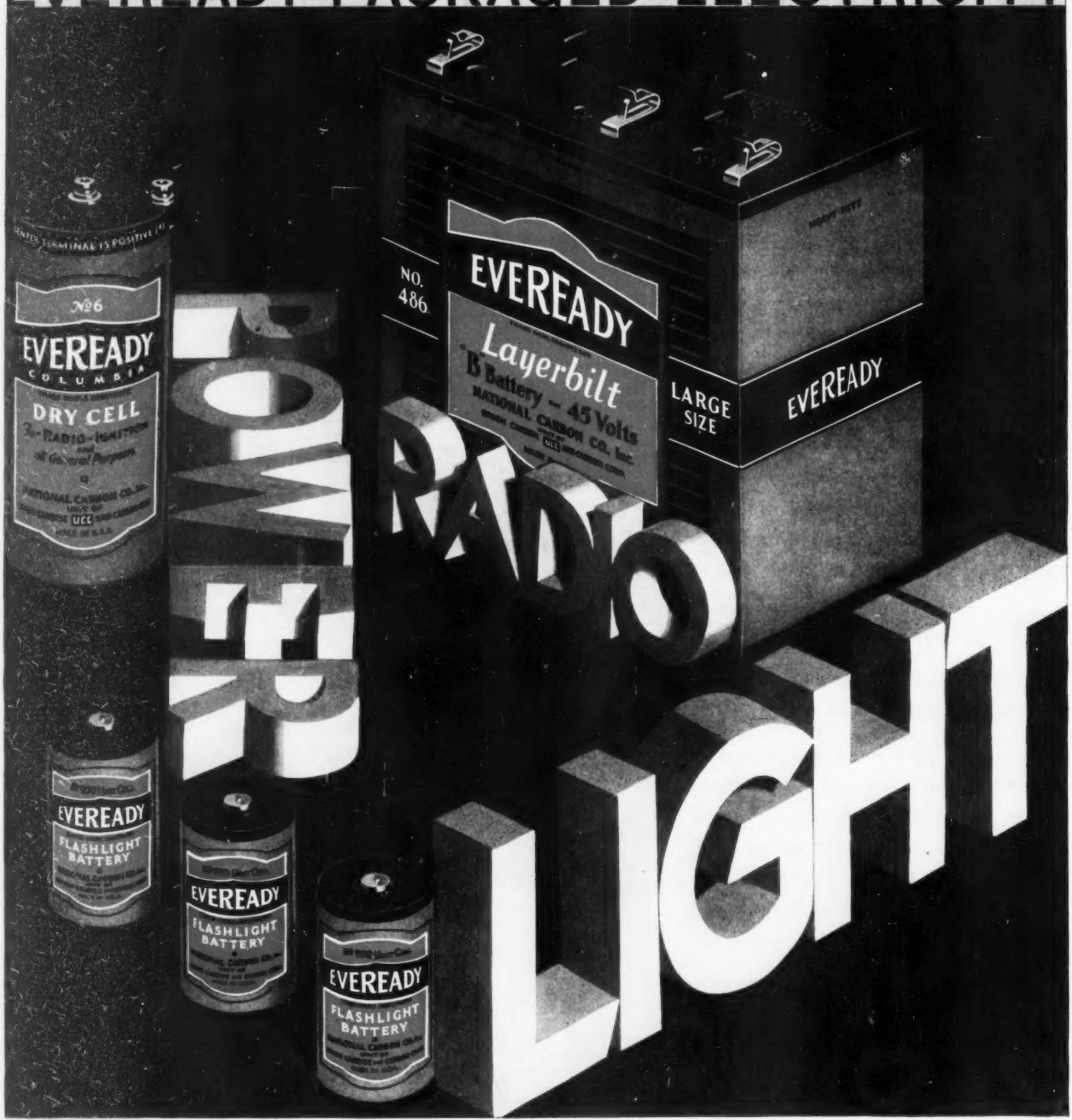
	Dual-Balloon Pressures	Average pressure all other tires
Buick 6—132"W.B.	24 to 28	32 to 42
Buick 6—124"W.B.	26	34 to 36
Buick—118"W.B.	26 to 39	32 to 40
Cadillac 8—All models	29	40
Chevrolet—All models	24	35 to 38
Chrysler—All models	24	35
Ford—All models	20	35
Hudson	22 to 26	40
LaSalle—All models	28	40
Nash 6 & 8—All models	26	30 to 35
Packard—All models	26	40
Studebaker 6 & 8	22 to 28	35 to 40

These pressures are for rear tires. In front tires, for easiest steering, use a few pounds more air. The above are a few examples. All General Tire distributors have complete low pressure schedules for every make of car.

GENERAL

BLOWOUT-PROOF *Dual* **BALLOON**

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY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LIGHT Packaged light that cuts black night with rays of dazzling brightness . . . in the closet, in the car, in the bedroom, outdoors . . . at the press of a thumb. Eveready Batteries fit—and improve—all makes of flashlights. 10c everywhere.

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RADIO No empty air-space here—Eveready Layerbilt "B's" are built of flat cells that cut out waste areas between cells. Your money buys more energy—better reception. To get the new principle, ask for Eveready Layerbilts by name.

Evereadys are dated—your guarantee of fresh, full-powered batteries

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(New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N.B.C. network of 27 stations.

Manufactured and guaranteed by NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC. General Offices: New York, N. Y.
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 76)

To repeat, the success of the triple lies principally in the reëstablishment of brain coördination following that dazed second in which the body is turning so swiftly that the mind apparently loses control. For an instant I know nothing except that I am turning with increased velocity—a thing which the audience rarely notices is that in the triple the body of the performer during the second revolution is actually more than a foot higher than in the first. This is the height of the speed; I spin as though I had been caught in a whirlwind, and during that second revolution the speed of my body has exceeded the speed of my brain. But once the height has been reached, my brain begins to fight for renewed control.

It is comparable to a swift recovery from unconsciousness. The tent, the music, the roll of the band's drumbeat; hearing, sight, sense of direction, knowledge of surroundings—all have been instantaneously absent. Then, suddenly, I am alive again. I am falling, and spinning as I fall. The sudden deadness of my brain is jerked instantaneously to life. From far away a vague, filmy mirage rushes toward me with the speed of a bullet. The trapeze from which it hangs is cobwebby; the outstretched arms are misshapen and grotesque. I see only one thing clearly—the eyes, growing swiftly larger and more luminous. Closer, closer they rush, until they are staring into mine, the reflected lights of the big top seeming to gleam from them like the glare from enormous headlights. There in the air, I seem to halt. Suddenly the eyes lose their grotesqueness; they become the humorously lighted, normal eyes of my brother, Lalo. I feel the grip of his strong fingers upon the silken taping of my arms; my own hands grip his taped wrists; I hear the applause of the audience; I am swinging safely beneath his trapeze. That is, as a rule. But sometimes we miss.

When the Brain Sideslips

That is when the strangest of all mental disturbances occurs. Perhaps I miss because my brain, like a tired muscle, has not been able to flex swiftly enough to reassume control. Perhaps that fatigue has exerted itself when I swung off the pedestal, in failing to give the proper command that will send my body high enough; perhaps it was when I left the trapeze for the beginning of my revolutions. Somewhere in the intricacies of the trick, my brain has sideslipped, and as I fall to the net, it continues its vagaries. This, in spite of the fact that it is in partial control; the triple somersault is a great place to study the freaks of the mind. I am plunging downward to the net. My brain is sufficiently alert to know that this fall, unless gauged to the merest fraction of body balance, may result in my death. Therefore, my body turns so that the force of this forty-foot fall is expended upon the muscles of my back; a subconscious action wholly, for I have consciously known little about it.

A Moment Packed With Life

During that instantaneous drop I may be out fishing, or walking along Fifth Avenue in New York, or practicing my act down in the old building in Shreveport, Louisiana. I see friends I have not met for years, scenes that otherwise have been forgotten. I look down upon my father, standing in his practice clothes in the building at Shreveport, and shouting directions to me as I fail in another attempt to learn the triple somersault.

My brain has completely sideslipped into one of those phenomena best described as a momentary dream, of the same type experienced by persons who sleep through the ramifications of a long vision, only to find that they have little more than closed their eyes. Or the sensations that are attributed to a person when drowning; or, better still, the example cited by Mark Twain in which he experienced all the sensations of a dream while crossing a street. Sometimes extraordinarily lengthy events pass before me. Again it is only an instantaneous flash, a blurred picture.

Then comes the impact of the net and the swing into the air as I go upward on the rebound. I awaken to the realization that I have failed, that the audience is applauding after the gasping wait during my plunge while it has feared for my safety. A queer rage comes over me. My face flushes; for an instant I stand there like a schoolboy, shaking my fists. Sometimes the anger is uncontrollable. I claw at the net, I strike at it with my clenched fists; I have even fallen to my knees, tearing at the roped knots with my teeth.

My brain clears. I bow. I laugh—and go to the rope ladder, to climb upward for another try at the triple somersault.

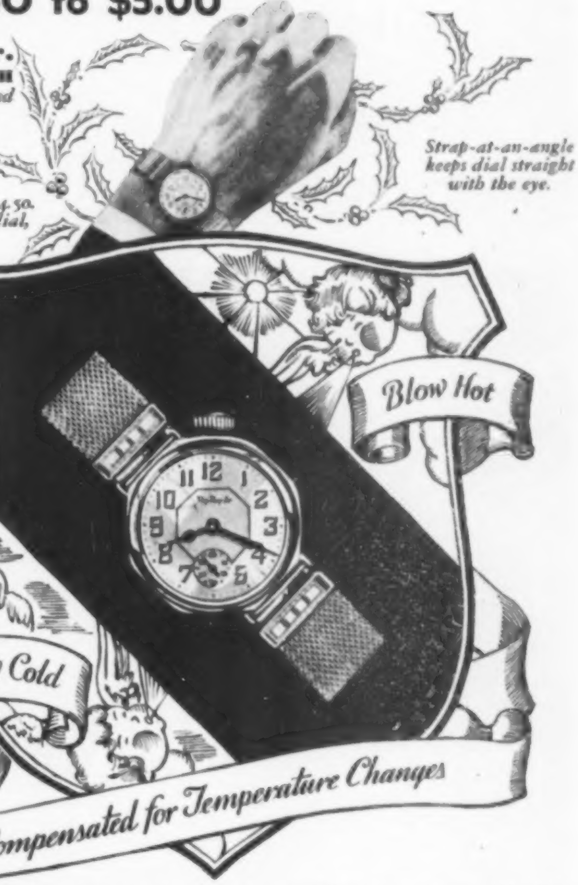
PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Lake Placid, New York

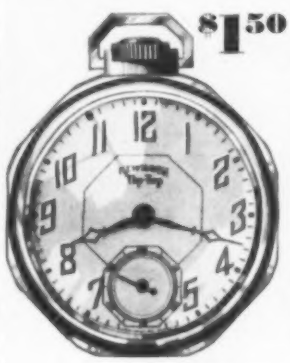
GIFT WATCHES SO FINE
you'd never imagine they're priced
only $1.50 to $5.00

TIP-TOP Jr.
WRIST-WATCH
with chromium-plated metal-mesh strap.
$5
With pigskin strap, $4.50. Each with radium dial, 50c extra.

Strap-at-an-angle keeps dial straight with the eye.



IN BEAUTY of design and in timekeeping quality, these new Tip-Top Watches make gifts that any one of any age will appreciate. Yet American methods of making have kept the prices low. For sports or for business, a man finds one of these watches a trustworthy, sturdy timekeeper. And a Tip-Top is just the gift for a boy; Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case, and staunch movement are but a few of the features that fit it for a youngster's active and none-too-gentle existence. At such low prices as $1.50 to $5.00, these watches are remarkable in possessing a feature formerly found only in expensive watches: they are compensated for temperature changes, thus defying heat or cold, those old enemies of timekeeping accuracy. They are not affected by weather that one day "blows hot" and then "blows cold." They have smart, trim cases, raised numerals on silver dial, artistic hands. Tip-Top Jr. wrist-watch has a genuine chromium-plated case and chromium-plated metal-mesh strap set at an angle that keeps dial straight with the eye. At only $5.00 it's a wonder! Ask for Tip-Top Watches.



$1.50

Tip-Top Pocket Watch (left), octagon design, compensated for temperature changes, with raised numerals on silver dial and Krack-Proof Krystal. $1.50* Radium dial $2.25.

Tip-Top Quintet (right), compensated for temperature changes, with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-Proof Krystal. $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

$2

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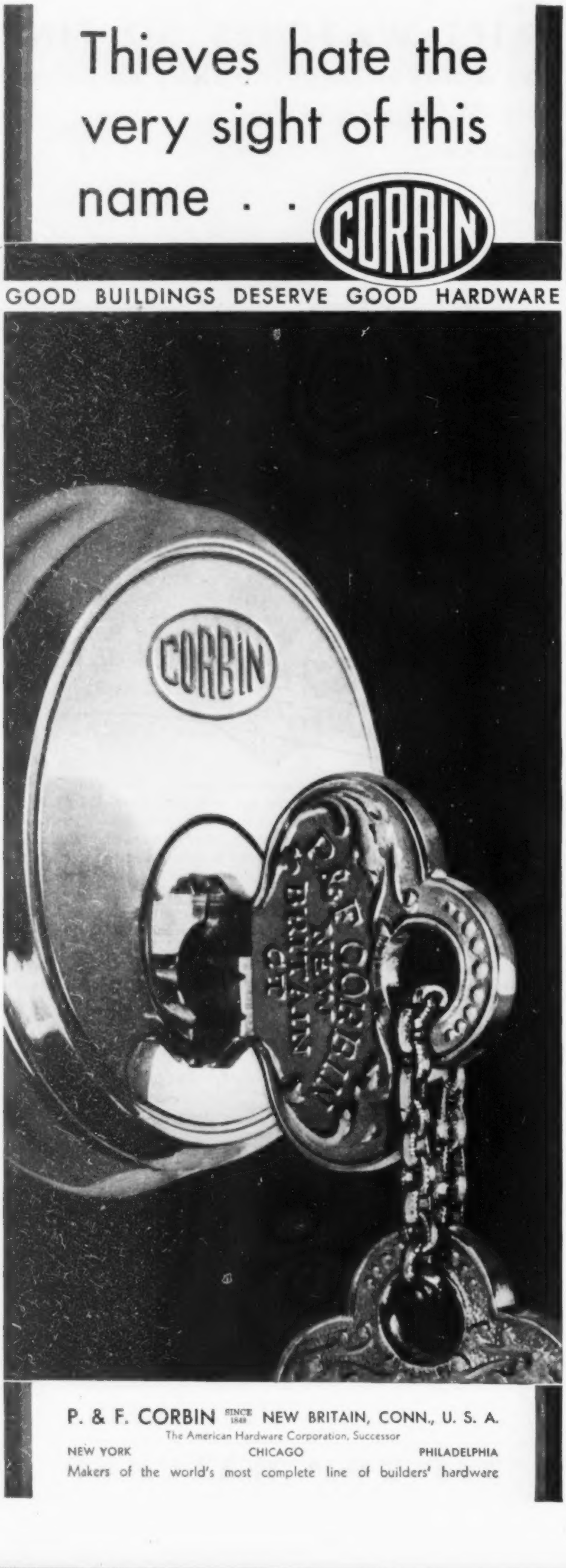

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THE RULING DYNASTY OF WISFOLLETTE

(Continued from Page 19)

four hours. He revived his old attacks upon monopoly, predatory wealth and machine politicians. The arguments were old and trite, but the speaker was ever new. Not only a great orator but a consummate actor, his addresses were as good as any dramatic performance that Broadway boasts. When the returns were in he had carried all save one county in the state, including most of the conservative strongholds. The personality of the old man, fighting his last great battle, was too powerful to permit any issue to prevail against him.

An Old Warrior Passes

Wisconsin never took Old Bob's presidential aspirations as seriously as many did outside of Wisconsin. The La Follette hold on Wisconsin is local in its background, not national. It voted for him in 1924, but by no tremendous margin.

The La Follette of 1924 was a broken man, not mentally but physically. Forty-five years of almost constant political warfare had taken their toll. When he died in 1925, an opposition paper paid tribute to him in the rolling words of the Shakspere he so dearly loved to quote:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel,
nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

To tell the story of what then happened—the version as quoted by the La Follette opposition in the recent campaign, when Phil La Follette was nominated for governor—will probably give as accurate a picture of how the La Follette foes feel about developments since 1925 as any. This quotation is taken from the editorial columns of the Wisconsin State Journal, Madison:

> Did the late Robert Marion La Follette, Sr., actually bequeath the state of Wisfollette to the first and second sons? Emphatically, he did not. In fact, the late Robert M. La Follette, Sr., moved deliberately and foresightedly to set up a succession that was democratic, not dynastic. The succession that he planned was not Belle Case La Follette, now starring as the queen regent and the power behind the throne. It wasn't Robert M. La Follette, Jr., the first son, now United States senator. It wasn't P. F. La Follette, the second son, now heading a Falstaffian dash against windmills of his own making. The successor that was in the mind of the late Robert M. La Follette, Sr., was Herman L. Ekern. The descendants broke the will in a court of their own making.
>
> Of course, at the outset there was the succession to the senatorship. There was in Wisconsin a spontaneous tribute that rose from all quarters, stalwarts and halfbreeds and Democrats, and the thought was that it would be a nice tribute were Belle Case La Follette asked to represent the state for the unfinished term of the statesman. Perhaps there was not a paper in the state, no matter what its political creed, that did not voice this thought. But the queen regent is a shrewd woman, a politician. She declined, but the public sensed a certain string on the declination.
>
> The thought about Fighting Bob was generous, even among his political enemies. They sensed the greatness and the complication of the benevolent and the sinister in the man, and they turned quite readily to a splendid idea. Henry Allen Cooper was the patriarch of the then-progressive cause. He was, indeed, the dean of its men, a splendid, militant character who had faced many a national convention unflinchingly amid its early jeers, to resume his seat amongst its cheers. Mr. Cooper was a man of advanced age. What nicer thought than that this venerable compatriot of the distinguished statesman be rewarded.
>
> At the moment benevolent stalwarts who conceived such a possibility had not themselves sensed the merciless and political mercenary machine they were fighting. Henry Allen Cooper was ruthlessly thrust aside. The queen regent placed her hand upon the head of the first son, the heir apparent. Fighting Bob's democracy was gone, the principality was ushered in.

This version of the story of how Young Bob, at the age of thirty years, succeeded his father in the United States Senate may be somewhat prejudiced, but it is about as good a version as may be given of the events which led up to what the conservatives now recognize to have been a most complete catastrophe. The tale also, aside from reflecting a sidelight upon the rough and jagged words which fly in Wisconsin factional scraps, indicates that the tributes paid to Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Sr., as a political strategist are well deserved.

To put two and two together, the opposition was perfectly willing to permit either Mrs. La Follette or the veteran Henry Allen Cooper, the present dean of the national House of Representatives, who, although residing in a conservative district, is reëlected to Congress term after term, to fill out the unexpired term of the dead statesman. Mrs. La Follette, however, refused to accept the honor, and succeeded in bestowing it upon her son. Had either Mrs. La Follette, Sr., or Cooper been selected, the way would have been cleared in a very few years for a conservative victory. Instead of which Young Bob was not only chosen to fill out his father's term as senator, which would have expired in 1929, but when 1928 came around he was elected in his own right for another six years, being nominated almost without a contest in the same primary in which the conservative candidate for governor, Walter Kohler, walked all over the La Follette choice, Congressman Joe Beck. The younger Bob is now thirty-six years old, and his health, once very poor, seems to be getting better all the time. The conservatives, after having waited twenty years for Old Bob to pass from the picture, now fear that they may have even a longer period of delay awaiting Young Bob's demise, or accomplishing his defeat, which, to all indications, will not prove a simple task.

The Struggle in the State

So much for the senatorial succession in the La Follette family. This was accomplished almost without a struggle, but in the meanwhile the La Follette factional fortunes in Wisconsin were not going so well as to state affairs. Governor John Blaine had succeeded in advancing to the United States Senate in 1926, when Young Bob was chosen as his colleague to fill out his father's term. Herman Ekern, long a friend of the elder La Follette, was slated to succeed Blaine as governor, but part of the La Follette faction split on this program, and Fred Zimmerman, who had both conservative and

(Continued on Page 82)

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Try Whole Bran for breakfast as a cereal with milk or cream. Delicious! Sprinkle it over your morning fruit or berries. Drop a little in soup at noon or evening—or use it in making the best bran muffins you ever tasted.

In two weeks, you should notice the difference, for the bulkiness of bran helps to clear the system of food wastes.

Whole Bran is the new companion cereal of Post's Bran Flakes, and more people eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world. There's a recommendation for you.

Get acquainted with this new Whole Bran now. You will find it at your grocer's—or if you'd like to try a sample with our compliments, just send the coupon to Battle Creek, Mich. Whole Bran is a product of General Foods Corporation.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Whole Bran. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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(Continued from Page 80)

progressive support, defeated Ekern. In 1928, Zimmerman in turn was beaten by Walter Kohler, running third in a three-cornered primary in which the La Follette candidate, Joe Beck, came in second. Having failed with Ekern and Beck, in 1930 Phil La Follette seemed the only hope, and it did not look any too good even for Phil. Kohler was a strong candidate and an able man. Business conditions had something to do with the outcome, but the factors that really counted were, first, the La Follette tradition, and, possibly of quite equal weight, the personality of Phil himself.

The Why of the La Follettes

The situation right now in Wisconsin, as both factions see it, is that Young Bob is in the United States Senate until 1934 at least, and probably a whole lot longer, and Phil, at the age of thirty-three, will become governor in January, and is likely to stay there for the customary three two-year terms Wisconsin usually extends its executives.

For a proper understanding of the whys and wherefores of Wisconsin's adoption of a dynasty, it is necessary to know something about both the people of the state and the members of the La Follette family themselves. With the exception of a minority of strongly conservative Republicans, most of them lineal descendants of the pre-La Follette-era Republican rulers, Wisconsin voters have no strong party loyalty on state or even national issues. Milwaukee has only about 20,000 party Socialists, but elects a Socialist mayor, Dan Hoan, year in and year out, because his administration has proved quite satisfactory to most of the citizens. In the administration of public affairs a public office is about as near a public trust in Wisconsin as it is anywhere in the country. The state capitol, a magnificent granite structure, was commenced during the administration of the senior La Follette, was constructed during the incumbency of three succeeding governors, one a progressive, the second a Bull Mooser, and the third a rock-bound conservative, at a cost of $7,500,000, and there was never a charge that a dime was stolen by anybody. Today, it could not be rebuilt for $20,000,000, and architects say it will last a thousand years. There has never been a serious scandal in state administrative affairs during the present generation. The people are acutely interested in their politics, most of the candidates of all factions are of excellent character, and far more attention is paid to personalities than to issues. The present state treasurer, who has been repeatedly reëlected, is old Solomon Levitan, who came to Wisconsin as an immigrant half a century ago, peddled wares from a pack on his back to the Swiss farmers down about New Glarus, until he got a start, opened a general store, finally moved to Madison and became president of a bank, owns most of the moving-picture houses in town, is an orthodox Jew, and can't be licked for his present office by anybody. He is a La Follette progressive by faction, but is as conservative in general principles as any stalwart in the state. The voters like personal campaigning, and in this respect the La Follettes—father, sons, mothers and wives—are not to be excelled. Wisconsin voters do not care in the least whether or not their United States senators and congressmen at Washington are regular, and most of them are not. Above all, they seem to enjoy a good political fight and to love a hard fighter. Rough-and-tumble campaigning is the rule rather than the exception, and in this qualification the La Follettes have also been fortunate. It is debatable whether Wisconsin voters have become in majority La Follette supporters because of the leadership of Old Bob, or whether the La Follettes have come into power because of the nature of the people of the state. It is probably a bit of both.

The La Follette family in itself is a phenomenon which, even aside from its political phases, would be remarkable. The elder La Follette's father was of French Huguenot extraction, a Kentuckian by birth, and drifted into Wisconsin from Indiana in the early fifties. He died when Robert La Follette was a few months old, leaving him as the youngest of three children. There was nothing in either his ancestry or surroundings to differentiate him from any ordinary pioneer farm lad. Apparently he was born with the relentless energy which forced him out of his rural environment into Madison, through the university, and into the political career that began when Boss Keyes told him he couldn't be district attorney.

While at the university he met Belle Case La Follette, whose name bobs up every few paragraphs in any really personal story of the elder La Follette. She, too, came from Wisconsin pioneer stock. Like her husband, she was born in a log cabin, in Summitt, Juneau County, Wisconsin, in 1859. She went to Madison at the age of sixteen, attending the university, where she met La Follette. Both were graduated in 1879. Both were stellar college orators, Mrs. La Follette taking the prize for the best commencement address, while her husband won his first public distinction representing his school in an interstate contest at Iowa City.

The First Wisconsin Portia

The companionship which began at the university resulted in their marriage in 1881. In 1885, Mrs. La Follette was graduated from the Wisconsin University law school, the first woman to receive such a degree from that institution. Once, when a Chief Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme Court complimented him upon a brief he had submitted, La Follette replied:

"That brief was written by an unknown but very able member of our bar—altogether the brainiest member of our family. Mrs. La Follette wrote that brief from start to finish."

From an assistant and associate to the young lawyer in his practice, Mrs. La Follette became his secretary and clerk in Washington when he went to Congress. She is active as a writer and speaker, edited a department in La Follette's magazine, and was one of the early leaders in the cause of woman suffrage.

It is not the slightest exaggeration to say that Mrs. La Follette had a share in every important political activity in which her husband took part, and that her influence is reflected in every important political move of her children. The La Follette movement is a family affair, not an individual matter, and the same unity of husband and wife which was so evident in the life of the senior La Follettes is being carried into the new generation by both of her sons in their family life.

When the elder La Follette was elected governor of the state in 1900, he took with him into the executive mansion two roistering youngsters, then five and three years of age, respectively, who are now respectively United States senator and prospective governor of Wisconsin. Young Bob and Young Phil thus got an extremely early introduction in public life. Their two sisters—Fola, now Mrs. George Middleton, wife of the New York playwright, and Mary, wife of Ralph Sucher, Washington newspaperman—completed the family, which even then was a source of intense interest in Madison. Fola, prior to her marriage, was a successful dramatic actress, while Mary has marked talent as a portrait painter.

Old Bob and Young Bob

Young Bob became the constant companion of his father. From 1901 to 1925, they were never long separated. He attended school in Washington when his father was in the Senate, but in the summer months the family lived in the rambling farmhouse which they had acquired on the banks of Lake Mendota, on the outskirts of Madison. Bob, Jr., entered Wisconsin University in 1913, but never completed his course, because of ill health. He became his father's confidential secretary, but in 1918 was seized with pneumonia and complications which threatened his life for more than nine months.

During that period the elder La Follette practically withdrew from official life to nurse the boy. The physicians gave up hope. The father moved his cot to the boy's bedside and nursed him day and night for months. He studied every authority he could find upon the disease from which Young Bob was suffering. "You cannot die; you must not die," he told the boy. "We are going to get well." And Young Bob did get well, to become his father's representative in political matters during the six years which preceded his death.

Prior to Young Bob's candidacy to succeed his father, few people in Wisconsin considered him as a permanent political factor. He had made but one important public speech—that being before the Progressive convention at Cleveland in 1924, when he presented his father's declaration. By 1928, he had not only convinced the voters of Wisconsin in two campaigns that he could take care of himself in the savage campaigning of his home state, but he had made himself respected and popular on the floor at Washington. At the Kansas City Republican Convention in 1928, his appearance drew as great an ovation as that of any speaker, and this before an audience generally hostile to his views.

Young Bob had been considered a confirmed bachelor, but he celebrated the victory of his brother Phil in the gubernatorial primary in September by quietly wedding his secretary in the old La Follette farm house at Madison. In his selection of a wife he followed what appears to be becoming established as a La Follette family policy. His bride, Rachel Wilson Young, was secretary to Robert M. La Follette, Sr., during the last year of his life and became the secretary to the junior senator when he was chosen to succeed his father. She is a Washington girl of good old Virginia family, and, of course, an accomplished and able politician.

The young Senator La Follette has his father's painstaking ability for research, his relentless unwillingness to compromise, and has exactly the same habits of thought and mental backgrounds as those developed by his father and mother and by the whole family in a lifetime of intimate association.

Phil, the younger of the brothers, is of quite different characteristics. Young Bob is suave, polished and debonair. Phil is quick, spontaneous and brilliant. He has the fire of oratorical delivery of his father, a tously head of black hair, and a pleasing glint in his eye. He is small, never weighing more than 135 pounds. Like his brother, he has been in incessant contact with Wisconsin and Washington public affairs throughout his life. In Milwaukee during the recent campaign some member of the crowd called him "a chip of the old block." "No, only a splinter," came back Phil. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin, was admitted to the bar, and was elected district attorney of Dane County as his first public office. This was the same office his father sought in 1880. He served but one term, retiring to practice law. During the World War, Phil enlisted as a private, and was a second lieutenant when the Armistice was signed.

In his campaign last summer for the Wisconsin gubernatorial nomination, he stumped the state as his father had done before him. He traveled 11,000 miles, driving a popular make of car most of the time, and made 270 speeches. The crowds got larger all the time. Unlike Young Bob, Phil always had a flair for oratory, and has been on the platform steadily since 1920. He spoke with his father in almost every meeting held by the senior member of the family in his campaign for the presidency in 1924. Phil's gubernatorial campaign in 1930 was a bitter one, and became very personal. Phil hammered away on the old Progressive doctrines, but the crowds who came to see him were interested mainly in comparing his work on the stump with that of his father in decades gone by. Evidently their verdict was favorable.

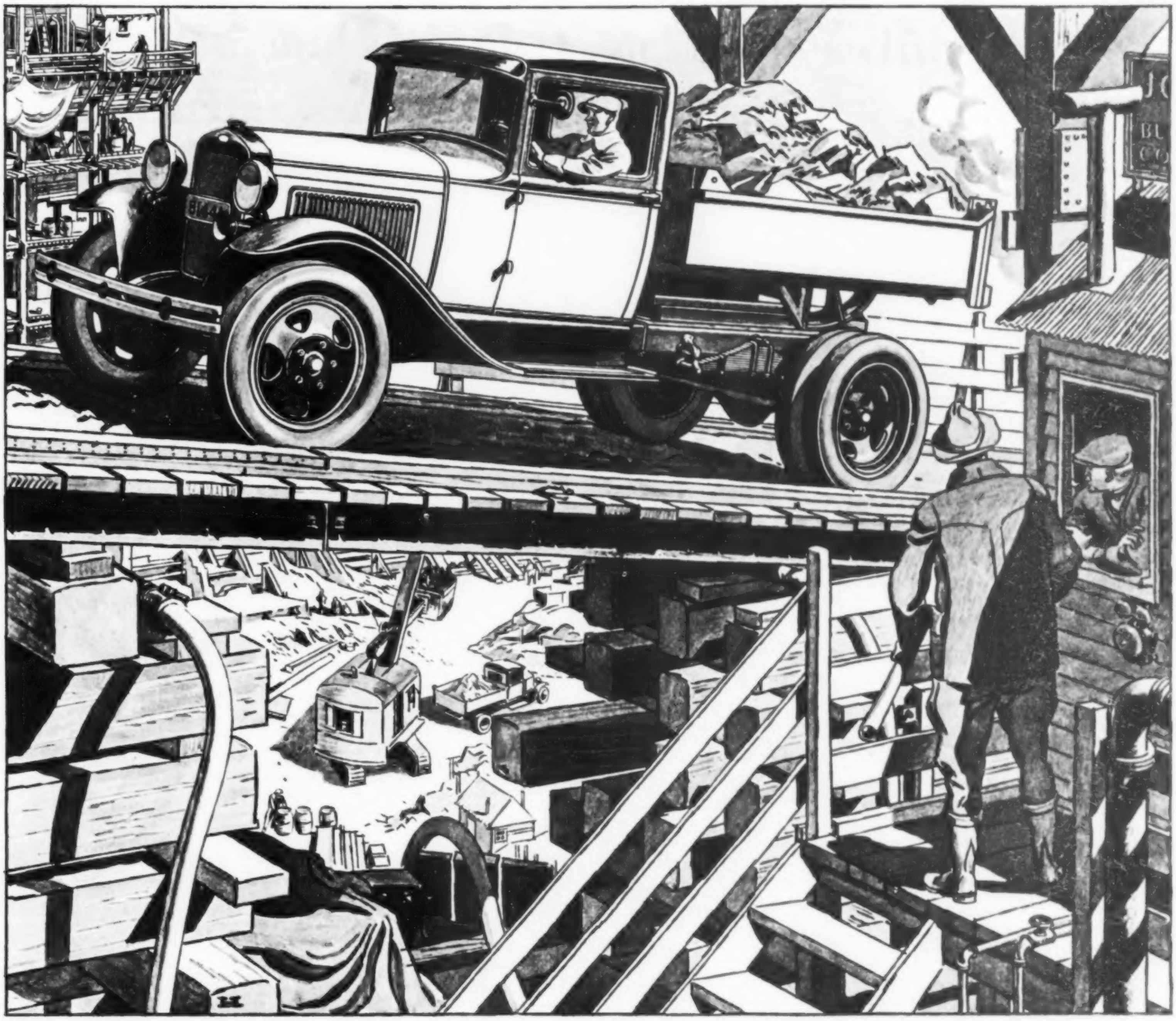
History Repeats Itself

Phil, like his father, married a classmate from the University of Wisconsin. Isabel La Follette, who is to become the first lady of Wisconsin, is typical of the La Follette women. She is a competent speaker and a fine organizer. She campaigned in and out of headquarters for her husband, and she is bringing up her children on a combined diet of politics and Shakspere, along with plenty of good food. They have two children, Bob the Third, aged four and one-half, and Judith, nearly two. They live in the old La Follette mansion, and already the third Bob has his eye on the governorship, along about thirty years or so from now.

Plenty of people in Wisconsin and elsewhere do not like the La Follette political philosophy. Most everybody, however, likes the La Follette family. The record indicates, at least, that the Wisconsin dynasty has studied its stuff. And, if it be true, as the stalwarts aver, that Belle Case La Follette, now past her seventieth year, and writing the final biography of her husband, was a keen enough politician and a loving enough mother to step aside and thus make one son a United States senator and the other a governor, that single incident helps to explain the establishing of the dynasty. The La Follettes are all like her. They are both smart and human. Smart enough, it appears, to outwit the opposition, and human enough to be loved by at least a majority of their fellow citizens. And, as an opposition leader commented:

"If we are going to have a ruling family in Wisconsin, I don't know of a better qualified one than the La Follettes."

The Ford Truck gives liberal service AT SCANT COST



WHERE there are goods to be hauled and work to be done, the Ford $1\frac{1}{2}$-ton truck finds its proper place. You will see these trucks in widespread service, lending their power and strength to the jobs in hand. In each case, the full measure of hauling value they give is increased by their marked economy.

Mechanical excellence, which contributes to reliability and capable performance in the Ford truck, is evident throughout its chassis. The 4-cylinder engine develops 40 horse-power at 2200 r. p. m., which is but a moderate engine-speed. More than twenty ball and roller bearings reduce friction and wear at important points in the chassis, adding to the life of the truck.

Simplicity of the electrical, ignition, cooling, lubrication and fuel systems also insures uninterrupted service, and lowers the cost of maintenance.

Other features of importance are the forty different kinds of steel in the chassis; the extensive use of fine steel forgings; the spiral bevel gear rear axle, with straddle-mounted pinion; 4-speed transmission; large, fully enclosed brakes; and dual rear wheels, available at small additional cost.

There is a wide range of bodies which makes the Ford truck adaptable to economical service in many businesses. See this truck at the showroom of your Ford dealer. You can find the name and address of the nearest Ford dealer in your "Where to Buy It" Classified Telephone Directory under the name "Ford."

Write Rapidly?

EXCLUSIVE with Carter . . . Pearltex—handsome as fine mother-of-pearl—quite the newest, easily the most distinctive, of fountain pen finishes.

HOWARD A. LOEB, Chairman Tradesmens National Bank and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Non-permanent inks may be pleasing in color, but . . . their dubious safety renders them totally unfit for business uses. . . . The adoption of an ink of proved permanence is a simple precautionary measure . . . should appeal . . . to all business men."

A WRITING SET delightfully feminine in size and styling. The dainty pen, the petite pencil, the handy carrying case, are developed in Pearltex, the smart new pen finish originated by Carter.

CARTER PENS for men are thoroughly masculine; sturdy but light; exceptionally well-balanced. All Pearltex pens are trimmed with 14-carat gold, and tipped with rich black Coralite.

PEARLTEX is available in five smart shades, white, black, rose, green, blue—but only in Carter pens and pencils.

CARTER PEN nibs are tipped with Osmiridium. Flexible, yet very strong. Withstands perfectly the wear and tear, the accidents and abuse, inevitable in every-day use.

. . . write Slowly ?

Here's Pen and Ink that picks up swiftly— writes smoothly at any speed . . .

Dear
To Mr. Ed
Carter's Ink Company Boston Massachusetts
Carter's
Blue-Black
RYTO
INK

Hostesses, Inc., smart New York social secretariat, writes:—"Your correspondence gains unmistakably in distinction when you choose a really fine ink—a full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly, writes smoothly."

FREE INK! Enjoy Ryto's smooth, velvety flow. Send for above sample (writes 40,000 words). Enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover cost of postage.
The Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

A lustrous black PEARLTEX pen, a base of rich green Argentine onyx, combine to form this handsome Carter Desk Stand. Many equally smart models in holiday displays at Carter dealers'.

A FEW LINES scrawled in haste, or a long chatty letter written at leisure . . . a check dashed off five minutes before the bank closes, or a lengthy report written with care and deliberation . . .

At any speed, Carter's Pens write *smoothly*, Carter's Ink flows *evenly*.

Touch point to paper; instantly a smooth, velvety flow. Race the pen; it can't stall, it won't sputter. Slow down; the flow of the ink slows, too—but with no flooding of the pen. Come to a dead stop; instantly the flow ceases—but with no drying of the ink, no clogging of the pen.

CARTER'S PENS accommodate themselves instantly, automatically, to any writing pace because gold nib and comb feed are perfectly mated. Highly skilled workmen, using powerful magnifying lenses, employing special precision gauges, effect an adjustment precise to the thousandth of an inch.

CARTER'S RYTO INK flows evenly whether you write rapidly or slowly, steadily or jerkily. In half a century of making the finest writing inks, we have perfected a formula and method that permit absolute regulation of consistency. Flow is free but always under control. No drops or drips, blobs or blots.

Carter's Ryto is *safe* for business, *smart* for social uses. Deep blue, it dries into a *permanent* black. Won't fade. Can't be washed out. Defies time and tampering. Flowing smoothly at any speed, it writes with a delightful evenness of texture and tint. Lends to the most casual note the vigor and grace of fine engraving.

■

Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex. Handsome as mother-of-pearl. In white, black, rose, green, blue. Carter's Inks are sold everywhere—but Carter's Pearltex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Mass.

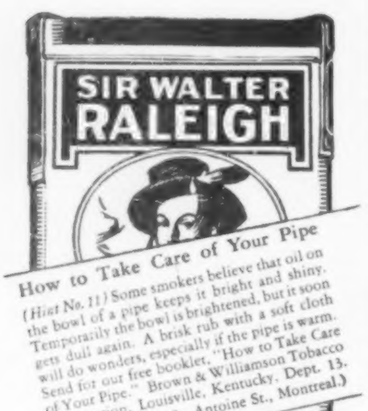
Carter's

PENS AND INKS

Don't bother to "make this simple test"

BUT if you must convince yourself, try some ordinary tobacco in an old pipe. Note result in chalk on the bottom of your left shoe.

Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacconist has Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.


SIR WALTER RALEIGH
iscovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 11) Some smokers believe that oil on the bowl of a pipe keeps it bright and shiny. Temporarily the bowl is brightened, but it soon gets dull again. A brisk rub with a soft cloth will do wonders, especially if the pipe is warm. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 13. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

BUSINESS COURTESY

(Continued from Page 15)

want that bull in street clothes over here roarin' around? You've never seen him in action. He stays in bed until noon and then blows in just before closing time, full of fight, so we can all stay here till midnight listenin' to him tell us what's wrong. Haven't you got any skull? Why didn't you say we hadn't had any cases yet, the office had only just started, or something like that? And you told him all about the P. L. case! Well, what did you tell him? Tell me! What's it amount to?"

"Well, now," said Spicer eagerly, "it's a funny thing. Briefly, our assured was going south and this meat wagon, or truck, was coming north. Well, you know how those roads are out there on the city limits. The meat cart gets one wheel off the cement into soft ground and tips over. Load o' meat and top completely wrecked. All the dogs in Garfield Park was there, having a steak dinner. No, but the funny thing is this: The guy that was drivin' the meat cart was in my old outfit! Not the old outfit, because he didn't join until we was up in Germany, but he knows a lotta guys I know. He was cookin' for the officers' mess at Obermalheim. So we just had a good chew."

"And closed out the case for a nominal release," interrupted Cady.

"Nominal release, my eye! Why, our assured hogged the road and run this poor lad off it into the soft ground."

"Any mark of contact on either machine?"

"No, but ——"

"No liability! If this egg can't drive, that's his hard luck."

"Now, just listen to these facts, will you? Never mind the liability. I looked it up, an' there's a case on it. Here's the layout. This Miranda Street is narrow; there's only three houses, about, on it—you know, those Polack houses—and this cement roadway, with a soft bank on either side about two feet high. The assured's got one of those big arks that take up all the road anyway, and he says, in his statement, he didn't dare get over himself because of the soft ground, so over goes the meat cart. He's got an old wagon body on a light truck, this buddy o' mine has, an' he peddles meat to the Hunyaks and that crowd that live out there. Well, he tips over and spills the wagon body out and all the meat all over the ground. The main damage is the meat. Sixty dollars' worth o' meat! Now, sixty dollars don't grow on every bush for a poor ex-soldier. He ain't paid for his truck yet, even. And if we don't settle with him for his load o' meat an' broken body, he's sunk. That's the end o' the meat business."

"No liability!"

"There's a case on it!" protested the investigator. "Dunn versus Moratz; 92 Illinois Appellate: 'Each traveler shall keep to his own side of the center line of the highway.'"

"Apple sauce! Listen! Do you think I'm going to pay in full on the first public-liability case that comes into this office and McClusky in the same town with me? Go quote cases to him; he'll tell you ——"

"Cady! Mitt me!"

The door banged open, and in rushed Joe Doak with outstretched hand.

"Mitt me, kid!" he repeated. "I've just sewed up the Simpkins Structural Steel for one year, effective at 12:01 P.M. today, for public liability, workmen's comp. and general liability in those states, and so forth and so forth! Yah-hah! Whaddyuh think of that?"

"But how did you get over the Missouri matter?"

"That's the point!" exulted Doak. "You mind you said why didn't I place it somewhere myself? Well, that was the thought! I did! We cover everywhere but Missouri, and I just got the Farmers and Cattlemen's to write me a little reinsurance on that one. They can have the premium for that job and we get all the rest! Clever, huh? Ha-ha-ha! Clever, that's me! I'll be a vice president within a year!"

"Yeh? But listen. What's the home office goin' to say about placing reinsurance? There'll be a lot of steaming memorandums about that. Gee, you'll have to think fast!"

"Bah!" said Mr. Doak, snapping his fingers. "'Business courtesy'—that's the word! If you burned down the office and called it business courtesy, you'd get away with it. Aren't the Simpkins Structural the biggest risk we ever got west of Boston? Shouldn't I get the business any way I can, especially by a little rapid work—nothing in the hand, nothing in the sleeve—in just placing a little reinsurance?"

There was a short pause.

"Sure," agreed Cady finally. "Why not?" His eye became fixed on vacancy. "I'll have to have a couple more men," he mused, "because they'll have a flock of claims, and at the end of six months, because of added work and responsibilities, a little adjustment of salary; then, perhaps later, because we'll handle these steel people so well, we'll get another big risk—maybe out of the state—and then we become a district. Then I'm district claim boss ——" His wandering eye suddenly became fixed on the earnest face of Investigator Spicer, who was listening open-mouthed to every word.

"And I'll be your assistant," interjected Spicer, seeing that his presence had registered on his superior.

"You!" cried Cady. "Say, listen! I've been wanting to talk to you! Whaddyuh mean by promising payment on a no-liability case? Don't look innocent! The Rose Wet Wash called up yesterday and wanted to know what I meant by sending back a doctor's bill with a disclaimer letter! They said you told the bookkeeper you'd pay on the case, and they told the employe they'd take care of him! And now, says they, they aren't going back on their word, and we'll pay or they'll cancel! Whaddyuh mean by it? That Skarkofsky is a chauffeur! What's he doing getting his hand in a mangle? Huh? 'Not in the course of injured's employment.' Nix! He was in there chewing the fat with Big Bertha Bohunk, and gets his hand in the mangle in the excitement! No liability, you mental zero!"

"No," protested Spicer, round-eyed. "He maybe wasn't in the course of his usual employment, but he was furthering the interests of his employer. He was helping run sheets ——"

"Listen! You work for the Industrial Accident Commission, or do you work for us? You should have told him, and told the manager, that this Skarkofsky is a chauffeur, drawing chauffeur's pay, and that the company pays premium on that assumption. If they want to put him to work on a mangle—which they didn't do, he went in there himself to talk to his girl—why, that's their hard luck and his, not ours. Yuh think this is some kind of poor Polacks' relief society? Go on now, out on the street! Do some work for a change! And don't come back without a nominal release on that meat-cart case either."

"Cady," said Mr. Doak, when Spicer had retired, "I know a place where a guy can obtain the liquid derivative of malt in a most pleasant form. Whaddyuh say?"

"No," said Cady sadly, "not with McClusky in town. I've got to stick around."

It was afternoon two days later. Mr. Cady, returning from lunch, found Mr. Doak, resident manager, sitting on the claim-department side of the partition, feet on the desk, his eyes gloomily fixed on the toes of his shoes, which he wiggled from time to time, as though he doubted the vitality of his leg muscles.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Cady in surprise. "Girl throw you down?"

Doak did not answer for several seconds.

"Kid," he said finally, "we're sunk! Gufflooey! Every time this office starts to show signs of life, Old Man Hard Luck gives it a knock for a gool."

"How come?"

"How come? Well, I got the rate schedule from the Farmers and Cattlemen's on that construction job, and they're charging us a lot more than I agreed to cover the Simpkins for."

"What did you do?" asked Cady. "Quote the Simpkins a workmen's compensation rate for Missouri?"

"Well, why not? Isn't a workmen's comp. policy good in all states?"

"It is, my bonny boy, but not in states that haven't got a workmen's comp. law. Missouri ain't! No! A workman's injury in that state is a common-law case, just the same as if he'd been run over by an automobile. He can sue his employer in the courts. With this difference, Joseph Doak—with this difference: If a workman is run over by an automobile, the runner-over hasn't got a prayer. All of which goes into figuring the rate for public-liability policies. But if a workman sues his employer in a state that has no comp. law, the employer can claim that the accident was the workman's fault, or some other workman's fault, or that by coming to work on the job the employe accepted the risk of such accident and therefore can't collect from the employer. The workman hasn't the prayer then. But just to keep peace in the family, why, the insurance company takes care of these workmen on a compensation basis. Only—only! They still can sue if they want to, and for that reason the insurance rate is always slightly higher than for straight workmen's compensation."

"I know all that," remarked Doak with disgust. "Whaddyuh think I sell every day—washing machines or insurance?"

"I know," said Cady patiently, "but I'm just rehearsing to you a little speech that you can make to the Simpkins Steel, explaining that you made a little mistake in the rate, and that a slight adjustment is necessary, and so forth. Wouldn't that be the thing? What do you suppose they'd say?"

"I know what they'd say!" replied Doak bitterly. "They'd say, 'Open the door and let the wind blow this out.' They're business men. They don't care anything about P. L., G. L., comp.,

(Continued on Page 89)

Clear the floor for Christmas

Dad wants to play with the toys

WHO wants to sit in a chair when there are trains to be tried out, soldiers to be marched, airplanes to be launched, and no end of games to be played! Who ever heard of a mother saying on this merriest day of the year, "Now you'll just simply have to keep off the floor!"

Certainly not in a home that boasts bright floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. These floors were made to be played on. Even little fellows just learning to creep soon find *that* out. For there's something very comforting about a warm, cushiony surface of Armstrong's Linoleum; something very friendly about a floor that doesn't spoil your fun with dirt-filled cracks and ugly splinters.

Busy mothers might be more interested in its good housekeeping virtues. It's such an easy floor to clean up. Little accidents don't seem to bother it much, for it doesn't spot or stain—the surface is Accolac-Processed. Wax it lightly, then polish to make it look like new. Or, where floors may need frequent washing, simply renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)

It's not too late for you to have these cheery, colorful floors in your home in time for the holidays. The installation is quick, less than a day for the average size room. And that means a permanent job, too—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt.

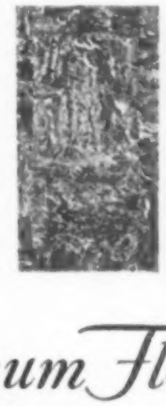
Just stop in at a good department, furniture, or linoleum store near your home. There you will see scores of Armstrong's Linoleum Floor designs suitable for all types of rooms. Bring room measurements with you and then the merchant can tell you exact costs for any pattern you select.

To help you dress up for the holidays . . . If you'll send a letter to Lancaster for "*New Ideas in Home Decoration*," we'll mail this helpful book to you. Hazel Dell Brown has packed this color-illustrated book just full of suggestions on furnishing and decorating all types of interiors. Mrs. Brown will even work out special room effects for you if you wish. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 338 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)

Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

All ready for the jolliest day of the year—with a floor that's just waiting to join in the fun. Play on it, walk on it, dance on it. It won't track, splinter, spot, or stain. And it's cleaned jiffy-quick. It's one of the new effects in Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 90.

De Luxe Marble Inlaid No. 13137

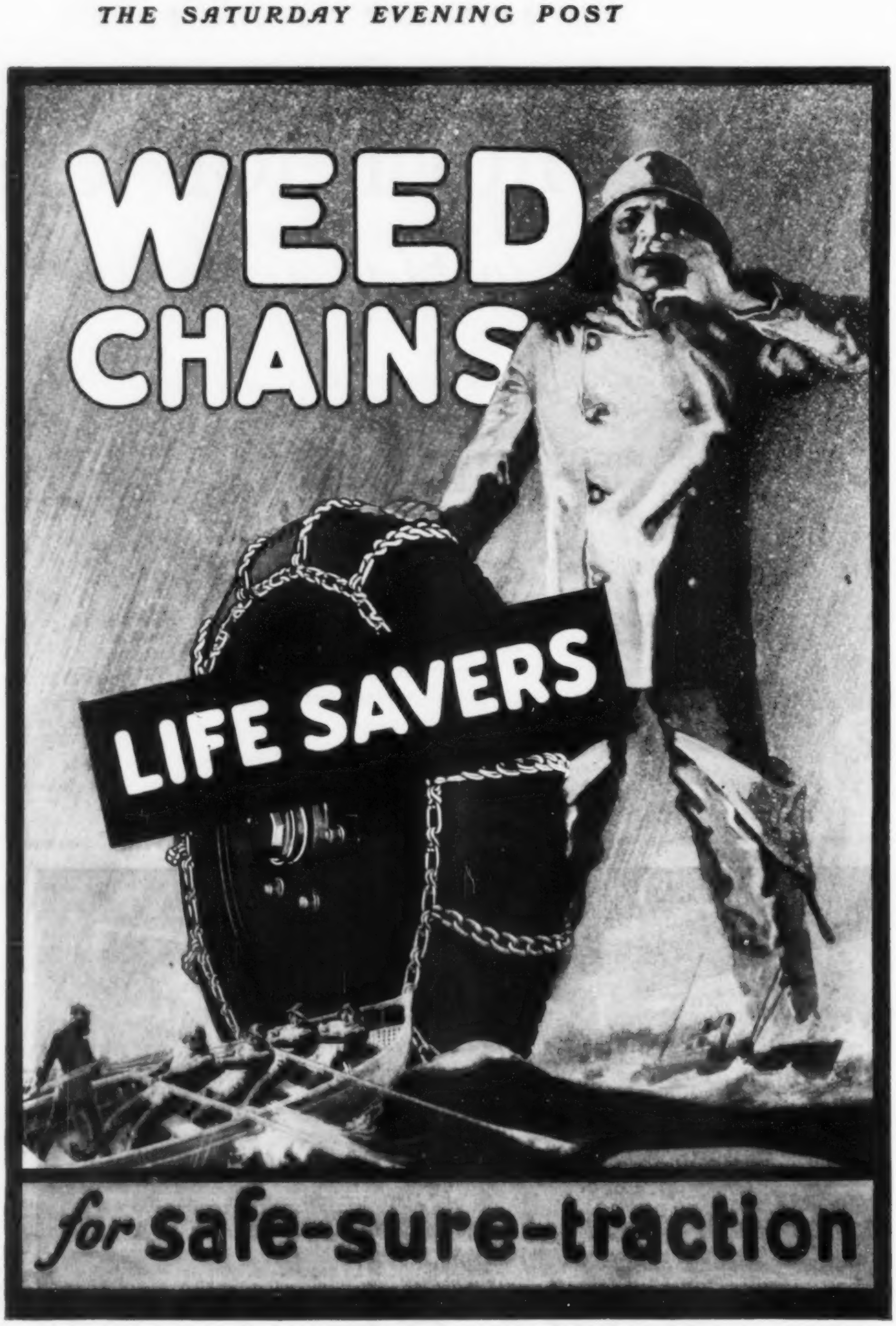


Armstrong's Inlaid Design No. 16012

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · · INLAID · · · EMBOSSED · · · JASPÉ · · · PRINTED · · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS



Enjoy the Weed Tire Chain Radio Program every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern and 7:30 Central Standard time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Get yours in time - -

Thousands of cars were stalled in snow storms between Thanksgiving and Christmas last year, and thousands more during January, February and March of 1930—

Thousands skidded and were wrecked last winter *because the owners did not have Weed Chains.*

Protect yourself this winter. Protect your family, your friends—all who drive with you in the treacherous winter months. It costs so little to prevent grievous accidents. It costs so little and means so much.

Get your protection now. If you wait until you actually need Weeds to safely operate your car you may be involved in a serious accident.

Get your life savers, your Weed Chains, in time. Do it now, during the national Weed Chain "Drive Safely Drive."

ACCO
A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc
in business for Your Safety

DRIVE SAFELY DRIVE

NOV. 29 to DEC. 6

(Continued from Page 86)

collision, fire, theft or transportation. They buy a policy to protect 'em from certain risks, and pay for it, and if we don't know how to figure rates, that's our hard luck. They give us the business because we're the lowest bidder, and we were the lowest bidder because we forgot about this Missouri being a G. L. state instead of a comp. state. Bah! Don't you suppose the Simpkins people knew it? We're bound, and they should worry."

"Well, how much difference does it make, anyway? Can't you just bury the loss in the general premium?"

"No, my boy, you can't! No monkey business in underwriting! It would cost us about sixty dollars a day to carry that Missouri job, and comp. rates being figured to the bone, that would just about take care of our profit if we had good luck with 'em for the year. So we'd have insured the Simpkins Structural Steel Corporation for twelve months for the fun of it."

"Well," said Cady sadly, "I don't know what you can do. I made my suggestion."

433 "Well, I'm going to make mine. Not my suggestion either—my decision. Every minute I sit here the company loses money. See? I put my feet down and put 'em up again. That second cost the company money."

"You sound like McClusky," said Cady. "I was five minutes late punching in one morning, and he hollered to me, 'Whaddyuh mean by it? Five minutes! In those five minutes cases have gone to lawyers, plaintiffs have died, witnesses have been seen by the other side, more money has been lost than would pay your salary the rest of your life! And you waitin' downstairs to finish a butt before yuh come in! Git out and try to get some of it back!'"

"Yeh? Well, I can't get any of it back, but I can stop it. I'm going to cancel. What I'll do after that I don't know, but I'm going to stop the expense. I'll phone the Simpkins people right now."

"No, no! Don't do that! The first thing you do is to telegraph the Farmers and Cattlemen's. That stops the cost the second they receive the telegram. You can notify the Simpkins people later. Maybe you—in the meantime—might get some other firm to take it cheaper."

"Maybe not too! Who's this coming in? Spicer. . . . Well, we'll cancel by telegraph."

"Four copies," advised Cady. . . . "Spicer? You there? Come in here. Try to make yourself useful. Never mind the cases now; take this telegram and make four copies of it. . . . Now, what will you say, Joe?"

"Er—'Farmers and Cattlemen's Mutual Hail, Fire and Cyclone Insurance Company, Meridian, Missouri. Cancel, as of receipt of telegram, our Policy Number G. L. 4286 with you, covering construction Simpkins Steel your city. Signed Doak, resident manager.'"

"Get that, Spicer? Well, go to it! When you get it typed take it over to the telegraph office and send it, and then go over to the courthouse and see how McClusky's case is coming on. If it's over and he's still at the hotel, he'll be in tomorrow."

"Right," agreed Doak, "and we don't want him to be able to say that the sales department is throwing away money worse than the claim."

"Would you like to read that telegram?" asked Spicer when he had finished typing it.

"Uh," grunted Doak. He hastily read it over, then handed it back.

"Got the release on that meat-wagon case?" demanded Cady.

"Well, I was going to tell you about that," began Spicer. "It seems that all the money this poor ex-cook has got in the world is tied up in that meat business. He drew six months' back pay, and his sixty dollars' discharge money, and a state bonus, and that bought him the truck. They trusted him for the first load o' meat. Well, he's been waitin' till he got the outfit paid for an' a hundred dollars in the bank, and then he was gonna get married. This'll bust him. He'll be right back where he started from, only he won't have no more state pay nor discharge money to get a new truck—and so I thought—an' it was really our assured's fault—an' so I said ——"

"And so you thought, and so you said!" interrupted Cady fiercely. "And so you said we'd pay! Accepted liability again, huh? Well, we aren't going to, d'yuh hear?"

"But it'd cost more than sixty dollars to fight it if he got a lawyer!" protested Spicer.

"Yeh, you poor piece of tripe, but that's what we hire investigators for—so that people won't get lawyers! Our first and only P. L. case; McClusky, the chief adjuster, in town; and you thumbing the works! You're the misfire that told him about the case, too, so he'd be sure to come over and ask what we did with it! If you knew him a little better, you'd have kept your mouth shut! Gwan, get outta here with that telegram!"

"I don't know about McClusky," said Spicer sullenly, picking up his hat, "but I know about slave drivers. When I worked for the Fort Fairfax Casualty, they had one there that was always bellowin'. The adjusters hated him till they got an office of their own, an' then they imitated him."

"I guess we've come to the parting of the ways with that guy," observed Cady when his subordinate had gone.

"Well, you'll only get another one just as bad or worse," comforted Mr. Doak. "But having canceled with the Farmers and Cattlemen's, what's the next move? And it's got to be quick, because from now on we carry this risk ourselves, and in a state where we've got no license."

"Go down and explain to 'em," urged Cady. "And if the Simpkins Steel cancels, why, they'll just have to cancel, that's all. We don't make the rates. If the home office wants us to get the business, then let 'em lower the rates."

"Well, yuh see," replied Doak heavily, "the reason they hire salesmen, like they hire adjusters, is to sell policies at rates that allow 'em to make money, and if they was to quote lower rates than any company in the field, why, then they wouldn't need salesmen."

The next day Cady had a case before the Industrial Accident Commission, and Spicer was away on the South Side interviewing two gentlemen of color, employed in a local foundry, who had engaged in a flesh-whittling contest during working hours. It was a case to tie up, since it involved disfigurement, and although such injuries are not in the course of the employment, an adroit attorney can make them appear to be unless an adroit investigator gets there first.

Mr. Cady that night slept soundly, for he had had the plaintiff in his case ordered back to work, and he felt that even McClusky would have approved of the way he had handled it. Sharply the telephone bell rang in his ear at

(Continued on Page 91)

NO NEED TO PAY MORE BECAUSE

HANES GIVES YOU EVERYTHING

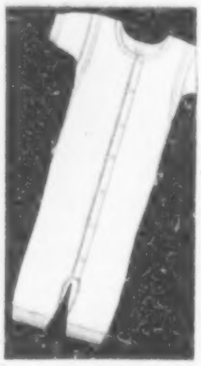
FIT—COMFORT—STYLE—LONG WEAR

HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt. $1.*

Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 to $1.50. Shirts and drawers, 75c to $1.

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. Red Label Lightweights, $1. Boys', age 2 to 16, "heavies," 75c to $1.

HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors, 50c, 75c, $1. Wide choice, real comfort*



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. Also made ankle length with long sleeves.

When you button up in Hanes, you button out all the underwear grief you've ever known. Hanes always fits you—never bunches or binds. The reinforced cuffs don't pull off—buttons stay! The materials are soft, long-lived.

Hanes is a man's underwear. Dungarees couldn't ask for more masculine company, yet smarter or more up-to-date underwear isn't made.

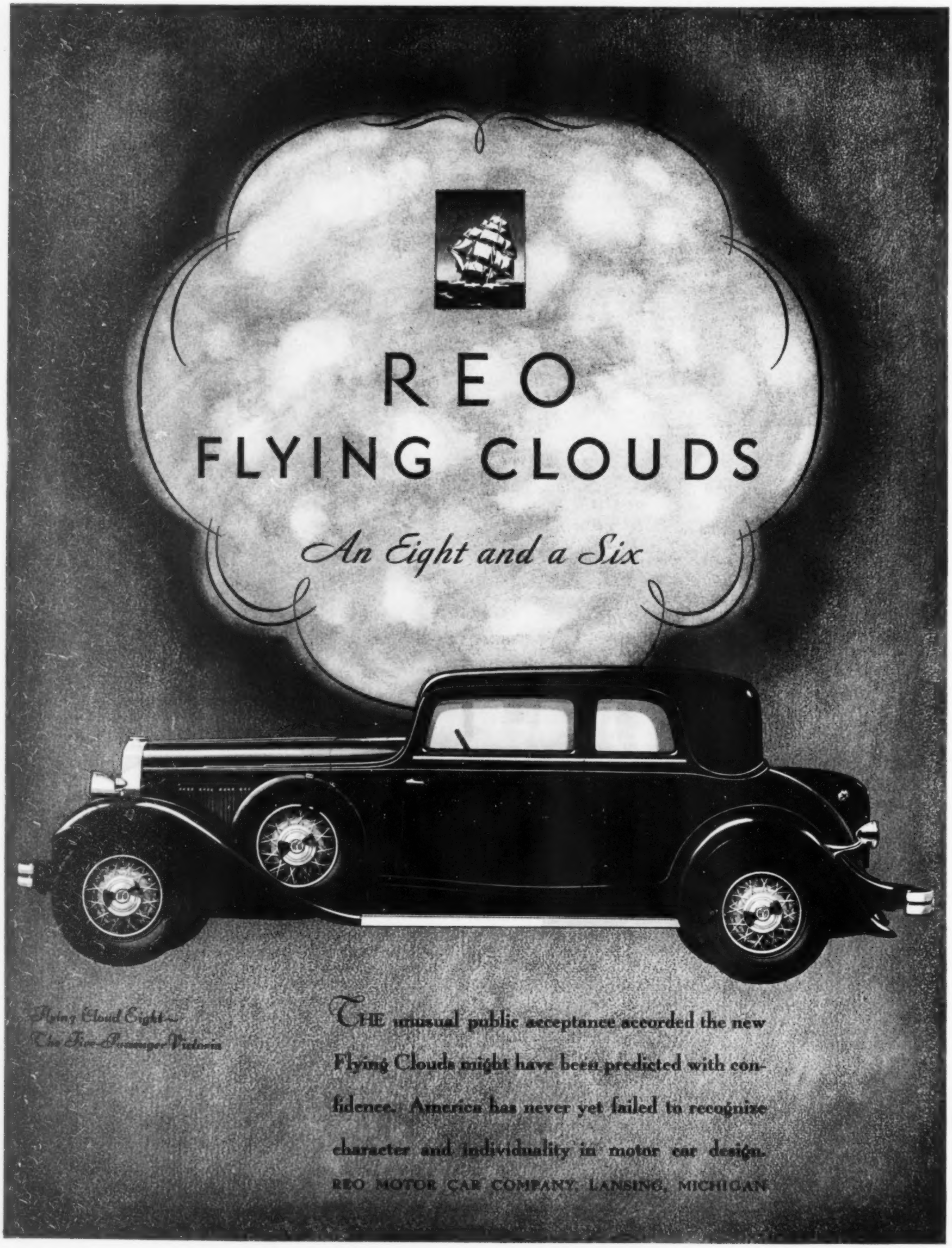
Go take a look at the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit. It's really luxurious and, as in all Hanes knitted garments from light to extra-heavy, the hanespun cotton is knitted and cut to careful measurements of both trunk and chest. *Parents please note:* That goes for boys' and children's garments too.

If you wear summer-weights all year round, be sure to see the pleasing styles, rich materials and many special features in Hanes Athletics and Hanes Shirts and Shorts. If your dealer hasn't complete line, write P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS FOR EVERY SEASON

TRADE MARK HANES



REO FLYING CLOUDS

An Eight and a Six

Flying Cloud Eight—The Five-Passenger Victoria

THE unusual public acceptance accorded the new Flying Clouds might have been predicted with confidence. America has never yet failed to recognize character and individuality in motor car design.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 89)

seven A.M. He staggered into the hall, thinking of the words he would use if someone had called the wrong number, but at the first tones of the person at the other end of the wire, he knew that the call was for him.

"Cady!" cried an agonized voice. "This is Doak! Have you seen the papers?"

"Naw! Papers me eye! I jus' got up. Was' matter?"

"Meridian, Missouri. Staging collapses, fifteen workmen hurt, two dead; falling plank hits engineer of derrick engine; he lets go the hoist, and a T beam falls through the roof of a movie theater on the other street!"

"How many did that kill?"

"Nobody. The place was empty, but there's five thousand dollars' property damage if there's a nickel."

"Yeh, but what's it to me?"

"That's the Simpkins Structural Steel job that we cover!"

"That we cover! Do we still hold the bag? I thought you said —— Didn't you fix it up? Oh, man!" Cady's voice became more and more excited as he became fully awakened and the enormity of the affair became firmly impressed on him. "Hey! Come down to the office! I'll be right down!"

"Office my foot!" replied Doak. "I'm taking the first train outta town!"

"Come down to the office!" urged Cady. "Come down; we may be able to beat it! 'Subcontractor not covered' or something! Gee, they can't do any more than fire us! Come down! Nobody'll know about it yet!"

"McClusky!" cried Doak. "He reads these accident stories like the girls read about the love murders!"

"Yeh, but he never gets up till noon," comforted Cady. "See you in half an hour."

The two arrived, panting, as the night watchman was leaving the building. A bitter wind blew from the frozen lake, and dirty ice, black with coal dust, filled the gutters. A tough day to say good-by to a good job! A hurried reading of the newspaper account brought no comfort. It stated that a staging on the fourth floor of the new Leader Building had collapsed, that the workmen on it had fallen to the ground, and that falling débris had struck the engineer of the hoisting derrick, causing him to lose control of the engine and allow a T beam to be hurled through the roof of an adjoining theater, happily empty.

"Where's Meridian, anyway?" demanded Cady.

"Down near Joplin somewhere."

"Maybe they didn't get your telegram," suggested the claim manager.

"Huh! We sent it at 2:30 day before yesterday. They had it at three o'clock The accident was at four the next day."

"Well," said Cady sadly, "you canceled with the Farmers and Cattlemen's so fast, you should have canceled with Simpkins Steel too."

"How could I, with both you and Spicer gone and McClusky in town? Don't you suppose if I left the office closed and he came over here, I'd hear about it? Sure. The Chicago office empty at two in the afternoon! Never thought of that, did yuh, while you were fooling your time away over in court or wherever you were?"

"Foolin' nothing! I saved the company ninety-two dollars yesterday."

"Well, that'll help pay the fine the company'll get for writing insurance without a license, to say nothing of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of claims."

"It's too late now," muttered Cady. "The thing has got to be faced; let's go after it. Can't we beat it somehow? Subcontractor clause or something? Can't we get a license in Missouri and have it dated back or something? Don't you know any of the politicians down there?"

"What a help you are!" sneered Doak. "Well, let's get the policy and go over it with a magnifying glass. But if we disclaim on it, that's the end of the Eagle in the Middle West."

No hope. The accident was on the premises assured, during stipulated construction, and was the result of a natural and common hazard, and not of civil commotion, act of God, or of belligerents in time of war. The company was stuck. Silence fell, broken only once by Doak, who remarked, "If it's still open, I know where I can get a job driving a truck."

The elevator began to run; then the slow, hesitating step of the letter carrier was heard, punctuated by the slap of mail slots and the shuffled fall of envelopes on the floor within.

A pile of them slithered through the door of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company, to which neither man paid any heed. Their days of reading mail in that office were drawing to a close.

More feet clattered down the hall, there was the sound of doors being unlocked, voices were heard, the elevator's trips became more frequent. The building was coming to life. Chicago's business world, of which they would soon cease to be a part, was beginning its day of restless toil.

The telephone rang. Both men regarded the instrument sourly.

"Answer that, will yuh?" asked Doak.

"You answer it," replied Cady.

"No, you answer it. It's the claim-department phone, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is!" snapped Doak angrily.

"Well, let it ring then," replied Cady.

Doak, with a grunt of impatience, picked up the receiver.

"Yes!" he replied to his invisible questioner. "That's me, speaking. . . . Huh? . . . No. I didn't send any telegram to Mississippi. Wait a minute. . . . Here, Cady, you send a telegram to Mississippi? The girl says they can't deliver it. The address is insufficient."

"Who signed it?" asked Cady.

"Who signed it?" repeated Doak into the transmitter. "Doak? Well, that's me, but I didn't send any telegram to Mississippi. . . . Who —— Hey! You gone nuts at last?"

This last query was addressed to Mr. Cady, who had suddenly torn the telephone from Doak's hands and was gargling into the mouthpiece.

"Hey!" cried Cady. "That telegram—who's it to? The Farmers and Cattlemen's Insurance Company? Meridian? That it? . . . Don't send it! Hold it! You got the original, have you? . . . You send it back to this office and I'll give you a five-dollar bill. . . . Never mind the address. . . . It wasn't delivered? You sure of that? Don't say so if you're not! H'm-m-m! . . . Looking right at the original now, you say? Well, send it back to us! Four bits to the messenger boy if he's here in ten minutes. . . . No, thanks, we'll destroy it ourselves. Oh, won't we though! . . . Yup! Well, now, you send it right back!"

"What's all this?" gasped Doak. "What's all this?"

"Our telegram to the Farmers and Cattlemen's! It wasn't delivered!"

"Why not?" shrieked Doak.

"Why not? Who cares? It wasn't delivered! Does that penetrate your armored turret? It wasn't delivered! The Farmers and Cattlemen's still cover that construction job! The scaffolding, the injured workmen and the engineer! All covered!"

"And the beam through the roof of the movie palace!" breathed Doak, sinking back into his chair. "Can you tie that?" Before him opened the bright vista of success once more—honor, wealth, a vice presidency—instead of the former vision of himself beating the icy streets of the Windy City in search of employment. He smiled widely.

"This is better than I thought!" he exclaimed. "This accident is a disaster. Can you understand that? And the Eagle is out from under because we had the risk reinsured. And I reinsured it! That'll make the home office realize the kind of men they got out here."

"But how about the high rate?" asked Cady.

"Bah! Business courtesy—that's the word! If you swiped the pay roll and could make 'em think you'd done it for business courtesy, you could get away with it! Anything that may get 'em some business! Before, they might have had some kind of a squawk, but with a disaster on their hands, and they out of it—boy, I'm made!"

"Um-m-m. Well, let's get hold of the copies and see why it went astray."

Mentally rejoicing that the office was always two days behind with its correspondence, Cady dug out of the outgoing basket the copies of the telegram and Doak's letter confirming it.

"If you'd sent that letter we'd have been sunk just the same. Here's once I'm thankful we've only got a part-time stenographer."

"But why didn't this telegram land?" muttered Doak, perusing the copy.

"Who cares? It didn't land; that's all that interests me."

"I know," protested Doak, "but I wouldn't want any slip-up here. Let's figure this out. 'Farmers and Cattlemen's, Meridian, Missouri.' That's all the address we ever used."

"Farmers and Cattlemen's," repeated Cady, reading over Doak's shoulder. "Huh!" he cried suddenly. "Lookit! Missouri! Mississippi! Spicer abbreviated 'Missouri' to 'Miss.' instead of 'Mo.'! 'St. Louis, Mo.,' don't you remember?"

"Meridian, Miss.," muttered Doak. "Meridian, Mo. And so that's where it went! If it went to Mississippi the Farmers and Cattlemen's never saw it, that's a bet! That's the important thing! Can you imagine a dope would write 'Miss.' for 'Missouri'? Yeh, but why not? They write 'Mass.' for Massachusetts." His face clouded suddenly. "Cady, this lad will have it on us. He sent the telegram. There's enough involved to make it worth his while to say a word to the right party. Will he squawk, d'yuh think?"

"Nah! I'll fire ——" Cady stopped and looked seriously at Doak. Firing was not the remedy. Suddenly he smiled.

"Leave him to me, kid," he exclaimed. "I'll look after him."

Late that afternoon Cady was madly at work dictating, writing, filing, entering payments on case folders, approving medical payments, fighting madly to get the great pile of cases up to date. McClusky was still in town, and, when he made his visit of inspection to the office, would accept no excuse of uninvestigated cases or those with payments overdue. No, no excuse, though every risk in the district had a disaster.

Doak was away somewhere over in The Loop making contacts, as a candidate for vice president should, and celebrating the Meridian affair on the side. The claim department, however, had no time for celebrations, and its contacts, alas, were made for it much faster than it wished.

Cady toiled at the folders, once more cursing the comptroller who would not allow him a full-time stenographer. The phone rang.

"McClusky speaking!" said a stern voice at the other end. "This trial I am on is finished. I'll be over to see yuh. There'll be somebody in the office?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cady humbly.

"'Yes, sir,'" repeated the heavy voice at the other end. "What yuh groanin' about? Don't chuh feel well?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I feel fine."

"Um-m-m! Well, I heard yuh had a P. L. case. Your first. What's doin' on it?"

"We've settled it."

"You've settled it?" shouted McClusky. "What for?"

"Business courtesy."

"Business courtesy? Why, your adjuster told me there wasn't no sign of contact on either machine and that the plaintiff was lyin' in the ditch when our assured turned into the street two miles away! An' you paid on it! Every nickel, I'll bet! A new car and an endowment to run it on! Business courtesy! What d'yuh mean by that?"

"Well," coughed Cady, "there were certain aspects of the case—this claimant—this meat man—he was an old buddy —— No, I mean he was an influential man out there—kind of a key man, you might say—he could swing us a lot of business out there in Garfield Park, and we thought to obtain his good will ——"

"Tripe!" barked McClusky.

"Well, when will you be over, Mr. McClusky?"

"Nah!" went on McClusky acidly. "I ain't comin'. I've made my inspection. If you paid the first P. L. case that came into your office, that's all I need to know! Bah! Business courtesy! Every time the company gets stuck, why, that's the alibi. Well, I'll waste no time on you. I'm goin' home! G'by!"

"Hurray!" cried Cady, hurling the pile of unfinished case folders to the floor. "You and me both!"

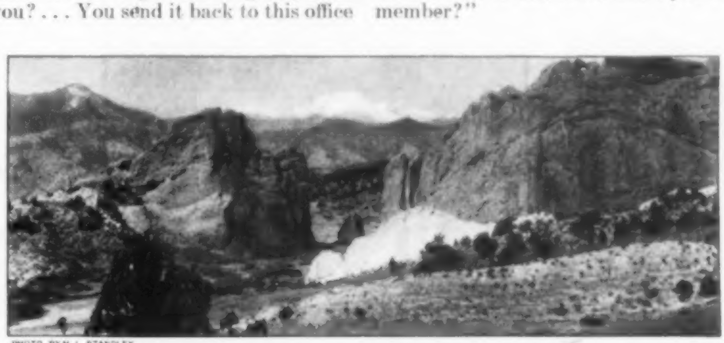
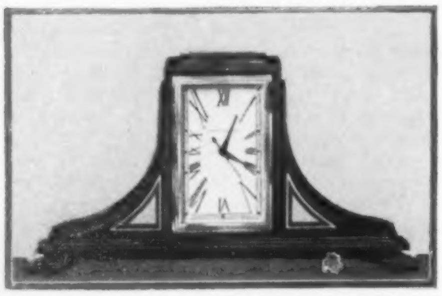


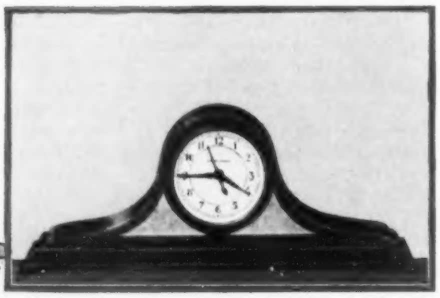
PHOTO. BY H. L. STANDLEY

The Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, Colorado

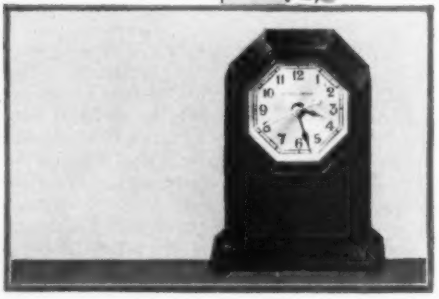
Let's turn the spotlight on



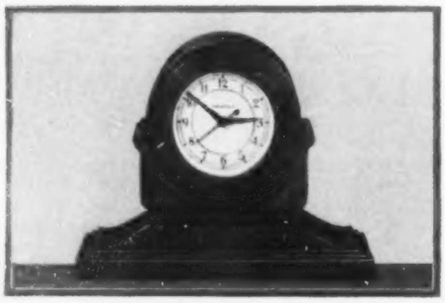
A refreshingly different mantel clock (No. 915) with silver-plated rectangular face. The case is mahogany finish inlaid with curly maple; 17 inches wide at the base. Price $35. Other living room models from $9.95 to $65.



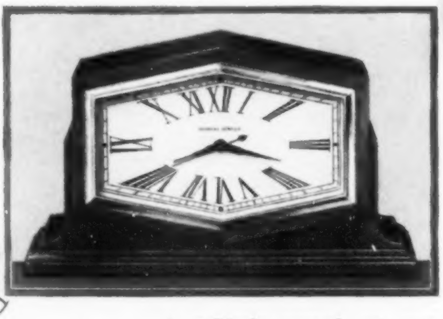
A simple yet very pleasing mantel or table clock (No. 920) has a mahogany finished case with curly maple inlay. The dial is two-toned etched silver. This clock measures 16½ inches at the base and is priced at $20. Other living-room models, $9.95 to $65.



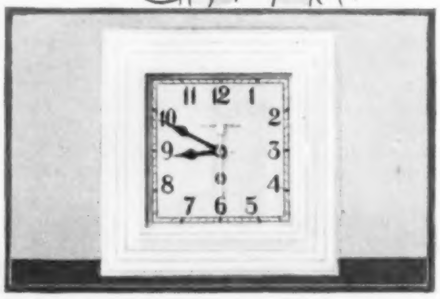
This conveniently small clock (No. 911) is "just right" wherever you want to put it. The case is Monolite, in brown mahogany finish, with silvered dial; the height is 6¾ inches. It is priced just $9.95 —think of commanding Manning-Bowman electric time for so little!



An unmistakably modern design that none the less retains classic lines (No. 918). The case may be either mahogany or bird's-eye maple. Dial is two-toned silver with etched center. Width, 11⅜ inches; height, 8⅞ inches; $32.50.



A strikingly unusual, yet very dignified clock is No. 916. The case is dark, glowing mahogany; the dial, with its Aranium bezel, is silver plated. It is 10¾ inches wide. Priced at $30. Other living room models are $9.95 to $65.



No one but a housewife, we imagine, can realize how deep is the satisfaction of having dependable time in the kitchen. Especially when it's Manning-Bowman time, attractively dressed in green or ivory enamel! This clock (No. 913) is 8¼ inches square, and costs $12. Round shape, 8¾ inches diameter, $11.

If there is no Manning-Bowman dealer near you, send your order with check or money order to Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

MANNING-BOWMAN

1930's most sensational gift

CORRECT TIME — *electric time. Two ways of saying the same thing. And now comes a third phrase to express, not only the utmost in electrical precision, but the utmost in beauty as well*—MANNING-BOWMAN *time!*

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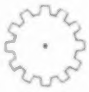
So new they won't be duplicated

All Manning-Bowman Synchronous Motor Clocks are new—but here are the newest of all! The three clocks reproduced at the right were designed in collaboration with a well-known fashion authority; the first models were completed barely in time to appear on this page. Naturally only a few of these advance models are available; but we have tried to supply at least one leading retailer in each community. For gifts that exclude all duplication, watch your local advertising and window displays for the first sight of these new clocks—which New York's most famous department store pronounced the finest ever produced at these prices.

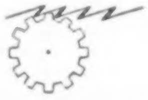
Why a Manning-Bowman Synchronous Motor Clock keeps correct time

The synchronous motor which moves the hands has a revolving part with cogs . . .

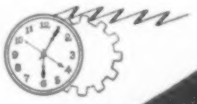


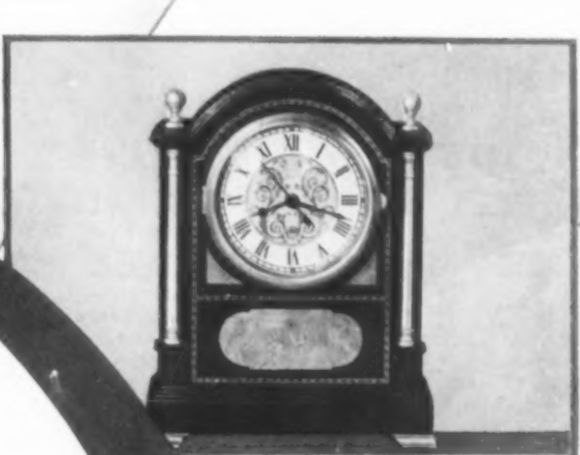
Little pulse-like beats come over your electric light wires . . .

Each beat, synchronized at the power station with official time, moves a single cog . . .

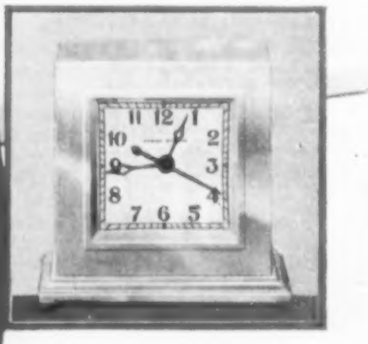


The wheel revolves slowly and turns the hands. Therefore your time *must* be accurate . . .

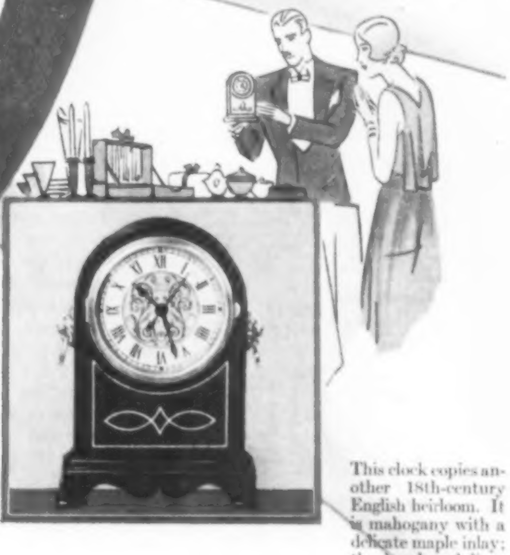




Reproduction of a priceless 18th-century English clock (No. 923) antique mahogany inlaid with bird's-eye maple. Posts, pedestal-feet and bezel are solid brass; the dial has a silver-plated band around an etched brass center. 10 inches high; $42.50.



Modern, square shape; finished in bright brass, brushed brass or verde green, with brass feet and dial. 6-inch base; $12.50 (No. 921).



This clock copies another 18th-century English heirloom. It is mahogany with a delicate maple inlay; the bezel and lion-head handles are brass; the dial shows a silver-plated band around an etched brass center. It stands 9¼ inches high, and is priced at $27.50.

Synchronous MOTOR CLOCKS

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To bore holes for screws, a man needs a "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill No. 41 with eight sizes of drill-points, 1-16" to 11-64". Price, $2.60.

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"Yankee" No. 1530 Ratchet Hand Drill (above), and No. 1555 Ratchet Breast Drill are fine gifts for motorists. These drills have five ratchet adjustments; they work where others can't. Price: No. 1530, $5.25; No. 1555, $11.00.

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THE FOG BLEW OVER THE MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

"How's fishing?" Dave demanded. He was already rummaging their boots out of the pack sack.

"Mr. Fearing got three yesterday. One of them sixteen pounds," Mac replied; and Ann saw their eyes meet, and Dave said quickly:

"Yes, Mr. Bryce told me he was here!"

"The water's low, now," Mac added; and he looked off to the southward. "They won't bite today," he said.

Dave followed his glance, and nodded; and Ann looked too. But she saw only a massed wall of mountains capped in cloud, and she asked:

"Is the river over there? How can you tell the fish won't bite?"

"The fog," Dave told her, obscurely; but Mac explained:

"The old men used to say that when the fog blows over the mountain, the fishing's done till it clears away."

"Here, Ann," Dave bade her. "Put them on!" He had produced her rubber boots. "I never knew the sign to fail," he added. "When the fog blows over the mountain, you might just as well put away your rod!"

The men were shouldering their burdens for the walk down to camp; but Ann looked at the heavy cloud masses on the peaks yonder; they came stealing softly, smothering, white and heavy. Yet she thought there was about them something soothing; restful too. Something drowsy and calm and serene, as though they bade the weary fisherman to cease his labors and rest him for a while.

They crossed the bog, and plunged into thick spruce woods where roots lurked in the murky path to trip Ann's stumbling feet; they dropped down the steep trail for a mile or more, and then Ann heard the song of waters just ahead, and they emerged into a little open park beside the river. She saw that they were in a deep gorge; she caught a glimpse of a cabin of logs well chinked with moss and tight and all secure. Then Dave and Mac dropped their burdens, and Dave turned to her and cried: "We're here, sweet! Welcome to Partners' Pool!"

She smiled, for his pleasure's sake. Then while he and Mac put the bags away, she looked about her, appraising the surroundings here. The cabin promised comfort; there was built near by a cooking hearth, roofed with bark against the rain, and a wigwam of bark where split salmon might hang in curing smoke for days. Ann sat down on the edge of the porch and her eyes drifted to and fro. At her feet the river ran. To her right, a rocky sluice of shallow golden water like fine wine poured down into a dark, deep pool a hundred yards or more in length which lay sleekly against the foot of the steep bluff on the other bank; and far below the pool other rapids sang.

Ann watched the river, and she brushed aside the flies that came to welcome her; and she saw, across the rapids above the pool on a little level there, and well hidden among the trees, another cabin of logs like this one, and as snugly built. She was surprised, because Dave had said they would be here—save for Mac's attendance—all alone; but Dave was indoors and she could not question him. She wondered whose this cabin was; and she remembered the matter of Mr. Fearing, and guessed a connection between these two mysteries.

Then a salmon leaped clear of the water, in the head of the pool, within twenty yards of where she sat; and she gasped at the bright glory of him, and his beauty, and his power. And a moment later, two men came up the shingle bank on this side of the water from the foot of the pool. One of them, who carried a gaff, looked at her sidewise, appraisingly; but the other gave her no glance at all.

This other was, she saw, an old man. His hair under the brim of his hat was white and thin; his chin had a white pallor. His frame was bowed, and his hands seemed feeble ones. He wore boots, and when he walked he lifted each one as though with a conscious effort. He carried a fifteen-foot greenheart rod, set with an ancient reel; but when he came beside the quick water here at the head of the pool, he made only three or four casts before surrendering the rod to the guide, who began to fish the water expertly.

The older man—this must be Mr. Fearing—sat down on a bowlder by the stream; and Ann looked over her shoulder at the cabin where Dave and Mac were still engaged, and her eyes shone with a swift determination, and she descended to where the old man sat. She came close to him. He did not turn his head, but she said cheerfully:

"Good morning!" And when he did grudgingly look up at her, she explained, "I'm Mrs. Wooster."

He made a barking sound.

She said, "This is a beautiful pool, isn't it?"

"The pool's all right," he agreed.

"I expect it's a fine place to fish," she suggested. "I saw a fish jump here, a while ago."

"It's all right for one rod!" said Mr. Fearing briefly; and Ann drew back a little. Her color rose with a quick resentment. It was as though he had struck her.

"But there will be three of us fishing it now," she reminded him slowly.

He made that barking sound again. Then Dave came out on the porch behind her, and she saw him staring past her at the old man. Dave had again that frozen look, that look of a hurt child; so she went quickly toward him, to his side there, and he put his arm across her shoulder comfortingly.

The man yonder by the water did not turn his head; and Ann whispered to Dave, "He said there's only fishing here for one rod!"

Dave nodded ruefully. "Come inside, sweet," he bade her at last. "I'll tell you all about it, so you'll understand."

"I already understand that he's a rude old man," Ann said indignantly.

Dave smiled, almost sadly; and he shook his head. "He's a fisherman, Ann," he explained. "That's all. We're a strange, proud breed!"

So she heard the story of Partners' Pool. Dave began the telling while she changed her traveling clothes for garb better suited to these surroundings here; and he continued it while they ate the tender omelet which Mac confected over the smoking camp fire. Sometimes Dave had to explain matters that were not clear to Ann, but she got at last the full measure of the tale.

Mr. Fearing and Dave's father—they were law partners in those days—discovered this pool together more than twenty years ago, and built this cabin here, and fished here together amicably for another eighteen years, without dispute or dissenting. There were two ways to fish the pool. A man might work the quick waters at the head, or the still tail of the pool where salmon sometimes liked to lie. Which was the better water depended on the weather day by day. So the two partners drew lots every morning to see which should have first choice of location; and if a man took the head of the pool for his early fishing, he must fish the foot in the evening.

Matters followed this routine with no dispute and equably for long—till a certain summer when a great salmon came upstream and lay in the tail of the pool, easily visible in the clear water, but not to be seduced by any fly at all. The two men were earnest for his capture; but the big fish ignored their every lure day after day.

On the seventh of July, Mr. Fearing drew for the morning fishing the head of the pool, and Dave's father fished the foot without moving the big salmon. In the natural course of events, Mr. Fearing would have had his chance at the fish that evening; but the day was warm, and the old man—his heart sometimes troubled him—found himself indisposed and too ill to come out. Mr. Wooster whipped with his flies the head of the pool where his evening province lay, but without success; and toward dark, yielding for a moment to insidious temptation, he sent one casual cast downstream into Mr. Fearing's territory—and hooked the great salmon, and landed him.

"Father shouldn't have done it," Dave confessed to Ann. "It was Mr. Fearing's water. Father was sorry; he apologized; he made what amends he could. But Mr. Fearing would not forgive him. They dissolved their law partnership; and the next year Mr. Fearing had the other cabin built, across the river there. Since then, they never came here at the same time; one would come early and the other late. Father was here in late July last year; so this would be his season now." His eyes clouded. "But Mr. Fearing always did prefer the early fishing, and he didn't expect me to come this year—so he's here in our time!"

Ann thought the whole matter absurd, ridiculous, childish; and she said so. But Dave shook his head. "Childish, maybe," he agreed. "But they were both fishermen, you see. You'll understand, after you've caught a salmon, dear."

She protested that she would never understand. "Mr. Fearing's too old to fish," she insisted. "He doesn't even fish himself; the guide is doing it for him."

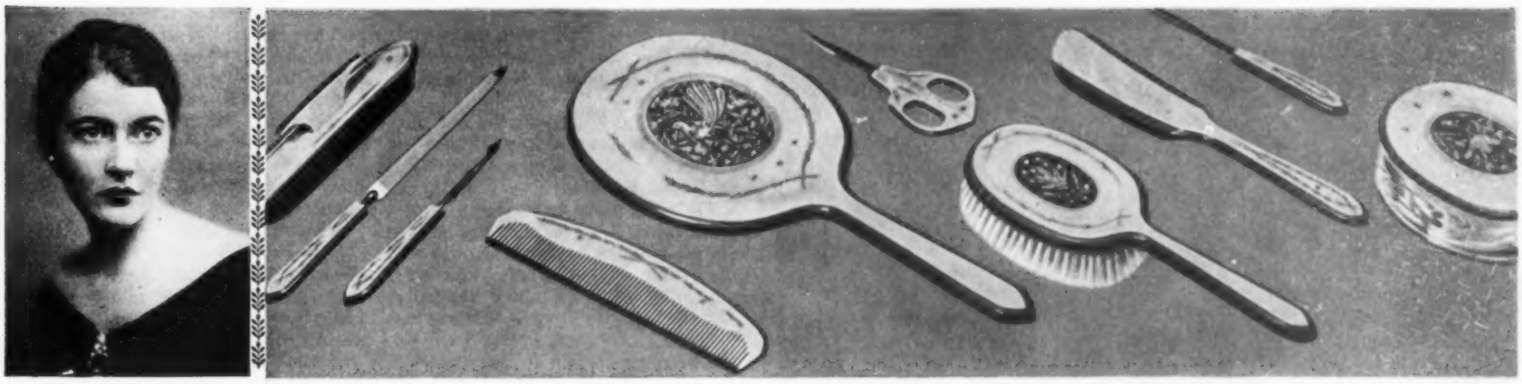
Dave said reluctantly: "Why, yes, I don't suppose Mr. Fearing can cover ground, follow a fish downstream, or anything like that. He's pretty old, you see; and not very well. But he loves it, just the same. Wait till you've taken a salmon; you'll sympathize with him."

"It's your water," she argued. "He hasn't any right here."

"He has the right of priority," he told her patiently. "The first man on the ground, you see. We've got to respect that."

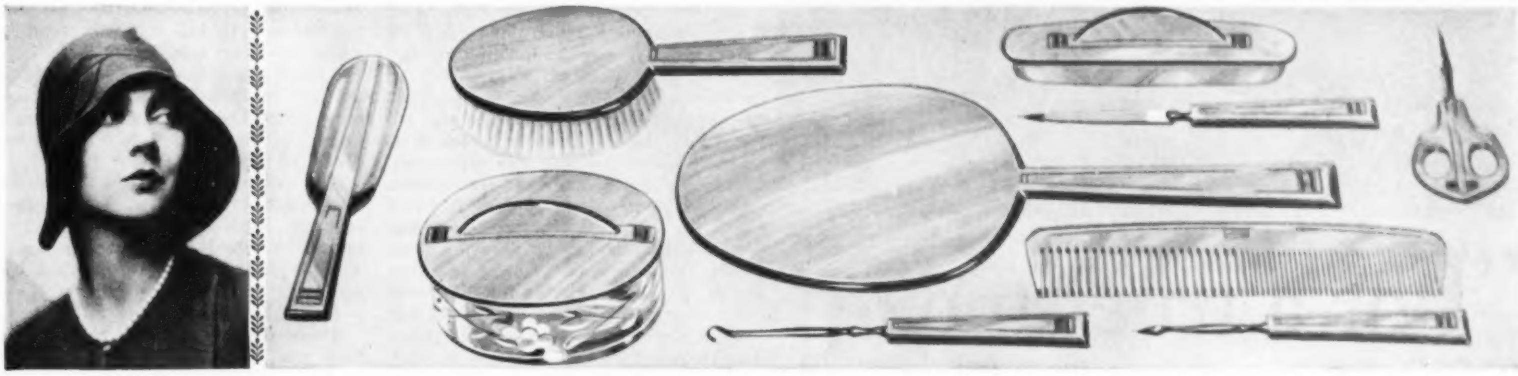
She cried: "You mean you're going to let him hog the fishing? And—spoil our time here together? That scowling old—dog in the manger! He can't fish himself; it's time he gave younger people a chance to have some fun."

(Continued on Page 96)



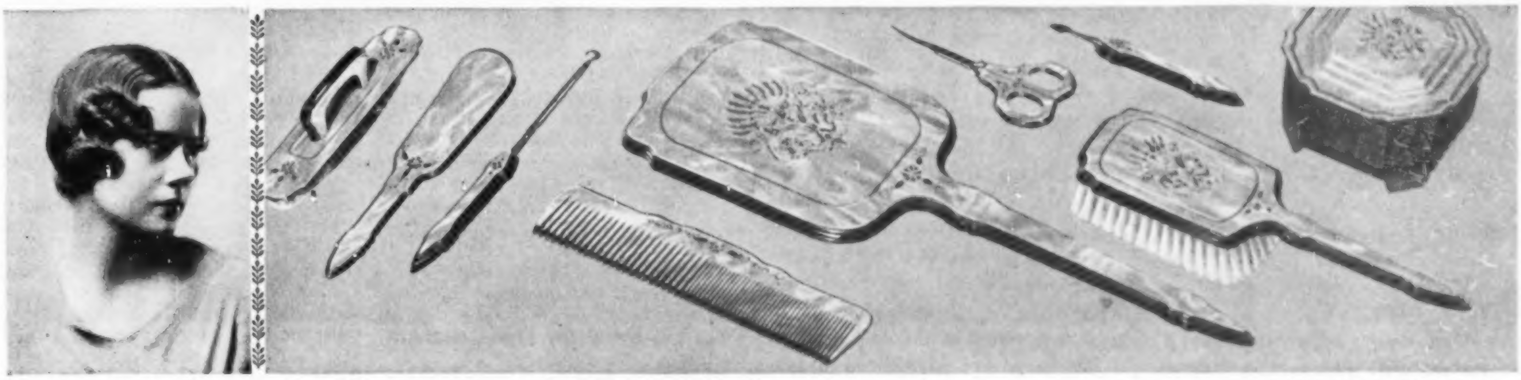
BECAUSE SHE (YOU KNOW WHO) WANTS HER DRESSING TABLE TO BE SMARTLY LUXURIOUS BUT PRACTICAL, TOO . . .

monticello—In Lucite—Continental Blue, Buff and Gold, or Colonial Rose and Silver effects. $15.00 to $30.00 (depending on number of articles selected).



AND BECAUSE DU PONT ASKED NOTED ARTISTS TO DESIGN CORRECT ACCESSORIES FOR EVERY STYLE OF BOUDOIR . . .

lustris—Satin Lustre surface on Crystal Pyralin in Jade, Maize or Rose ensembles. $11.00 to $29.00 (depending on number of articles selected).



MAKE HER VERY HAPPY WITH ONE OF THESE ENSEMBLES . . .

madelon—Obtainable in Jade, Rose, Maize or White pearl-on-amber Pyralin. $10.00 to $20.00 (depending on number of articles selected).

WHAT does a woman want? More than anything else, she wants things that go well with her clothes, harmonize with her furniture and suit her personality . . . In short, things that carry out Fashion's supreme law of the Ensemble.

It was for her (*and for you*) that famous artists designed these marvelous new sets for her boudoir . . . smart as if they had come straight from an Exposition des Arts in Paris. And, very cleverly, they created them in so many fashionable colors and textures that you can select the one that will be appropriate for her boudoir and her personality.

Every pattern comes in ensembles of whatever size meets your needs. Every piece bears the famous du Pont oval trademark, that is your guarantee of perfect craftsmanship. The sets shown above, and many others, are on display now in all the leading department, jewelry and drug stores. Du Pont Viscoloid Company, Inc., 330 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

When buying a fitted traveling case, ask for fittings by du Pont

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DU PONT ACCESSORIES FOR THE BOUDOIR

Lucite · Pyralin · Arlton

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

"For a true smoke ... give me my pipe"

WHY do men prefer pipes? Well, it *is* hard to say why. Maybe the best way to find the answer is to get a good pipe, fill it with good tobacco and become a pipe-smoker yourself for a while. Maybe you'll find a pipe is *your* real smoke. And you won't bother to wonder why.

It is true that pipe tobacco gets first call on leaf and blend. That's because pipes tell the truth about tobacco. The very heart of tobacco is revealed by your pipe.

And there's something about a slow-burning, even-burning pipeful of good tobacco that helps a man think straight—calmly, to the point.

There's good, sturdy satisfaction in biting down on the stem of a good pipe. And the aroma and savory taste of good tobacco, like Edgeworth for instance, bring to a man a solid pleasure that's not quite like anything else in the world.

You'll find your tin of Edgeworth waiting for you almost anywhere—wherever good tobacco is sold. The pocket sizes pictured below are 15 cents each. Or if you'd prefer to try it first, just send the coupon for a sample packet of genuine old Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

Corn Cob Pipe Club every Wednesday, 8 to 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

GIVE HIM EDGEWORTH and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome *they* get! If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list—$1.65 a pound in glass jar, $1.50 in humidor tin, 75 cents a half pound.

EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________

My street address__________

And the town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! E-43

(Continued from Page 94)

Dave grinned. "Oh, we'll make some arrangement," he promised. "And there are some little pools half a mile down river we can try."

He did, indeed, go to the old man that afternoon to seek to divide the pool; but he came back with a rueful grin to admit defeat.

"He won't make any bargain, Ann," he confessed. "So we'll have to let him have first choice, every day. He will take either end he wants, and we'll take the other." He added hurriedly, "Don't worry, we'll get our fishing just the same."

"I'm going to talk to him myself," Ann cried furiously. "If you're bound to let him have his own way, all right. We'll let him fish, as long as he handles the rod himself. But when he gets tired, instead of handing it over to his guide, we'll take our turn."

Dave shook his head patiently. "We can't do that," he told her. "He has a right to give his rod to the guide if he wants to." He urged appealingly: "Let the old man have his way, sweet. It means a lot to him. And—we'll have other years here together, you and I."

Ann in the end did allow herself to be silenced; but she was not persuaded. So, though she said no more, she thought many things; and there grew in her a stubborn and mischievous determination to upset, by and by, this ridiculous tyranny. But matters hung in abeyance for a while; for the fog blew over the mountain and the fish would not rise and the river sank deep between its banks. Mr. Fearing, wise in such matters, did not during these days fish at all; and Dave and Mac occupied the interval in teaching Ann the intricacies of the art. She learned the difference between the wet fly and the dry; she cast patiently, over and over, with the light rod Dave had bought for her; and she acquired the trick of seeing the salmon in the pools.

But she took no fish. Dave, using the dry fly, had better fortune; and Ann saw him hook and fight and land a salmon, and she began to catch the infection which possessed him. But for three or four days after their coming, she cast her flies in vain. Then one night they woke to the patter of rain on the roof; and Ann in her mosquito-netted cot heard Dave call softly:

"Awake, Ann?" And at her drowsy assent, "They'll be rising in the morning, sweet!"

She felt her sleepy pulses tingle at his tone.

The river rose; and Mr. Fearing seized on the quick waters at the pool's head and took four salmon in a morning. But Ann, at the foot of the pool with Mac to tutor her, cast fruitlessly. Dave had gone downstream to try his fortunes there; he came back at noon with one fish, and heard her ill success regretfully.

The river rose nine or ten inches, and in another day it fell again. That afternoon, while their rods were idle, Mac went scouting downstream, his accustomed eyes searching the ripples for shadows that were fish; and at suppertime he came to Dave with word that a big salmon had moved into the foot of the pool.

"How big?" Ann asked; and Mac said guardedly:

"Well, it's a big fish, Mrs. Wooster."

Dave laughed in quick delight. "Don't worry, Ann," he told her. "If Mac says it's big, it's big!"

Ann's eyes were shining. "I haven't caught one yet," she pointed out. "I might as well begin with the biggest. I'll catch him tomorrow."

She saw their glances interchange; and she asked, "Won't I?"

"Well," Dave explained, "we'll see what Mr. Fearing does."

Ann colored with a quick anger. "He's made me fish the foot of the pool for days, when there weren't any fish there. You mean to say he can drive me out just when I've got a chance ——"

"He's an old man ——" Dave urged.

"He's an old hog!" said Ann, and she went storming into the cabin. Dave found her there in tears; he tried to appease her, but she met his appeals with an icy dignity. And the young man was troubled, yet helpless to amend the matter here.

He and Mac had been right in their expectations. Mr. Fearing and his guide discovered the big fish; and Mr. Fearing next day, and day by day thereafter, fished the foot of the pool. They saw the monster now and then. Mac took Ann one still afternoon and pointed out to her the vast shadow where the great salmon lay.

"Dave could maybe get him on a dry fly," he said slowly. "Mr. Fearing only fishes the wet, and that won't move him; but I'd certainly like to see Dave try him on the dry."

Ann caught her breath in wonder at the proportions of the monster there, and she listened, and she held her peace. But she began to lay her plans. They were to come to fruition by and by.

There was a routine in their days; they rose early, fished the morning through, loafed the afternoon away, and fished from supper to full dark. Ann usually slept in the afternoon; but Mac and Dave were apt to depart on occasions of their own. They must pack supplies from the railroad, or try a near-by trout stream, or a hidden lake.

Ann did not go on these excursions. Since Dave had refused to stand his ground against Mr. Fearing's encroachments, she had held toward him a cool and pleasant friendliness, under which the young man sometimes winced. But she no longer openly reproached him. If he chose to submit to tyranny, that was his affair; she told him so, too sweetly, and would say nothing more.

Matters were in this state when upon a certain afternoon Mac and Mr. Fearing's guide departed to get a barrel and a supply of salt with which to preserve their fish; Dave went downstream to prospect the lower waters, and only Mr. Fearing and Ann were left here at Partners' Pool. Mr. Fearing always slept in the afternoon; so when Ann emerged from her cabin at about three and looked cautiously in that direction, he was nowhere to be seen. She proceeded unhindered with what she meant to do.

Ann had during her days here acquired a fair degree of skill in casting the fly. She meant this afternoon deliberately to encroach on Mr. Fearing's water—and with the dry fly, for Mac had said the big salmon might come to such a lure. Dave's spare rod was on the forks under the eaves of the veranda, the long leader doubled on the rod; and there was a Brown Hackle already attached. Ann knew the fly should be oiled; but she could not find the oil, and she decided oil was just one of the ritualistic formalities of the art, not strict necessity. She took the rod and descended to the foot of the pool.

The water shelved here to a considerable depth; and just before the current quickened for its dip over the rapids below, it flowed over three or

(Continued on Page 99)

Give the Newest Thing in Electrical Devices

The New and Improved TOASTMASTER

NO WAITING!
NO WATCHING!
NO TURNING!
NO BURNING!

IT'S the *newest* thing in electrical devices! And by far the smartest gift of the season. An utterly new model of the Toastmaster—the famous toaster that "Pops Up the Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

TOASTMASTER
The Automatic Electric Toaster
That Pops Up the Toast

Works Automatically — Won't Burn Toast!

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

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Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

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A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

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If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

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BIG PROFITS IN TOAST

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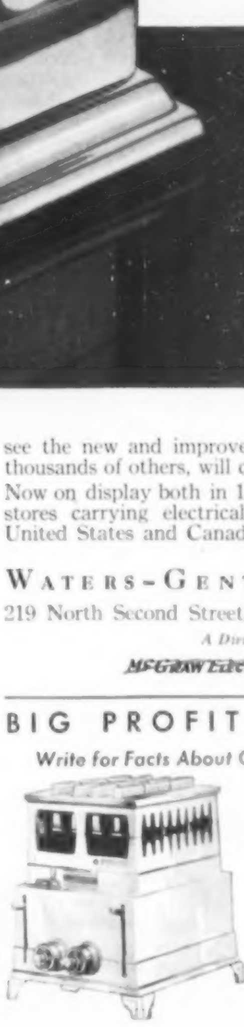
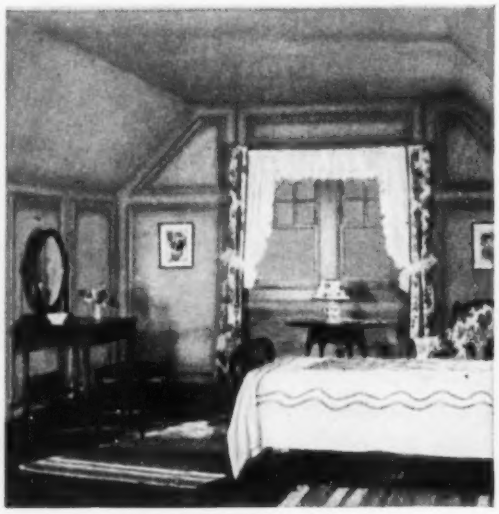


Today many leading Restaurants, Cafeterias, Sandwich Shops and Counter Services rate the Commercial Toastmaster as one of their best profit-makers. Over 40,000 now in daily use. Made under Strite patents in 3, 4, and 8 to 12-slice models. Send postcard for complete information. No obligation, of course. 283

A PLAYROOM FOR THE CHILDREN



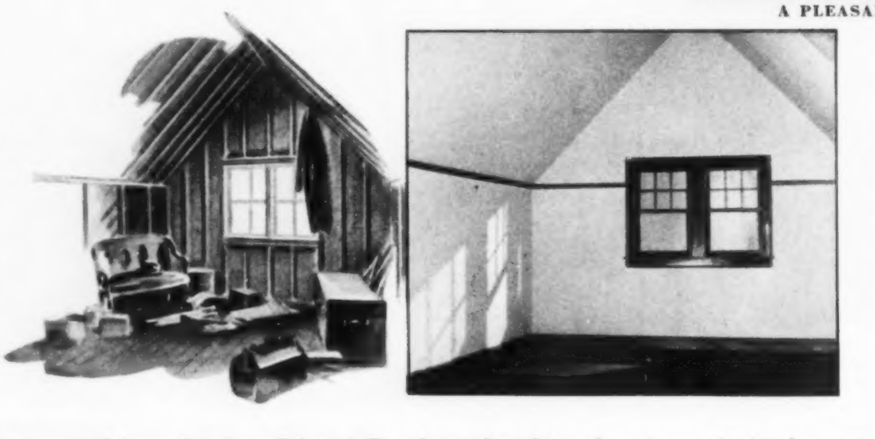
THIS ATTRACTIVE BEDROOM

A ROOM RESERVED FOR FATHER

Which extra room will you choose?

$46.00 worth of Celotex will build it for you—will make your whole house more comfortable, and save hundreds of dollars in future fuel bills

A PLEASANT NEW GUEST ROOM



Thousands of these dark, dusty attics are going through a complete transformation with Celotex. The Celotex, itself, costs less than fifty dollars. The finishing and furnishing of the room can be as simple or as elaborate as you choose.

IT'S a quick and easy job to build this new room of yours—in attic space that is now largely wasted. Old-fashioned, uninsulated attics are too cold in winter, too hot in summer for anything but storerooms.

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Now all this valuable space stays thoroughly comfortable through every season of the year. Besides, your new room protects the whole upper part of the house—makes it very much easier to maintain pleasant, even temperatures no matter what the weather is doing outdoors.

The walls and ceilings will be rigid and strong. For Celotex *builds* as well as insulates, adds lasting structural strength to old roof structures. The pleasing buff color of Celotex, and its fibrous texture make a most attractive interior finish. (Write to us for information about the many beautiful effects that can be produced on Celotex.) For plastered surfaces, there is Celotex Lath, an insulating plaster base that protects against plaster cracks and eliminates all unsightly lath marks.

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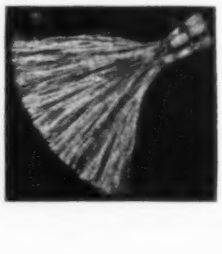
The Extra Strength of Celotex comes from Cane Fibre



Celotex is made from the tough, wiry fibres of cane. Its all-round excellence has made it the preferred insulation of home builders everywhere.

(Continued from Page 96)

four large rocks about which, in the gentle swirls and eddies which gave them rest from the pressure of the current, salmon liked to lie. Ann could see them even from the shore; through the confusing ripple of the water they were no more than shadows, but her eye had learned to distinguish the shadow of a fish from the shadow of a rock. She saw them where they lay.

She waded into the margin of the pool till there was room for her back-cast; and as she had seen Dave do, she began to lengthen line while she kept it playing backward and forward through the air. Then the fly caught on the tip of the rod and she had laboriously to clear it and begin again. The fish lay scarcely thirty feet away and a little upstream from her, and she thought her fly would reach them.

So she launched the cast. The line ran well enough, but the long, light leader fell in a serpent's coil; only a faint wind at the last moment brought the fly clear, away from this coil and a little downstream. The whole tangle of it began to float with the slight current, over the rocks where the salmon lay.

Ann trembled with delight and looked up the pool toward Mr. Fearing's cabin, and made a face in that direction. She had no serious expectation of catching a fish; but at least she had made her gesture, registered her refusal to submit to Mr. Fearing's unreasonable tyranny. She wanted the old man to know this, and she was tempted to call to him to come and see.

But even as she looked upstream, out of the corner of her eye she saw something move near her fly; she heard a sharp, clapping sound. When she looked that way, the fly was gone; and a great shape was just turning in the water there.

More in astonishment than by design Ann lifted the light rod; but something at the other end of it refused to yield. And then with a great lunge and a spattering of shining drops, out of the water rose the form of a tremendous fish. He leaped majestically; he shook his noble head; he fell back into the water again.

Ann stood with the rod dangling in her hand, the line limp, staring and trembling at her own escape. Suppose she had hooked that leviathan! He might have chased her ashore, or dragged her in and drowned her! He was capable of anything! She was appalled at the sheer power revealed in the tremendous leap he made. Then she noticed that her line had floated downstream till it formed a semicircle on the water, but it hung there without floating farther. The hook must be caught on something!

So Ann began to reel in. She turned the handle twice or thrice, and then she paused, aghast at the fury she had evoked. The reel screamed, and the salmon proceeded to show his displeasure. He charged up the pool, and in that hundred-yard race he jumped three times. Once he leaped straight up till he was higher than Ann's head. He seemed to hang there, and there was a still fury in his contortions in the air. A moment later he was up again, dancing on his tail; then another run and a leap like an arrow's flight, a dozen feet from where he left the water to where he plunged down into it again.

Ann stared helplessly after him, while the reel shrilled in her hand. Then the reel was silent and the fish no longer jumped, and she looked at the reel and saw that it was almost empty of line. She began to wind it in, still with no thought of catching the salmon—she supposed, of course, the fish had broken free—but because Dave would not want to lose his line. She began to reel it in, and because it did not come easily she moved up the pool, taking up slack line as she went along. Once she had to wade out to clear the line from a rock, and she did this almost timidly, fearful that the angry salmon might seize the opportunity to do her a mischief. But he made no sign, and she recovered line till she was come to the head of the pool.

She realized then that the fish was still on; there was a faint vibration in the line, a pumping motion which even in its mildness was eloquent of power. She realized the fish was still on, and felt her own helplessness; and she felt very much alone, and looked all around—and saw Mr. Fearing standing on the gravel bar at the head of the pool, watching.

He was looking not at her but at the spot where the fish lay; and Ann felt her cheeks crimson like a child's detected in a fault. She was caught in the very act and crime—and just as the Ancient Mariner wore his albatross, so was the salmon fastened to her as a mute evidence of her guilt. With some vague impulse to be free of him she tugged hard at the line—and the fish went crazy with fury at this renewed intrusion on his dignity.

In this new rage he excelled his previous performance. He jumped twice in the quick water at the head of the pool; then he ran straight away from Ann and suddenly jumped at right angles so that the line hissed as it tore through the water. He returned toward her, and then raced away again; and this time when he jumped, he came down tail first and threw himself into the air again with a stroke of his tail before his body was immersed. The whole upper end of the pool was a froth of churned, tormented water for a while.

Mr. Fearing came down the shingle on the bank of the pool and selected a bowlder and sat down on it. He filled a pipe. He watched the fish with never a glance at Ann. He seemed so unconscious of her presence there that she began to be angry. Her jaw set stubbornly; and when the fish wished to rest, she renewed the strain upon the slender rod and teased him into a new burst of that magnificent rage which would tire him out in time.

She began to think for the first time that she might catch this fish. The possibility had not seriously occurred to her before. She tried to remember all Dave and Mac had told her. To keep a steady spring on the rod. If the tip rose, to reel in line till the strain made itself felt again. If the fish took line, to let the reel run free. To keep abreast of her fish, following along the shallows while he moved up and down the pool. And never to let him rest at all.

She remembered things Dave had told her about his tackle. The rod would not lift a ten-ounce weight off the floor; the leader would break at a four-pound pull; the reel would run at a tug of a few ounces. The fish yonder weighed she knew not how many pounds—twenty, thirty, possibly more. Yet with this fragile gear she must control him.

She found it by and by impossible to believe that this rod would not pull ten ounces; for her arms began to ache with the continued strain. The fish was quieter now. Little by little, he yielded line till Ann could see his heavy bulk in the clear water; then with one casual surge he took out the line it had taken her five minutes to gain. Again he yielded—to reassert his mastery whenever he chose.

She realized suddenly that he was drifting toward the foot of the pool. She thought this meant that he was tiring, and her own weariness was forgotten in this exultant prospect. Then she remembered that there was no one here to gaff her fish for her, so she must hold him till Dave or Mac returned.

She had forgotten Mr. Fearing yonder on his bowlder, grim and silent. She remembered him now; but she would not ask his help, though her arms began to ache unbearably. She tugged at the rod, and the great salmon turned and ran downstream; he came to the very foot of the pool and jumped and landed in the first quick chute of the rapids; and she remembered that salmon sometimes went racing downstream and could not be stopped, and she ran after him. But the fish stopped in that first quick water till she came abreast of him, and then raced the length of the pool to the head again, at a steady, plugging pace.

So it was all to do over; and Ann looked at Mr. Fearing almost appealingly. He had moved downstream now; he was standing just beside her here. He must have moved, she guessed, when the fish started for the rapids; and she thought he wished to be near at hand to triumph in her defeat when the salmon broke clean away. She hated the old man with a weary hatred as she began to reel in line and follow the salmon up the pool.

It was nearly an hour since she had hooked this fish; it might have been eternity. Ann's arms ached as though she had been supporting a great weight for hours; her feet were sore from stumbling over bowlders; her eyes burned from following the tiny thread of line. She thought she could not endure much more.

But the salmon was far from surrendering. As she reeled line and followed him up the pool, he began to drop back to meet her; she found herself suddenly abreast of him, and then above the fish again. He made short, stubborn runs, always downstream; and Ann held him as hard as she dared, and gave line when she must, and took line when she could.

They neared the head of the rapids, and Ann knew that for half a mile below there was a tumble of quick water, foaming over bowlders half submerged or wholly so, where a fish must surely break away. She held the salmon hard, striving to turn him from that avenue. But her very opposition spurred him into flight; he made a harder run; he fought to the very lip of the rapids. Ann had a hopeless moment of defeat.

And then she saw old Mr. Fearing go scrambling into midstream to intercept the salmon there; he took his post like Horatius at the bridge, in the head of the first chute; and when the fish came that way, the old man kicked and splashed till the salmon once more darted a few yards upstream. Ann felt a sudden warm gratitude and a belated understanding. What was it Dave had said? Mr. Fearing was a fisherman! She had trespassed on his water, she had hooked his fish; he must hate and despise her; yet for all that he would help her save the salmon, if he could!

He looked toward her now at last, and she smiled her gratefulness; but he shouted fiercely:

"Keep a strain on him, you little fool!"

Ann dutifully lifted her rod. It weighed six or seven ounces, Dave had said; but it seemed to her just then incredibly heavy. She put a strain on the fish; and he began once more to drift downstream.

Mr. Fearing was able to turn him a second time; but a minute later all his efforts failed. The great fish was very weary now; indifferent to alarms. It slid past Mr. Fearing's very shins, and in a boil of rushing water it started down the rift.

Mr. Fearing, the line looped between his thumb and finger, yet still running free, followed; and behind came Ann, stumbling over great bowlders, her feet almost swept away at every step by the rush of the current, the reel buzzing steadily as the fish went farther and farther ahead of her.

In a little swirl he paused at last, and Ann came almost up with him, regaining her lost line; then he went on again. They moved in a sort of procession. First the sullen, weary fish; then, five or six yards behind, Mr. Fearing, guiding himself by keeping a light touch on the line, clearing it from entangling bowlders, holding it away from snags and brush. And still farther behind, Ann. Once she stumbled to her knees and filled her rubber boots; but she scrambled to her feet and still came on, and when she could, she reeled in line. Sometimes the spool of the reel was almost empty; sometimes it was almost full before the fish took up his flight again.

It was at a moment when they advanced in open order that they met Dave returning upstream. He saw first Mr. Fearing, and then the fish splashing down a shallow run. Before he saw Ann at all, he had hurried out into the stream to try to turn the fish. But Mr. Fearing shouted:

"I'll follow him, you idiot! Watch your wife. Help her keep her feet!"

Dave looked upstream and saw poor Ann a hundred yards away, stumbling weakly toward them, trying to reel in line, wet to the waist, her hair disordered, her face blazing red with long exertion, her lips white with fatigue.

He raced to her side and he cried some question.

"I—hooked—the big one," she gasped.

"I think he's hooked you!" Dave corrected joyfully. "Tired? Let me take him for a while!"

"I'm going to land him if it kills me," she panted. "But you can keep me from falling down!"

So Dave became a fourth in this procession. He walked at Ann's heels, his hands under her shoulders to support and steady her. But he tried to hurry her, to overtake the running fish; and so disaster came.

What happened was that Ann stumbled; and Dave tried to catch her, and tripped over her feet, and so they both fell forward, Ann beneath and Dave atop her, into a foot of swift water. And they gasped and scrambled to their feet again, choking and laughing.

"But I've still got the rod!" Ann cried triumphantly.

Dave looked and shook his head. "Fish is gone, hon," he told her, and pointed at the empty reel. The line had broken where it was fast to the spool.

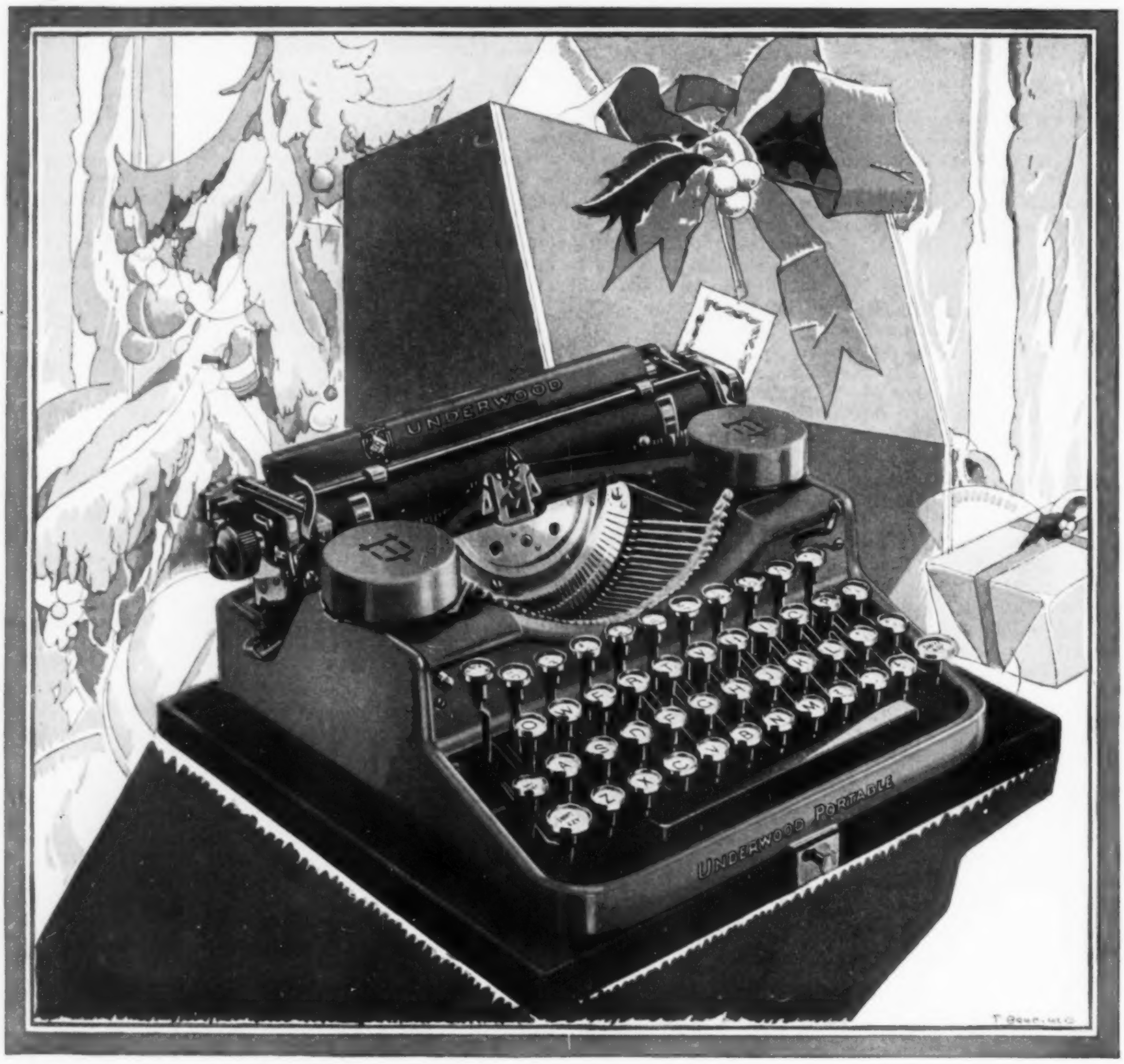
Dave saw her swift despair; and he said contritely; "That line's been on there four years. I never expected a fish to take it all out, or I'd have put a new one on!"

"He's gone?" Ann wailed. "Gone?"

"Got away," Dave admitted. "Yes, he's gone."

And Ann stared at the empty reel, and the useless rod; and then suddenly she knew how tired she was. Before Dave could catch her, she sat down

(Continued on Page 103)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to the handle of its
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●

Mother—*"And oh, Father ...just think of how one would help in keeping the household budget straight ...that ought to move you!"*

TO SOMEONE you know who is up and doing . . . who is GOING somewhere much too fast to be slowed down by a ball and chain in ink-bottle form GIVE . . . a Portable Underwood this Christmas! ¶ Here's just the right gift for this *newer* kind of Christmas, of this newer kind of world. ¶ Here's a portable that will let thoughts flow through finger tips and keep on flowing . . . that will let your mind take flight on fancy's wings while fingers barely touch the keys. ¶ No stopping to dip and carry. No smudge to mar the beauty of your dream. Just let your thinking go, your busy fingers go. Your Underwood understands. ¶ For whether the thing you write is a letter, a budget sheet, a speech for the women's club or even The Great American Novel—your Portable Underwood is a very definite aid to smoothness, to clarity, to beauty of expression. It enables you to record your thoughts legibly at high speed. It helps you to concentrate. It makes it easier to express yourself. ¶ So plan to give a Portable Underwood this Christmas. What better expression of thoughtfulness, what better example of usefulness, what better incentive to accomplishment? ¶ See The Portable Underwood at the nearest Underwood Dealer or Underwood Branch. Your choice of six attractive colors, or black. Price complete, $60.00, or $6.50 monthly on an easy payment plan.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Distributors of Underwood Standard, Noiseless and Portable Typewriters and Bookkeeping Machines
Products of Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
"UNDERWOOD, ELLIOTT-FISHER, SUNDSTRAND—SPEED THE WORLD'S BUSINESS"

●

Son—*"Gee...I'd like to have one, Dad, to take away with me...typing's got writing beat a mile."*

Special Features of

THE PORTABLE UNDERWOOD

Strong steel frame inside aluminum housing... Fast—quick, instantaneous key response...Light touch—hair-trigger key action due to exclusive Underwood principle...Easy manifolding—produces 4 or 5 carbon copies...Takes standard ribbon...Takes paper 9⅜ in. wide...Adjustable paper clamps...Construction of feed roll and cylinder permits quick straightening of paper... Carriage shift keys also shift the ribbon spools ...Type can't crowd or jump out of alignment...Superior finger piece on line space lever.

●

Daughter—*"And, Daddie dear . . . you just* KNOW *how one would help me to* EXPRESS *myself better."*

●

Dad—*"Well...that makes it unanimous...particularly since I'd made up my mind to get one for myself."*

PORTABLE UNDERWOOD

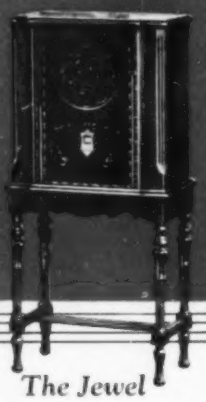
RADIO'S RICHEST VOICE IN NEW PRICE FIELDS . .

PRESENTING NEW SPARTONS

INCLUDING A 12-RECORD, FULLY AUTOMATIC COMBINATION

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH AT $280.

WITHOUT TUBES

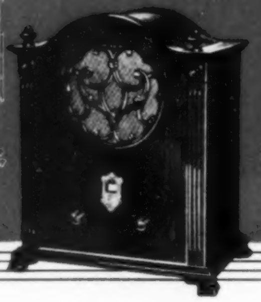


The Jewel

A petite Sparton console, built as only Sparton builds. Has 2 screen-grid, type 224 tubes, 1 type 280 and 1 type 427 tubes and 2 Sparton-built type 183 tubes for push-pull amplification. Price less tubes . . $\$96^{50}$

The Ensemble

A fully automatic, 12-record (10 or 12 inch), radio-phonograph combination in a handsome carved walnut cabinet. The radio is a 10-tube Sparton and the automatic phonograph is Sparton-built. A de luxe instrument, price less tubes . . $280



The Junior

Not a "midget", but a true Sparton with the Sparton chassis and dynamic speaker in a cabinet that is a masterpiece of small design. A rich little Sparton for, less tubes $56

Only SPARTON *has the* MUSICAL BEAUTY *of* SPARTON

Once again Sparton appears before the music lovers of the world with an announcement that is fundamental and big. Radio's Richest Voice is now presented in three sensational new instruments in entirely new price classes.

First, there is the new Sparton Ensemble. In a genuine wood-carved walnut cabinet, Sparton Radio is combined with a Sparton-built, 12-record, fully automatic phonograph at a price that brings such instruments within the means of new millions. A 10-tube radio such as only Sparton builds . . . a phonograph with the same rich voice . . . playing record after record without attention . . . is priced at only $280.00, less tubes. To you who know Sparton standards, this is a value unparalleled.

Then there is the Sparton Jewel. It is a graceful Sparton console, and just what the name implies . . . a little jewel. But within its beautiful cabinet is the engineering of Sparton, and the beauty of tone is the Musical Beauty that Sparton alone has achieved.

And now the Sparton Junior. Dismiss all thoughts of a "midget" radio from your mind. Think, instead, of a complete Sparton chassis, a dynamic speaker and the famous Sparton circuit, all ingeniously engineered into a cabinet that is a masterpiece of exquisite craftsmanship. Think of Radio's Richest Voice, with all that it implies—and that is the new Junior, priced at $56.00, less tubes.

Visit the nearest Sparton dealer and hear these marvelous new Spartons.

Dreams DO Come True

Boys! Girls! Sparton is offering 100 European Tours and College Scholarships to young people. Ask any Sparton dealer about the Sparton Scholarship Award.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY, JACKSON, MICH., U.S.A. SPARTON *of* CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

Western and Canadian prices slightly higher.

(Continued from Page 99)

helplessly in the very water there; the swift current boiled about her waist. She began whole-heartedly to cry.

Not till Ann was rested and comforted did it occur to them that Mr. Fearing had not come back upstream; so Dave left her on the bank and went down to find the old man.

He was scarce gone when Mac appeared from the direction of the cabin to hunt for them, and discovered her, and heard the tale. When she had finished, the guide looked downstream thoughtfully.

"Hard work to follow a fish down this rift," he said, half to himself.

Ann nodded. "Mr. Fearing had to run like a boy," she agreed. "I can understand him better now, Mac. He shall fish where he likes, from now on."

But Mac only said, in a low tone, "Here comes Dave!"

She followed his glance and saw her husband picking his way up the rocky shore. Something made her silent while he approached them; when he drew near she saw that his lips were white. Then he came to where they were, and stood beside them, and they waited till he said at last, "He saved your fish, Ann! Held the line, and beached him in the next pool below!"

And Ann asked in a quick, hushed voice, "He's all right, isn't he?"

Dave, after a moment, nodded, and he smiled. "I think so," he agreed. "I never saw so much proud happiness in a man's face as there is in his—where he lies beside the great salmon there!"

Ann pressed her hands to her lips, and her throat ached. But Mac, standing here above her, smiled gravely; and his eyes swept a slow circle all around.

"He was mighty fond of all this," he said slowly. Then his glance rested on the mountains, where white cloud masses rolled; and after a moment he looked down at Ann.

"There comes the fog," he told her gently. "The old men always say that when the fog blows over the mountain, a man can hang up his rod for a while."

DEBUNKING BANKING

(Continued from Page 29)

I broke into the conversation. "In view of the condition of Mrs. Lewis' account, I suppose you're glad to get that heavy deposit you mentioned."

"Not exactly," Fuller replied; "though I am rather fond of children."

"What has that to do with it?"

The branch manager sighed wearily. "Everything. The heavy deposit Mrs. Lewis is making happens to be her robust little daughter, Dorothy. About four or five times each month she parks Dorothy with us while she goes shopping or to the movies. You see, we're running a day nursery nowadays. Have to. The bank around the corner started coddling youngsters, and we can't afford to have it said that we are not giving as much service as the next fellow."

"But why bother about Mrs. Lewis when she keeps such a wabbly bank balance?"

Fuller gave a sly wink. "Politics. Her husband is assistant treasurer of a near-by printing company which runs a regular bank balance of more than $15,000. Some day Mrs. Lewis might tell Mr. Lewis what nice bankers we are and—well, who can tell?"

This $300,000,000 load which the banks are trying to shake from their shoulders had its real origin in post-war years. Money became more plentiful than ever. More money meant more banks. More banks meant keener rivalry for accounts. And when they got to competing with all the verve of side-show barkers, even if with greater dignity, the trouble started. See how the seed took root and grew.

Overflowing the Banks

When the First National announced that it stood ready to distribute Christmas baskets to the needy, as a medium for luring the charitable minded, the Second National, to go its competitor one better, took over the job of delivering pay rolls, as an expedient to attract those healthy commercial accounts. When the Citizens' Trust opened its bureau on home economics to assist housewives in thrifty management, the Commonwealth improved on the idea by becoming the disbursing agent of customers for their household expenses. Then the Third National, finding itself lagging, came out with a service for collecting school savings and fraternal dues, while the Provident got itself back in the picture by relieving all comers of that vexatious business of making out income-tax returns. Meanwhile a person with a bank account, whether it was $50,000 or a deficit to be made good at the earliest convenient moment, never had to worry about his supply of calendars, paper weights, pencils, memorandum pads, dime savings banks for the kiddies, and the like. Good old Mr. Banker was cheerfully handing out these items just like a regular Santa Claus.

Feverish competition. Country bankers raised their hands and said they hadn't started it, the city bankers had; city bankers pounded their desks and said they weren't keeping it up, the country bankers were. But that, after all, was not important. The important thing was that nobody seemed able to stop the flight of the function-gathering snowball, which grew as it rolled. It took a painfully short time for banks to discover that they had evolved overnight from single-tracked money marts into department stores of finance. You could get almost anything you wanted at one of the highly modern type, from the latest reports on the weather to railroad commutation tickets. Not even the newfangled drug store, dispensing custard pies, jumping jacks, cheese sandwiches, bowie knives, bathing caps and kitchenware on a larger scale than it does drugs, had gone farther afield.

The Bankers' Revolution

At last bankers reached the conclusion that banks were offering too much, customers expecting too much. Three or four years ago a few of the braver hard heads, skeptical all along, went into open revolt. "If the thing doesn't stop," they admonished, "we'll have men customers demanding we hire golf professionals to give free lessons and women customers insisting we open up face-lifting parlors next to the safe-deposit vaults." Whereupon they not only shut down on further expansion of this thing called service but began the gradual elimination of some of the multifarious special duties they had assumed, let competition do to them what it might.

Here was the opportunity for the so-called progressives to get in their heavy licks and decorate their banking places with so much service that the retrenchers would be swamped. Strangely enough, they didn't. For they, too, had made a great discovery. It was simply this—that the cost of running banks had increased 80 per cent in twenty years, while money and credit, the chief commodities they were dealing in, were bringing practically the same rate they had fifty years ago.

At the outset it had been a minor plague which had blushed unseen, but now it was a major one, without a chance to waste its sweetness on the desert air. The American Bankers Association peered into it with searching scrutiny. The Federal Reserve Bank of Boston put it under the microscope. Individuals turned on the spotlight. It seemed to everyone that the time was ripe to find out exactly what banking had become. They asked banks here, there and the other place, thousands of them, to tell, giving particular heed to the "orgy of service," to use the probers' own term, into which banking had plunged. Smarting under the lash of greatly reduced profits, the banks supplied the facts, and the facts supplied a shock.

Perhaps one of the heaviest of the blows was the American Bankers Association discovery that the orgy was costing banks $300,000,000 a year. But not the least astounding was the light shed by the Boston study on the diversity of service furnished. After exhaustive checking and double checking, the Massachusetts searchers were able to list 105 forms of it which were outside the functions ordinarily expected of banks. And that was neither to give a 100 per cent complete list nor to mention the enormous increase in essential duties necessitated by normal business growth and improvement. There were plenty of the latter variety, but everybody agreed they were excellent additions and helped to make banks more utilitarian, more human and more generally helpful to the community than banks had ever been.

Where Service Ends

It was not hard to separate the sheep from the goats. Some practices could be condemned without argument, not only because they were blanks as business getters but because they were far off the line of banking any way you looked at it. What, for example, did it avail a bank to instruct Mr. Schmidt, the delicatessen dealer, in the art of keeping his windows clean? Where was any commensurate return for awarding university scholarships to young people who wrote the best essays on economic and financial subjects? Why should a bank feel obliged to provide a dog doctor every time Mrs. Van Buskirk's pet poodle, Trixie, threw a fit? Wasn't it educating Mr. Sampson, the millionaire, along wrong lines to let him go joy-riding in the bank's airplane? Why the ticker tape in the lobby, the weighing scales for the fat and the thin? Why pamper Mr. Blotto, who made a habit of issuing checks without sufficient funds to cover? Why not make a charge of from fifty cents to two dollars a month for carrying checking accounts

(Continued on Page 105)

Architects: Jackson, Robertson and Adams

SIKES Furniture for a Rhode Island Courthouse . . . .

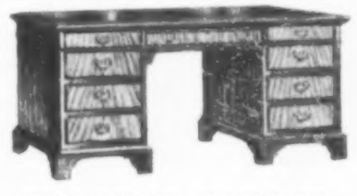
The Providence County Courthouse at Providence, R. I., is an outstanding example of pure Colonial architecture. When the selection of furniture was considered, it was at once apparent that the style selected should be modern and yet reflect the spirit of the surroundings.

Many suggestions were submitted to a distinguished group of men. After careful examination, they determined on custom built pieces specially made by Sikes.

Clearly showing the Colonial influence, yet offering the modern advantages of comfort and practicability, this splendid furniture is decidedly impressive and worthy of the splendid building it now graces.

The chairs by The Sikes Company of Philadelphia, together with desks and tables by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation of Buffalo, New York, constitute the largest single contract for fine furniture placed in New England in recent years.

Fine buildings deserve equally fine furniture. Consult your Sikes dealer who will gladly co-operate with you in the selection of, or designing of, types of furniture for your specific requirements.



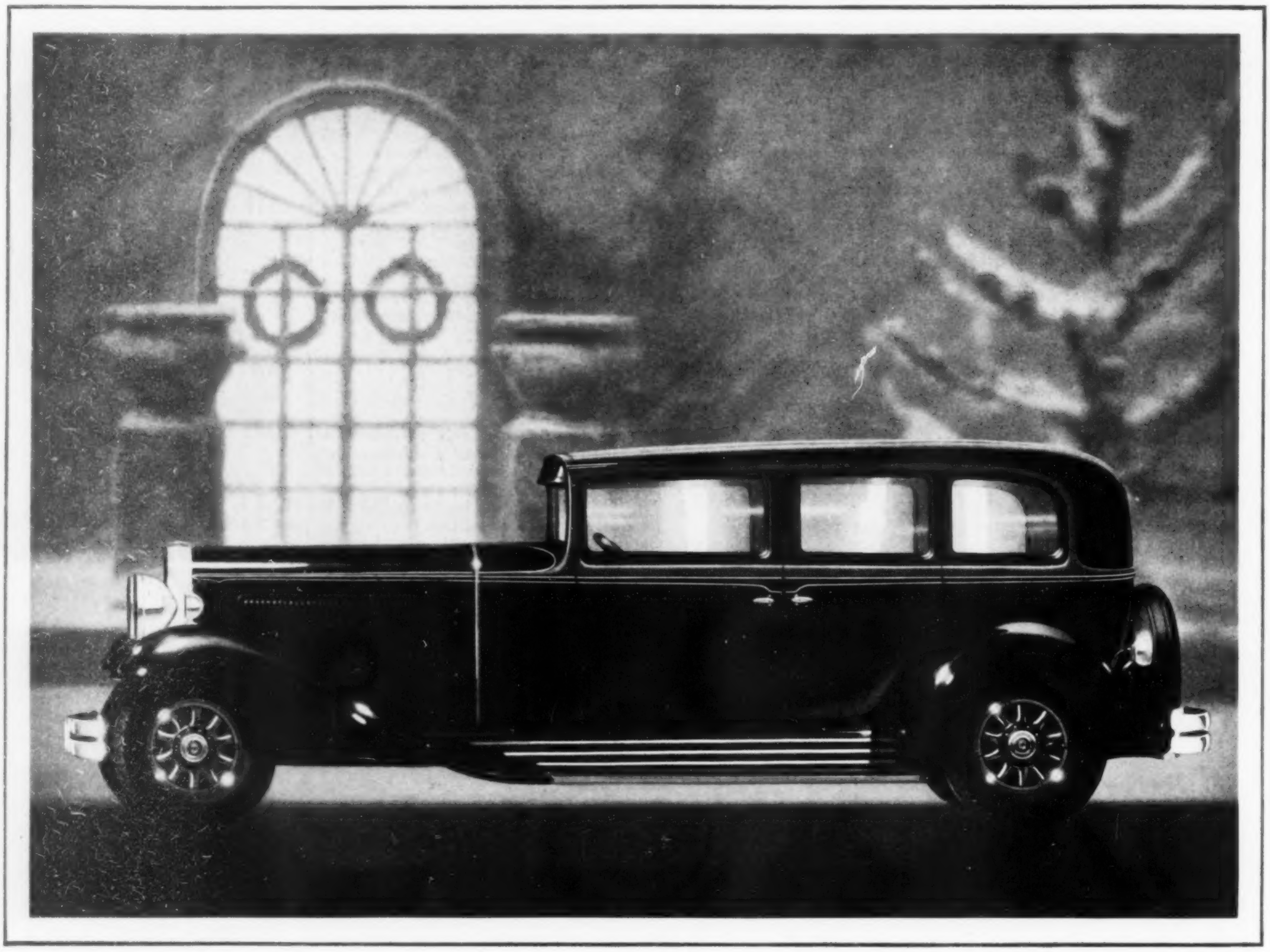
THE SIKES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation at Buffalo, New York.

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

SIKES

Chairmakers for 70 years



The pleasure which a new Nash for Christmas brings to all the family is increased by the knowledge that—whatever Nash you buy—that car is the finest car and the greatest value in its field

Lowest Priced *Six* in All Nash History $795 Only Twin-Ignition *Eight* at Its Price $1295
World's Lowest Priced *Eight* 4-Door Sedan $955 Finest *Eight* Motoring Money Can Buy $1565

Prices f. o. b. factory

THE *New*
NASH

(2360)

(Continued from Page 103)

under a specified minimum, since it was actually costing them money not to do so?

The great problem was to avoid drawing the line too finely. Banks could quite properly be debunked, but they could not be dehumanized; that would be worse than being overhumanized. It was perfectly plain that though some of the free services were unprofitable, they were none the less essential. Into this class fell such items as operating armored motor cars, cashing out-of-town checks for noncustomers, investment advice, converting foreign moneys into United States currency and vice versa, specially printed check books for depositors whose balances warranted that expense, novelty savings banks to stimulate thrift, issuing drafts on foreign cities, to mention a few.

Then there were the border-line services, such as permitting Mr. Smith to deposit an out-of-town check with his left hand and to draw against it simultaneously with his right. Technically that is described as drawing against uncollected funds, and opinion was divided regarding the advisability of interfering with this concession to Mr. Smith, even though the practice did entail an expense. Under the same heading came the practice of disseminating credit information. In spite of the fact that countless cases could be cited to show that extensive and costly investigations were often required to obtain this gratuitously distributed information, some bankers took the position that there is no finer service a bank can perform than to fortify customers against business losses.

Here are some of the other surprising pointers the banking world picked up about itself: The so-called convenience services cost the banks of the country approximately $5,000,000 a year over and above any revenue that may accrue from them, the principal return being the theoretical one of goodwill. About 56 per cent of the checking accounts do not even pay the handling cost, being so small that they represent only 2.9 per cent of total deposits; yet these same depositors issue 40 per cent of the total checks drawn on the average bank each day. To put it the other way, 44 per cent of customers carry 97.1 per cent of deposits, but instead of the amount of labor required to handle their business being in the ratio of 97.1 to 2.9, as could reasonably be expected, it is actually 60 to 40. The annual cost resulting from unprofitable accounts is $2,000,000, while small savings accounts that are ultra-active lop off another $750,000 from profits.

White Elephants of Banking

The item for assistance given in preparing income-tax returns is $500,000. The operation of school savings banks, altruistic as that activity may be, involves a net annual deficit of $1,250,000. One group of banks in a Southern city reported that they had been running these school banks over a period of ten years at annual losses ranging from $9000 the first year to $15,000 the tenth, in spite of the fact that parents and teachers gave intelligent coöperation.

Cashing out-of-town checks for noncustomers causes a direct financial loss of $1,000,000 yearly, while cashiers' checks are issued to this same group of persons for payment of local bills at an expense of $1,500,000. Some of the larger banks had installed travel bureaus. The idea was that they would more than pay for themselves through the sale of travelers' checks and letters of credit, but the lesson of experience is that the activity goes in the red to the tune of $750,000 a year. Christmas savings clubs clip another $1,000,000 off the profit sheet, but they, like travel bureaus, cannot be tossed carelessly into the white-elephant group. Some bankers stoutly contend that indirectly they are lucrative. Travel bureaus produce prospective customers for other departments; Christmas clubs bring permanent savings accounts. Whether these benefits more than offset the operation costs is still under debate.

It costs banks $10,000,000 annually to provide check books, pass books and deposit slips. Though this sum is listed as one of the items in the grand total of $300,000,000 which the banks are represented as giving away yearly in the form of free service, the utter impracticability of charging customers for such equipment is, of course, recognized. However, the agencies striving to halt the long-sustained wave of destructive rivalry are not so readily satisfied with the fact that "many banks are compelled by the inexorable urge of competition" to pay interest on commercial accounts.

A Check-Up on Checks

"Why should they," asks the commission on banking functions and clearing-house practices of the American Bankers Association, "be called upon to hand out to their customers $35,000,000 annually on that portion of these accounts which, by law, the banks are compelled to keep as reserve, without interest, at the Federal Reserve Bank? . . . The major cause of the unsatisfactory condition which exists in the bank's profit-and-loss account unquestionably is our stupid and inexcusable competition inspired by the great American desire for bigger and better banks."

Meanwhile the offensive movement to repair as much of the damage as possible gathers force. The first premise taken by those carrying it on is that many of the extraordinary functions with which banks have saddled themselves are here to stay. And as far as that is concerned, there is wide recognition that the remarkable growth of the human side of banking has decided advantages. Banks, for example, are the natural enemies of stock swindlers, who reap an annual harvest estimated at $1,500,000,000, and the more intimate a bank's relations with depositors, the easier to sound warnings. Nobody, not even those who railed longest and loudest at the profit-destroying drift, seems eager to interfere with the status quo of that relationship. The whole objective is to find ways and means to make up for the diminishing earning power of deposits.

The per-item charge looms as the most favored solution. If you have not already been introduced to it, the chances are excellent that you will be. A survey made by the American Bankers Association shows that 36.8 per cent of the member banks replying are now making per-item charges of one sort or another. Out of nine questions submitted to these banks, there were three of particular interest to every person who has a checking account, as follows: (a) Do you make an exchange, service or over-the-counter charge on checks payable outside your city? Do you make a charge on items payable within your city? (b) Do you make a charge on items drawn by your depositors? (c) Would you be in favor of having a uniform system adopted by all banks throughout the country automatically and fairly to compensate them in handling items—both city and out-of-town items?

Translated into nontechnical terms, the first of these questions is simply this: Does your bank charge you for handling the checks on out-of-town banks which you deposit to your account? The sectional line-up on replies showed that 83.8 per cent of Eastern banks make no such charge, 62.2 per cent of Southern banks do, 69.8 of the Middle Western do not, and 65.4 of the Western do not.

In response to the second half of the question, which applies to items payable within the city, it was found that the practice of making customers pay for the handling of local checks was fairly negligible. Out of all the banks replying, only an average of 9.2 per cent make such charges, the South again being highest, with 23.1 per cent.

On the question of items drawn, which means the checks any depositor issues, it was again demonstrated that the South is the leader in the movement to charge for service given. The replies showed 36.2 per cent of the Southern members to be charging for withdrawals, as against 12.5 in the East, 17.6 in the Middle West and 17.1 in the West, for an average over the entire country of 19.6. Still further refined, these figures reveal that approximately one-fifth of the answering banks have already instituted a service charge on every check drawn by their depositors. To the customers of those banks who know not what it is to be taxed for service in any form, it is all rather bewildering.

The third question, relating to the advisability of a uniform system, proved the banks to be far more in agreement on that point than on others. Ninety-five and five-tenths per cent reported that they were in favor of the general adoption of a method to compensate them for their services. The overwhelming preponderance of opinion in support of concerted action furnishes its own side light on the more recent attitude toward competition and its penalties. It would seem that the ardor to spread the ramifications of service to their ultimate point had cooled.

Money That Floats

There are various other forms of the per-item charge. One of them concerns the not-sufficient-funds check. A bank in a Southern city which recently installed a charge of twenty-five cents for every check of that kind had an illuminating experience. The day before the charge was made effective, thirty-two insufficient checks were returned, while ten days later the total had dwindled to three.

"Float" is a banking term without meaning to the average depositor, but its significance to the banks themselves is important enough to bring the statement from one of the leading bankers of the Middle West that the institution of a nation-wide system of float charges would increase earnings by $50,000,000 a year. Float, in a general way, refers to the dead calm into which capital, credit or funds of any sort go when in the process of transfer from one bank to another. The sum total being shipped about the United States all the time runs into many hundreds of millions. While in transit it earns no interest or return of any character. Its productiveness has become becalmed.

A great deal concerning float has to do with the common practice of city

Yes...water is WET

...but it makes your scalp DRY

IF you need an object lesson, just forget to dry your hands when you wash them. See how harsh and dry and scaly your skin becomes! Do you wonder that men lose their hair? Sloshing water on morning after morning!

Make this test for 30 days

Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning. Massage the scalp vigorously, then comb and brush the hair. In a month or less you'll see a decided change. No dandruff, no itching, no harsh dryness of scalp and hair.

For very dry scalps

A little Wildroot Hair Dress applied with Wildroot Hair Tonic a few times a week will aid in grooming the hair and will add the necessary healthful oil everyone's scalp needs. You can get this and other Wildroot products at drug stores, department stores, barbers or hair dressers everywhere. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. Try Wildroot Shampoo.
You get more for your money.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic

SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time, N. B. C. Red Network.

banks in deducting the period of transmission when calculating interest on the balances maintained by country correspondents. But that part of it which applies to the general run of us has to do with the out-of-town checks which we put into our banks. The case of Mr. Smith, who deposits a check with his left hand and simultaneously draws against it with his right, comes up again. Entirely aside from the fact that the bank, when it allows Mr. Smith to draw against uncollected funds, is taking the chance that the check may not be good, few of us realize that the extension of this privilege means actually that the bank has advanced the funds to Mr. Smith, pending the completion of the entire transaction. In the interval between his deposit and the actual transfer of the money to his bank, the out-of-town check has hit the doldrums of productiveness. It toils not, neither does it spin.

Minnesota, Nebraska and Wisconsin have been pioneers in getting on the trail of losses incurred through float. In those states a floating check gathers moss. If you happen to be a depositor of a bank in St. Paul or Minneapolis you pay three cents on checks of $25 or under, five cents on checks for sums running between $25 and $100, and more as you go, depending on the amount of the check and the time it takes to collect it through the Federal Reserve Bank. All these apparently insignificant sums mount into a huge total when added together. It is with a great deal of pride that Minnesota bankers point to the experience of the Northern National Bank of Bemidji, a town of 8000 population. The capital of that bank is $50,000 and its commercial deposits, $325,000. In one year it earned $3300 on float charges alone, a sum equal to 6.6 per cent of its capital.

The keynote of the whole movement for banking readjustment is found in the present exhaustive study of per item charges, which are deemed more equitable to both customer and bank than a set service charge for balances under a specified minimum. "Let the activity of an account determine how much banks shall charge for carrying it," is the spirit of the remedy most favored.

Along that line the American Bankers Association is urging clearing houses of the country to adopt a uniform per item schedule of charges. Since the plan recommended by the association provides a charge for checks drawn and deposited, as well as for float, you need feel no surprise if the morning mail should some day contain a letter from your bank announcing in diplomatic language that many of the old free functions of banking have ceased to exist.

THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 5)

the American delegation, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State, and now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

President Coolidge was to be met by President Machado, and as soon as I boarded the battleship Texas a wireless message was delivered to me, asking just how the President and his party and the head of the American delegation and his party were to be landed. This message suggested that two landings be arranged—the President and his party first, and the delegation to the conference next. The presidential party included, among others, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Kellogg and the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Wilbur. The President of Cuba proposed to meet the President of the United States, but he did not want to meet the American delegation, because that would be construed as a discrimination against various delegations from other countries, which had already arrived.

Preserving the Amenities

I struggled for several hours answering this message, and received a reply that the arrangements would not work out satisfactorily with the boats. There was no time for further communication. I had worked out the seating of the different launches swung from the battleship, but when the representatives of the President of Cuba arrived, together with our ambassador, I was informed that they had not intended to use the launches of our battleship but to take the launches of the Cuban Government, which were sent to bring the President ashore. The seating capacity was less, hence the difficulty. Our admiral had informed me that international etiquette required that the launches of the battleship be used.

The debarkation of our party started, and we were all ready to get aboard the Texas boats when the President saw the trouble. It was a real confusion, because naval instructions had gone from the command of the battleship for our boats to come alongside, and the command was being obeyed. On the other hand, the President of Cuba had directed his launches to be there, and they were obeying their command.

I explained in a moment to the President, and the difficulties were cleared away with his quiet response:

"We will land in the Cuban boats, if they desire."

The American fleet of launches retreated and gave way to the Cuban fleet, which safely landed us. We had to work out the seating arrangements on the spur of the moment, but had very little trouble.

As the two presidents were driven along the streets crowded with the cheering multitude, the occasion was a most inspiring one. We were all taken to the imposing presidential palace, where we remained during our stay. Late in the afternoon the two presidents went out on the spacious veranda overlooking the sea across the wide expanse of the beautiful park. They stood there for a few moments while shouts of applause came from the thousands upon thousands of people who were standing to cheer the two presidents whom they saw.

I had a beautiful suite at the palace, but was so busy I had little occasion to enjoy it. Arrangements had been well worked out by our ambassador and by Col. E. W. Starling, a member of the Secret Service, who had gone in advance. A thousand and one things kept me busy. Gifts were being delivered, formal calls were being made, hundreds of telegrams were being delivered, some of them in Spanish.

The President, of course, had prepared the speech which he was to deliver, so he had to give no thought to this. Almost every spare moment of his time was arranged for. On the second night, there was to be a formal dinner where toasts were to be exchanged between the two presidents. Our ambassador understood they were to be merely toasts, without accompanying remarks. I learned late that day that the President of Cuba had prepared some remarks to accompany the toast, and I had to get a copy of them and have them translated so that appropriate remarks in response could be prepared by the President.

The dinner, with about two hundred guests, including all the delegates to the conference, was a very brilliant affair, and everything turned out smoothly. The two toasts started the dinner. President Coolidge did not speak Spanish, and President Machado did not speak much English, but they were aided by an interpreter and carried on a very animated conversation.

I would have been much happier at the dinner if I could have borrowed their interpreter for a short time, for I was seated between two very beautiful women with whom I could not converse. It was not their fault—they spoke three or four languages other than English, but my foreign-language education had been neglected.

The presidential party left Cuba early the next morning after a two days' stay, with waving and cheering crowds bidding the President good-by. It was an inspiration to see the evidences of abundant good will on every hand. However, I felt relieved when the President, just before landing in Key West, corrected and approved his message conveying to President and Mrs. Machado the tidings of his return to American shores and his expressions of thanks for their fine hospitality.

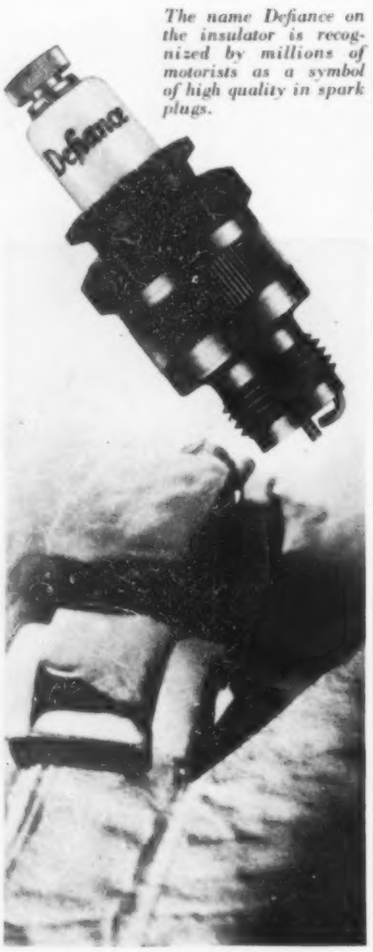
Summer White Houses

When the President went for a long trip like a summer vacation, it was a real event. He made four such trips. Then a Summer White House had to be arranged. An appropriate guard of Marines had to be transported. Executive offices had to be arranged. When Mr. Coolidge was at Swampscott, Massachusetts, we had our office in the chamber of commerce at Lynn. When at Paul Smith's, New York, we were in a cottage. While at Rapid City, South Dakota, and Superior, Wisconsin, we were in the high-school buildings, in the last two instances about thirty miles from the Summer White House. A special telephone wire was always run from the offices, where we had a switchboard, to the President's summer home. It was also connected with the living rooms of the secretary and the Secret Service.

The hardships of the office force were increased during the summer, when the President was out a great distance from Washington. When a caller wants to see the President of the United States, those in charge must not merely think he is entitled to see him; they must know it. In Washington one can check up with the senators and members of Congress, with the Cabinet and other executive officers, with old files, and in many ways determine whether a caller should see him. Away from the base of supplies all that was impossible.

One of the most-talked-of events of Mr. Coolidge's Administration occurred during his stay at the Black Hills in South Dakota. Some days before the end of four years' service as President, Mr.

(Continued on Page 109)



The name Defiance on the insulator is recognized by millions of motorists as a symbol of high quality in spark plugs.

Start QUICKER in cold weather with a complete set of Defiance

Good plugs are necessary the year 'round—in June as well as January . . . . But now, with winter weather here, you need them most of all . . . . As the thermometer falls, starting troubles mount, with faulty plugs heading the list of causes . . . . Instead of waiting till your motor stalls, *forestall trouble* by having your spark plugs inspected. Only slight attention may be needed—such as adjusting of spark gap or cleaning . . . . If, however, the old plugs have seen their best days, install a complete new set of Defiance—the spark plug of predetermined* quality. Sold by more than 58,000 dealers from coast to coast who display the orange-and-black Defiance signs.

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Defiance
SPARK PLUGS
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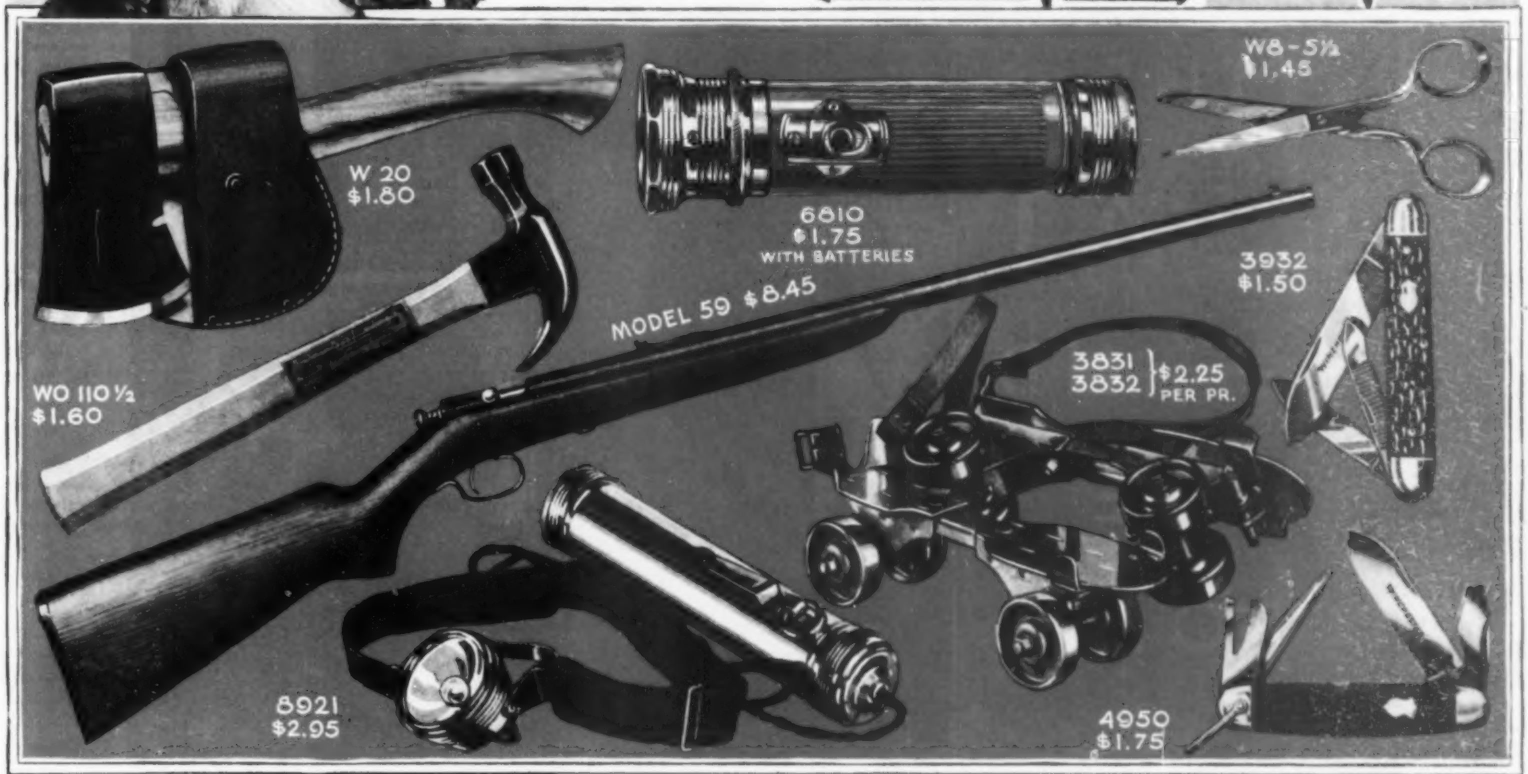
**The quality of Defiance Spark Plugs is predetermined by exhaustive engineering research and exacting production inspections, and guarded by wrapping each carton in Cellophane.*

WINCHESTER
This year give useful Gifts

This Year Give Useful Gifts



Merry Christmas—can be said to the completest satisfaction of your friends and of yourself by a selection from the ideal gifts shown here. Each is a lasting, quality remembrance—the gift that is not only useful but gives genuine pleasure and kindles a real joy of possession. Stores where you see the jovial Santa Claus pictured above will gladly show you this special offering of Winchester gifts.

Model 59—a new, light-weight, single-shot, bolt-action, .22 caliber rifle—the newest .22 Winchester—ideal for the boy or girl or the young man or woman shooter—at a moderate price. $8.45.

8921—3-cell Focusing Headlight. Fastens around your head, leaves both hands free and lights wherever you look. 360 ft. range. The latest and most useful thing in flashlights—$2.95. Batteries 30c extra.

6810—2-cell Focusing Spotlight. Your choice of attractive colors with chromium-plated trim—$1.75 complete with batteries.

3831—Double row—ball-bearing Roller Skates—supreme in mileage, strength, and easy running qualities. Boys' model (3831) $2.25. Girls' model (3832) $2.25. (Per pair.)

W20—Camp Axe in genuine leather sheath. A necessary tool for all who love the out-of-doors. $1.80.

WO110½—Winchester quality hammer with octagon head and handle—the finest you have ever swung. $1.60.

4950—Camp Pattern Pocket Knife—the knife of many uses—with flat spear, combination can opener and cap lifter, screw driver and punch blades. $1.75.

3932—Three-bladed Senator Pattern Knife. Stag handle. Spear, pen and file blades. $1.50.

W8—Ladies' Pattern Sewing Scissors—full nickel plated—most carefully ground and set—5½" length. $1.45.

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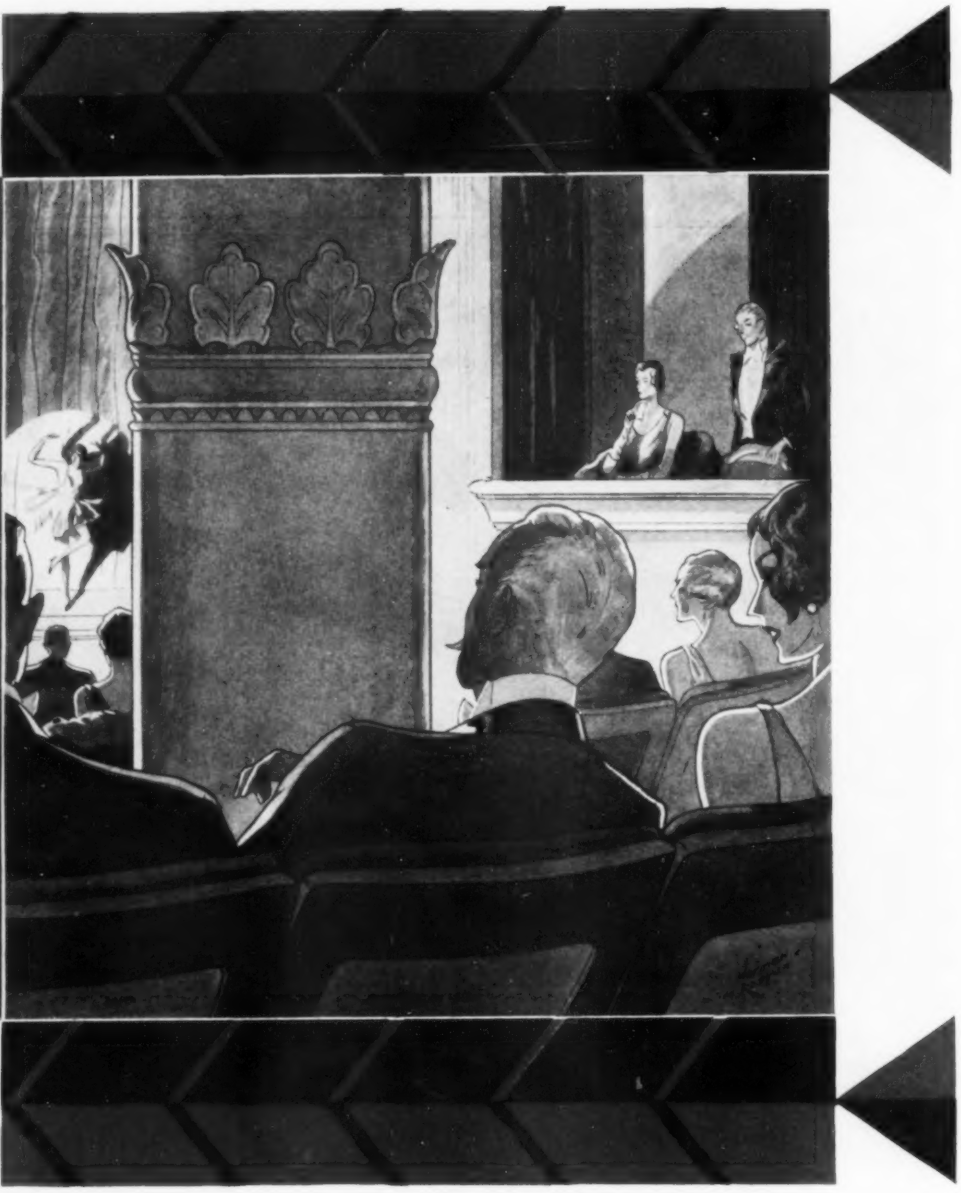
CARL BECKER

THE SEAT BEHIND THE POST



IT'S A nice seat. Comfortable. Looks like any other in the house—and costs as much. But there's little enjoyment to be had from it.

There's a first cousin to the seat behind the post in every gallon of ordinary motor oil. It's a quart that looks like the others, and costs as much—but isn't worth as much. It's a quart of waste material that ordinary refining leaves in—and there's little lubrication to be had from it.

You will never find this quart of waste in any gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. For Quaker State is not refined in the ordinary way. Quaker State is *super*-refined, carried a step further by an exclusive process that removes the quart of waste. And in its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant—four full quarts of lubricant to every gallon. So you really get an *extra* quart.

There's another reason, too, for the superiority of Quaker State. This great motor oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest the world produces.

And what a whale of a lubricating job Quaker State Motor Oil does! It steps-up the power of your motor because it gives a better piston seal. It lasts longer under extreme heat. It retains its protective oiliness longer. It means more miles from spark plugs, piston rings and every working part of your motor. It means more pep for your car—more pleasure when you drive it. It's waiting for you wherever you see the green and white service station sign. Drive up. Fill up. And feel the difference!

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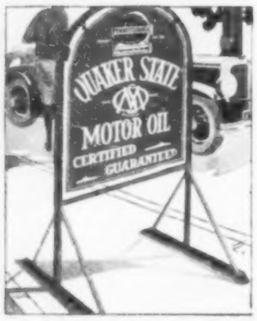

The Original Certified Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil . . .

35¢ PER QUART

Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Buy your oil where you see this sign

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL
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Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

Get that Extra Quart in every gallon

(Continued from Page 106)

Coolidge had rung for me to come into his office. His office was in the southeastern corner of the high-school building in Rapid City, in a rather spacious room, with his large desk well out in the room, but nearer the south side.

He was sitting rather quietly at his desk and did not change his position when I came in. After I sat down he looked up and said:

"Now—I am not going to run for President."

When he said "now" and paused, I knew from former experience that he was about to discuss an important matter. I didn't reply, partly because his statement did not seem to call for a reply, and partly because to me the situation had changed from a casual moment to a tense one.

He then added: "If I should serve as President again, I should serve almost ten years, which is too long for a President in this country."

I said, "I think the people of the country will be disappointed."

A Laconic Message

I do not recall what reply he made, if any, to this, but he handed me a slip of paper on which was written, in blue pencil, the sentence:

> I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight.

And said: "What do you think of that?"

I made some casual comment on the phraseology, to which he paid very little attention, and then I said:

"You feel sure that you have reached a definite decision about the matter?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "Since there is no occasion for speaking now, I do not see why there should be any hurry about making the announcement."

No one can recall after a lapse of time the substance of such a conversation, but the impression frequently remains very vivid. The one impression that I had, and which still remains, was that he had not called me in to seek my advice as to whether he should run.

After we discussed the phraseology of the note which he had submitted to me, I knew that he had not the slightest idea of heeding my advice about that unless I should agree.

He said, "On the second of August I shall have served four years, and I think that it is an appropriate time to make the announcement."

I said, "Very well; that will be the day you regularly meet the newspapermen, and it will fit in very nicely."

He then brought up another subject, and neither of us referred again to his proposed announcement for several days—in fact, not until Tuesday morning, August the second. He came, as usual, from the Summer White House, the state game lodge, about thirty miles away, by automobile, and arrived at his office about half-past eight. I was there before he arrived and went into the office.

I said to him, "Do you intend to make your announcement today?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "I think it would be well if you made the announcement at twelve o'clock instead of nine o'clock, the regular time of our newspaper conference. There is three hours' difference in time between Rapid City and New York, and if the announcement is made at twelve o'clock, it will come after three there and the stock market will be closed. News of this kind is sure to affect the stock market. It is always best to have the news break at a time when the effect of it can be digested while the stock market is closed."

He agreed to this. At the close of the usual nine-o'clock newspaper conference, which was always held for the correspondents representing afternoon papers, he said rather casually:

"If you will return at twelve o'clock there will be an additional statement."

This was out of the usual routine, and speculation was rife among the newspapermen as to what the statement would be. Not a single one had the faintest idea, but a great many of them thought it might relate to the Arms Conference, which was then in session.

About half-past eleven o'clock he called me in, picked up his pencil and, in my presence, wrote the same words that I had seen on the slip several days before, without referring to the other slip, which had probably been destroyed by him. This was very convincing proof to me that the phraseology of his statement had been the subject of careful study.

He said, "Take this, and about ten minutes before twelve call in Mr. Geisser, have him run off a number of these lines on legal-sized paper, five or six on each sheet, with carbons enough to supply the newspapermen, and some to spare. Then bring in the sheets to me uncut."

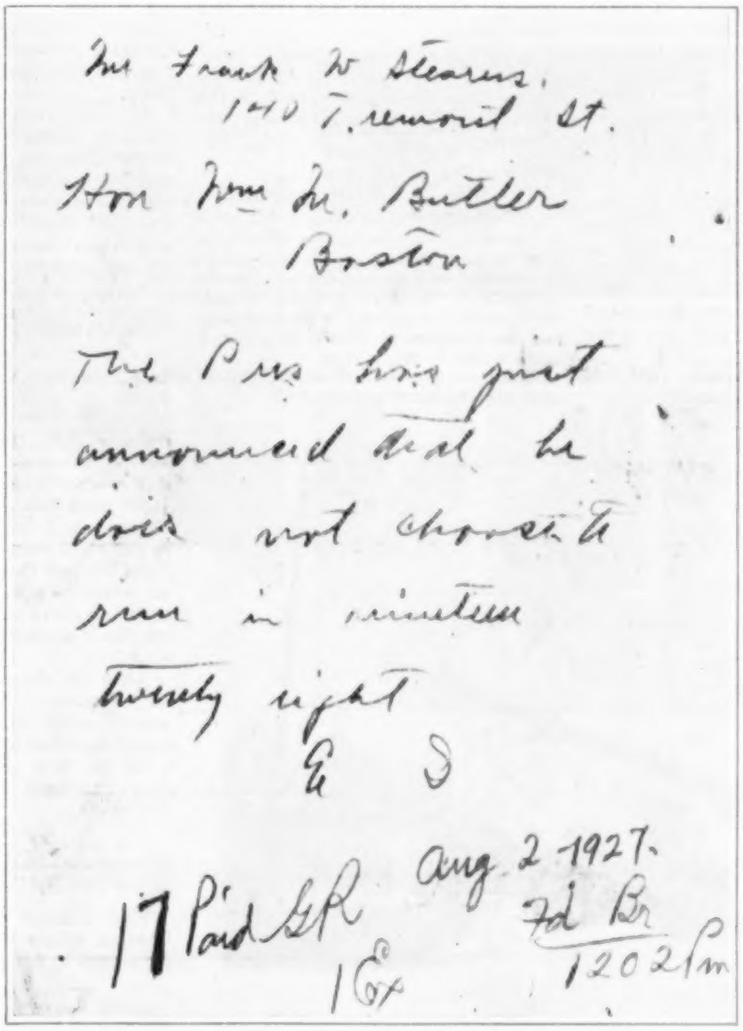
Setting the Stage

I went into my room and later sent for Mr. Erwin C. Geisser, who was the President's personal stenographer. I told him I had something I wanted copied in the strictest confidence, in the manner the President had indicated to me, and handed him the slip. It affected him very visibly. He had been with the President when he was Vice President. He had been at the little Coolidge home in Plymouth, Vermont, at the dramatic time when President Coolidge's father administered the oath of office of President of the United States to his son. He had been at his side constantly during all the time he had been President, and he felt the import of the little slip which he was to transcribe. He brought back about six or seven sheets, which I took in to the President.

Mr. Coolidge took a large pair of shears out of the drawer of his desk and painstakingly cut through the sheets, making neat little slips, perhaps two inches in width. He then said:

"I am going to hand these out myself; I am going to give them to the newspapermen without comment from this side"—the east side of his desk. "I want you to stand at the door and not permit anyone to leave until each of them has a slip, so that they may have an even chance."

I walked back into my office, where I found Senator Capper, of Kansas, who had been there during the



Mr Frank W Stearns.
140 Tremont St.
Hon Wm M. Butler
Boston

The Pres has just
announced that he
does not choose to
run in nineteen
twenty eight
E S

Aug 2 1927.
17 Paid GR
Fd Br
1 Ex
1202 Pm

A Facsimile of the Author's Note in Regard to the Famous "Do Not Choose to Run" Announcement

Satisfied Guests make New Yorker FAMOUS

In Pullman cars, in club locker rooms, over the luncheon tables in famous hotels, in business offices and stores...wherever men gather you hear it—"be sure to stop at the Hotel New Yorker when you go to New York." ● For in less than a year the New Yorker has become the most talked-about hotel in history. Its success has been sensational. Each night it approaches capacity. Every day its restaurants are crowded.

● Almost half of our guests this first year have been sent to us by other guests.

There's a reason, of course. The New Yorker gives you thrifty luxury—full value—the most for the money ● Try the New Yorker yourself the next time you come to New York ● New Yorker rates are $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00 and $10 a day for one person. 85 per cent of its rooms are $5 or less.

● FOR CHRISTMAS—give New Yorker Bonbonettes, the famous new candies. Mailed anywhere—$2 per lb. (add 15¢ extra for West of Rockies and outside U. S.) Address Dept. 8-S.

HOTEL NEW YORKER
MANHATTAN'S LARGEST HOTEL
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Ralph Hitz · Managing Director

morning. He was a house guest at the Summer White House.

I said, "Senator, we do not usually permit anyone to come into the newspaper conferences except regularly accredited newspaper correspondents, but since you are a journalist and a publisher, I think you will be interested in going in with the boys."

So Senator Capper came in, unaware of the importance of the conference. It was short. He only saw the President tell them that the line formed on the left and saw him hand them each a slip of paper.

Two or three reached the door before they all got the slips, but I explained to them that I did not want any of them to leave the room until they all had the announcement. Then I opened the door. The inhabitants of the town thought there was a fire. It was several blocks to the telegraph offices and to the long-distance telephone, and there was a real race on. The correspondents had agreed beforehand that no one should use the telephones, since there were but two in the high-school building.

There were sent out from the little town of Rapid City tens of thousands of words of telegraphic news, explaining to the country that Coolidge did not choose to run for President in 1928. They had no explanation from him, and I refused to comment on the subject, on the ground that the President had stated what he wished to say in writing and I did not care to discuss it.

Three or four of the morning newspapermen stayed around and vainly tried in various ways to get some additional light on the statement. They had ample time to write the story, with any side lights which they could obtain.

Shortly after they left the President's office I asked him if Mr. Frank W. Stearns and Mr. William M. Butler should not be notified by wire. Mr. Stearns was his close personal friend, and Senator Butler was then chairman of the Republican National Committee and had managed his preconvention campaign and his campaign for election.

At the Summer White House

He sat down and wrote on a similar slip of paper a short message to be signed by me, and addressed to each of them. The penciled memorandum for these messages read:

> The President has just announced that he does not choose to run in nineteen twenty-eight.

Soon after issuing the statement he drove to the Summer White House.

The day following this statement Mrs. Sanders and I were invited to spend the night at the Summer White House.

Former Representative and Mrs. C. Frank Reavis, of Nebraska, were dinner guests and, not knowing of his statement, Mr. Reavis was very effusive in his recitals of Nebraska's hopes that he would run again. No one enlightened the prominent Nebraskan concerning the President's decision.

Messages began pouring in from all over the country—many of them asking him to reconsider; many of them playing on the words he had used, by laudatory messages, saying that the people would "choose" for him. The correspondence following must have been very gratifying to the President—words of praise from people all over the country and in all walks of life; messages of affection, of confidence and of grateful appreciation.

Some of those who knew him pretty well doubted the finality of the decision; others, trying to be ingenious, sought to read into the phraseology a doubt of finality; still others took him at his word and gave weight to the sincerity which should attach to a presidential utterance.

This was the first one of a number of things which he did to prevent his renomination.

On the afternoon of December 6, 1927, there was to be a meeting of the Republican National Committee in the East Room of the White House. Practically every member of the committee, including the head of the women's organization in each state, attended.

The President's speech had been given out to the press, but since he had never formally communicated to the committee his views with respect to the renomination, he took that means of doing so. The last part of his speech was not handed to the correspondents until a few moments before he began to speak, so that those present did not know that the address would mention the subject.

After a very appropriate discussion of the responsibilities of political organizations, he added:

"This is naturally the time to be planning for the future. The party will soon place in nomination its candidate to succeed me. To give time for mature deliberation I stated to the country on August second that I did not choose to run for President in 1928. My statement stands. No one should be led to suppose that I have modified it. My decision will be respected. After I had been eliminated, the party began, and should vigorously continue, the serious task of selecting another candidate from among the numbers of distinguished men available."

After he closed, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, of Kentucky, vice chairman, with tears in her eyes, spoke of her disappointment, and seemed to think that settled the question.

However, Charles D. Hilles, national committeeman from New York, said to me immediately thereafter: "This does not take the President out of the race." It was interesting to me to note the different viewpoints of two persons who had heard the same words.

In the middle of March, 1928, the President received a letter from L. C. Hinkle, Republican state chairman of Wyoming, inclosing a certified copy of the resolution adopted by the Republican State Committee. After reciting and praising the policies of the Coolidge Administration, the resolution closed with this appeal:

> "Therefore, Be It Resolved that the Wyoming Republican State Central Committee believes that the general good of the people of these United States would be enhanced by a continuation of the Administration of Calvin Coolidge.
>
> Be It Further Resolved that the Wyoming Republican State Central Committee requests Calvin Coolidge to waive his personal preference and consent to continue for an additional four years that leadership which has brought honor and prosperity to this country. . . .

We had usually left without answer communications of this character, but since this was a formal resolution, it was thought best to reply, and the following was prepared and signed by me:

> *My dear Mr. Hinkle:* "The President has received your letter of the 17th, inclosing a copy of the resolution adopted by the Republican State Committee of Wyoming, on March 10th. While he, of course, very greatly appreciates and thanks you for the expressions of confidence, the President directs me to say that he must decline to grant the request of the Committee.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> EVERETT SANDERS,
> Secretary to the President.

I had written this letter in longhand, and originally it read that he must decline to "accede to" the request, but when I showed my penciled letter to the President he drew a line through "accede to" and wrote the word "grant."

A little more than a month later the President sent a letter to Francis Prescott, of Boston, chairman of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, reading:

> THE WHITE HOUSE
> Washington, April 20, 1928.
>
> *My dear Mr. Prescott:* Report has come to me that some persons in Massachusetts are proposing to write in my name as a candidate for President at the primaries on April 24. Such action would be most embarrassing to me and, while appreciating the compliment that is intended, I request that it not be done.
>
> My name is being used in other States in a way that is contrary to my wishes. I have heard that in New York it has gone so far as to be claimed such use is with my tacit consent.
>
> In my own State, to give any countenance to such a movement would tend to compromise me and lend color to the misrepresentations that apparently are being made in other States.
>
> I am, therefore, sending you this public declaration of my position and requesting that such attempts be discontinued.
>
> Very truly yours,
> CALVIN COOLIDGE.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Winter, Quebec, Canada

When the Republican National Convention was in session at Kansas City, I carried to the heads of certain delegations his personal verbal request that they should not vote for him for President.

Some people have thought if he had used different words his position would have been more clearly understood. However, he did not choose to run for President in 1928, and he did not run. No matter how forcible the language, someone would still have been found to inquire if Coolidge had not reconsidered his decision, or to ask him to do so.

An Effective Withdrawal

Charles Evans Hughes said he would neither seek nor accept the nomination, but that did not prevent further talk of Mr. Hughes' nomination, nor did it obviate the necessity for his making additional public statements on the subject. Gov. Frank O. Lowden, prior to the convention at Cleveland in 1924, issued a public statement that he would not accept the nomination for Vice President if it were tendered to him. Nevertheless, the convention nominated him and he declined to accept. The method Mr. Coolidge pursued proved to be effective. No other method could have done more.

His work was somewhat lighter after his first statement and considerably lighter after the election of his successor. He had his usual hard work after the last session of Congress started. But the impending special session somewhat relieved the pressure which usually is found in the short session of Congress, ending on March fourth by constitutional mandate.

On March 4, 1929, he finished signing bills in the richly decorated historic President's room next to the Senate chamber in the Capitol. This was his last official act.

As the clock struck twelve, noon, he walked into the United States Senate, and with his successor elect heard the same oath taken by Vice President Curtis which had been administered to him eight years before. He then saw Chief Justice Taft swear in his successor where he himself had taken a like oath four years before. He listened to the crowd applaud the new ruler of our land.

After the inaugural address of President Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge went directly to the Union Station to board the train for Massachusetts.

In his first message to Congress after President Harding's death, he had said:

> It is our duty, under the inspiration of his example, to take up the burdens which he was permitted to lay down.

Now another was to take up the burdens which Calvin Coolidge was permitted to lay down.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Sanders, who served as Secretary to the President during the Administration of former President Coolidge. The second will appear in the issue of December 20th.

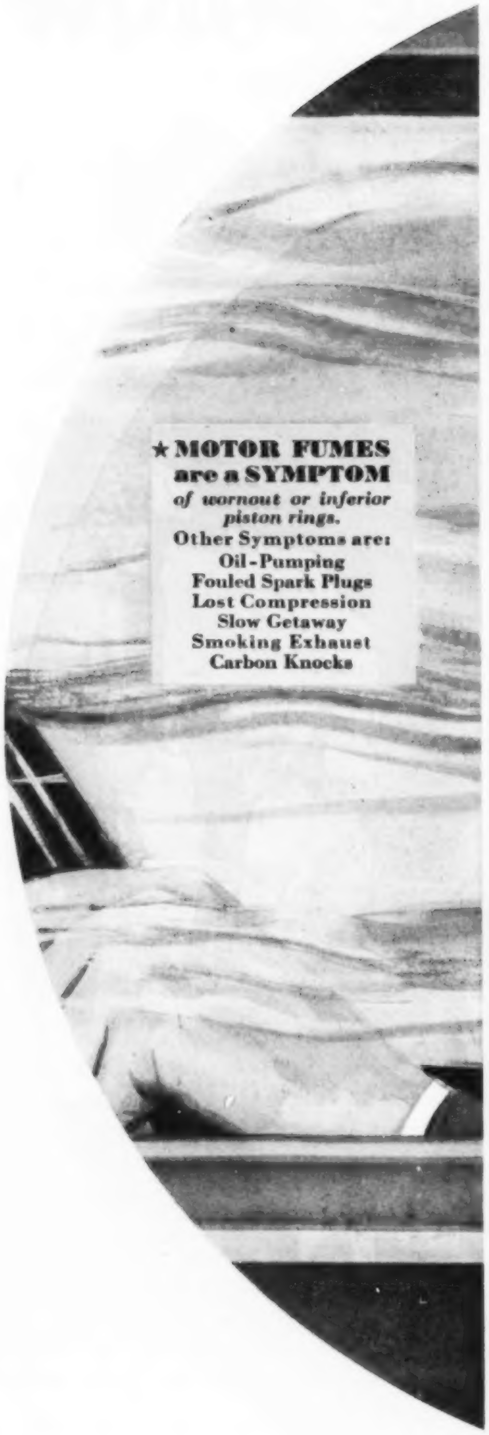
Annoying
MOTOR FUMES

PERFECT CIRCLE SAYS:

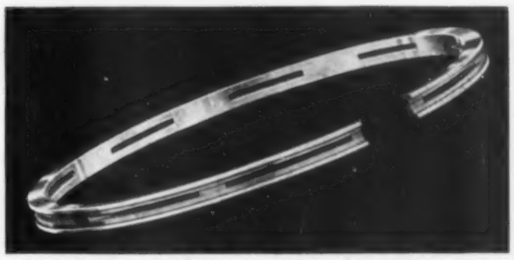
It's Time to Change the Piston Rings★

THE disagreeable fumes of burnt oil and gasoline that penetrate the inside of your car—bringing smarting eyes, headaches, and drowsiness—are often the result of wornout or inferior piston rings. You can stop those annoying fumes at once—and restore new-car performance—by the installation of a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings. These are the piston rings used by most car manufacturers as original equipment.

The newest PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring is the "85"—with the extra wide Compensating Channel connecting the Oil-Draining Slots. Designed especially for high-speed driving and high compression motors. Guaranteed to give satisfactory oil-mileage in any car at today's high speeds. Ask your garageman about the new PERFECT CIRCLE "85."



★MOTOR FUMES are a SYMPTOM
of wornout or inferior piston rings.
Other Symptoms are:
Oil-Pumping
Fouled Spark Plugs
Lost Compression
Slow Getaway
Smoking Exhaust
Carbon Knocks



New Perfect Circle "85" Oil-Regulating Ring, 85c

(Prices slightly higher for all rings 4½ inches and over)

Single-Duty Oil-Regulating Type, 60c

Double-Duty Oil-Regulating Type, 75c

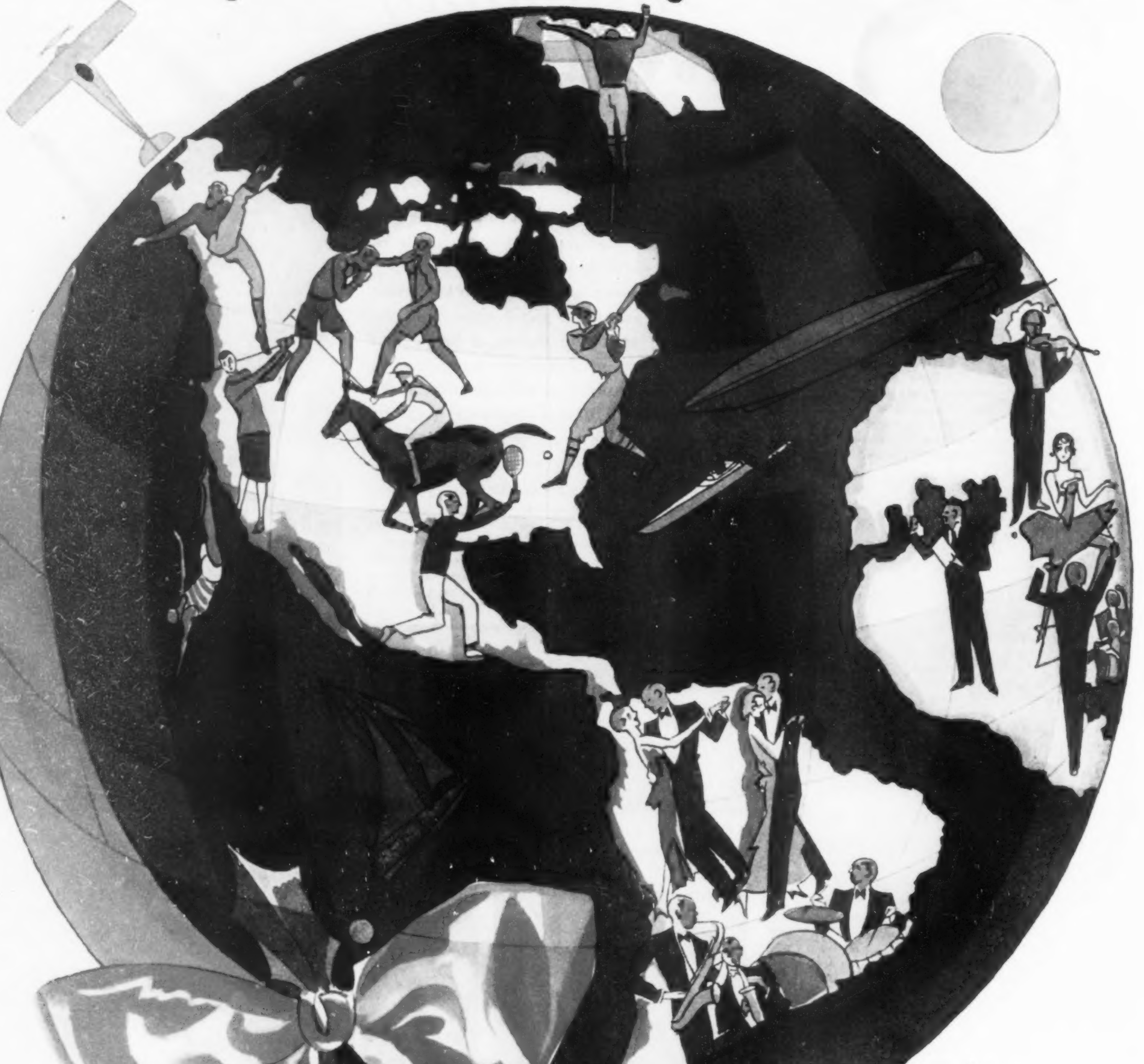
Compression Type, 30c

For New Car Performance-use
PERFECT CIRCLES

WHERE TO BUY IT . . . *In the larger towns and cities, you will find your nearest Perfect Circle jobber or distributor listed in the Classified Section of your telephone directory, under the heading "Perfect Circle"*

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY. *General Offices:* Hagerstown, Indiana • *America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings* • *Plants: Hagerstown, New Castle, and Tipton, Indiana* • *Cable Address, "Perfcirco"*

Give your Family the whole



You own the world when you own a Westinghouse. The Prince of Wales speaks in London — and in your living room simultaneously. The Prince of Jazz plays "blue" music in New York and chases any blue mood right out of your home. A president speaks, a champion fights, twenty-two thousand old grads watch twenty-two under-grads tackle, shift and forward pass — and you're in a ringside seat — with a Westinghouse Radio.

wide World for Christmas

CHRISTMAS comes along...and you'd just about like to give that family of yours the whole wide world with a red and green ribbon around it.

Well...why don't you?

A new radio...in fact, the very last word in radio...a new Westinghouse Radio.

The idea of a radio set as a gift, of course, isn't new. But this kind of a radio set *is* new. It's even *news!* For Westinghouse brings completely changed standards of clarity, sensitivity and selectivity. Here is a set that can do such things as capture the highest and lowest tones with perfect exactness, that has exiled hum, that never overlaps stations, that brings to your fingertips a new command in "tone-control."

If you want to be technical-minded for a moment...consider these features. Nine tube, screen-grid, super-heterodyne sets with four screen-grid tubes. Push-pull power amplifier. Improved power filter system (eliminating the hum). New electro-dynamic power speaker. Local-distant switch. Remote control on larger models. One radio-phonograph combination with home recording feature. Tone-control (on larger models).

Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer may never have owned a scarlet suit or long white whiskers in his life. Yet he is Mr. Santa Claus, himself, in his newest and most interesting version of this Christmas, 1930.

836

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT TO ENTER THE WESTINGHOUSE RADIO $10,000 CONTEST

for the best ideas on the beautifying of radio cabinets

Here is your chance...your last chance...to send in any idea you have on beautifying radio cabinets, and, perhaps, win one of these rich prizes. You don't have to be an artist or a designer. You don't have to draw or diagram your idea unless you wish to. Merely write it in your own words.

Go to your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer and get an entry blank and full information from him. It costs nothing to enter the contest, but you may win as much as a $5,000 trip to Europe...or the cash equivalent.

The prizes are:

- ● **1ST PRIZE**...a $5,000 trip to Europe...or the cash equivalent, if you prefer.
- ● **2ND PRIZE**...a $2,000 automobile...any make you choose. And here again, the cash, if you prefer it.
- ● **3RD PRIZE**...a check for $1,000.
- ● **AND 45 OTHER PRIZES**...Five prizes of $200 each...Five prizes of $100 each...Ten prizes of $50 each...Twenty-five prizes of $25 each.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded for the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Radio Department . . 150 Broadway, New York City

Westinghouse Radio

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

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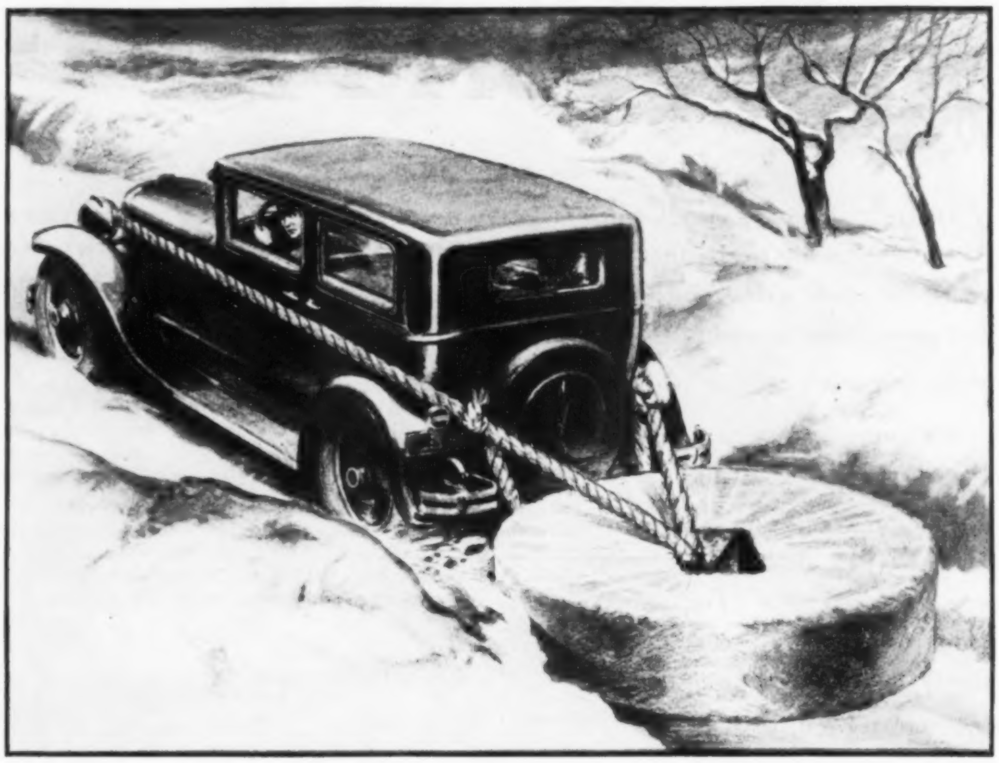
"Winter Drag"

IS THE MILLSTONE AROUND YOUR MOTOR!



YOU CAN PREVENT IT

with

PENNZOIL for WINTER

"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

When the weather gets colder, watch out for "winter drag"! Take the necessary precautions *now*, or one of these days you will find that something has happened to your motor. You'll wear out your battery and your arm trying to start it. If you do get it started, it will run lamely and sluggishly—as if it were tied to a millstone.

"Winter drag" is the result of using oils which thicken under cold and block the free operation of the motor. You can prevent it *now* by having your crankcase drained and re-filled with a safe winter oil. But remember this: Many so-called "winter oils" are responsible for a still more serious danger. In an attempt to make them extremely fluid, these oils have been thinned out to the point where much of their lubricating value is lost. After a little driving they break down and expose your motor to the ravages of internal heat and friction. *When you use Pennzoil, you are avoiding both these dangers.* Pennzoil for Winter makes starting easier in the coldest weather—yet it gives perfect protection to every part of your motor. It has the same stamina, the same heat-resistance, the same penetrating power as the Pennzoil you have used in summer—all the qualities, in fact, which have made Pennzoil known as "the best motor oil in the world."

Pennzoil is produced by lubrication specialists of fifty years' standing, who have at their command the facilities of the largest organization in the world operating exclusively on pure Pennsylvania crude. Pennzoil is refined by the famous Pennzoil process which uses only the *heart* of that crude—the fraction richest in lubricating efficiency. That's why Pennzoil is different from all other oils. And Pennzoil lasts fully *twice as long* as ordinary oils—it's the most economical oil you can buy.

Start out tomorrow with Pennzoil in your crankcase and leave winter motoring worries behind! Sold by dealers from Maine to California.

The Pennzoil Co. *Executive Offices and Refinery: Oil City, Pa.; Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.*

35¢
A QUART
Slightly higher in Canada

PENNZOIL
HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PERMIT NO. 2—PENNSYLVANIA
GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality
PENNZOIL

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THE PENNZOIL CO.

VITTLES AND VIANDS

(Continued from Page 21)

Elaborate as these menus seem to us, they are nothing in the face of what was considered appropriate for an evening supper, or ambogue, as such a collation was called. For this evening supper the hostess was expected to provide:

Calves Foot Jelly
A Dressed Crab
A Tourte
Italian Salad
Lemon Cream in Shape
Meringues
A Veal Cake Modelled
French Pastry
Orange Jelly
Dutch Salad
Pyramid of Pastry
Cold Roast Lamb
A Pineapple
Ice
Ham Modelled
Lobster
Epergne with a Trifle
Tongue Modelled
Cold Roast Fowl
A Melon
Prawns
Raspberry Cream in Shape

Small Dessert Dishes of Almonds and Raisins, Fruit, Sweetmeats, Nuts, and so on, to be placed between the side and center dishes.

It is interesting to note the contrast between this evening supper, served at the close of the eighteenth century, and A Bill of Fare upon an Extraordinary Occasion of 1683.

The substantial appetites of the seventeenth century demanded "a collar of brawn," or "a fat pig," upon every occasion, refusing to be satisfied by "raspberry cream in shape," "Italian salad," or a "pyramid of pastry." Indeed they had scarcely dreamed of such things.

A Grocer's Bill of 1761

Brillat-Savarin, the famous French gourmet, could not have said of them, as he did of his own contemporaries more than a hundred years later: "To gratify mouths that only open to simper, to tempt fanciful and nervous women, to excite stomachs of papier-mâché, and rouse gawky, wretched-looking people, whose appetite is merely a whim always ready to drop, requires more genius, more penetration, and more labour than to resolve one of the most difficult problems of the Geometry of the Infinite."

The supper for an evening party in 1683 included:

FIRST COURSE

1. A collar of brawn.
2. A couple of Pullets boyled.
3. A bisk of Fish.
4. A dish of carps.
5. A grand boiled meat.
6. A grand sallet.
7. A venison Pasty.
8. A roasted Turkey.
9. A Fat Pig.
10. A powdered goose.
11. A Haunch of Venison roasted.
12. A Neats-Tongue and Udder roasted.
13. A Westphalia Ham boyled.
14. A joll of Salmon.
15. Minced pies.
16. A Sur loyn of Roast beef.
17. Cold baked Meats.
18. A dish of Custards.

SECOND COURSE

1. Jellies of all sorts.
2. A dish of Pheasants.
3. A Pike boyled.
4. An oyster pye.
5. A dish of Plovers.
6. A dish of Larks.
7. A Joll of Sturgion.
8. A couple of Lobsters.
9. A lumber-pye.
10. A couple of Capons.
11. A dish of Partridges.
12. A Fricacy of Fowls.
13. A dish of wild-ducks.
14. A dish of chickens.
15. A dish of Stewed oysters.
16. A marchpane.
17. A dish of Fruits.
18. A dish of Tarts.

The expense and labor involved in an eighteenth-century dinner or supper party strikes us as appalling. The present-day hostess who quails at the idea that fifty dollars will barely cover the expenses of a simple dinner party of twelve, may take comfort in what Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, paid her provisioner, Mr. John Lawrence, when she gave a dinner party one June day in 1761, when money was worth many times what it is now, and mistakes in addition were just as common.

June 9, 1761
MR. JOHN LAWRENCE TO MARY BIDDLE

DR.	£	sh.
To 1 piece of Beef 7/, Gammon 6/6, calves head 2/6	0.	16.0
To Veal 2/11, fish 7/, Ducks 5/, Lamb 4/		18.7
To Chickens 12/, Tongues 3/, Cabage 2/, Turnips 1/		18.0
To Tarts 6/, Jellys 8/, Custard 3/, Whips 4/	1.	01.0
To Cucumbers 4/, Potatoes 9d, Peas 3/6, Butter 9/		17.6
To Strawberries 2/6, Cherries, 2/, Puddings 12/, Bread 1/4		17.10
Dressing	2.	10.0
	£7.	19.3
4 Bottles of Wine at 4/6		18.
3 do Claret 15/, Bristol Beer 8/, Punch 12/	1.	15.
	£10.	12.3

Another amusing old bill is preserved for the supper served at the ball given at the State House in Annapolis when Washington resigned his commission on December 23, 1783. In this case it seems to have been an abundance of wine and spirits that composed the repast, rather than an "elegant assortment of viands," for the latter is conspicuous only by its absence.

STATE OF MARYLAND, DR.
TO GEORGE MANN

	£	sh.
To supper served at State House	17.	12.0
To 98 Bottles of Wine	36.	15.0
To 2¼ Gallons Spirits	1.	7.6
To Loaf sugar 18 Lemons	2.	3.0
To Musick	5.	17.6
To Waiters—45/ attendance at the Bar, 35/	4.	0.0
To 12 packs of cards 72/6	1.	2.6
To candles	0.	16.0
To cleaning the rooms	1.	21.6
	£71.	6.6

The tastes of the colonial diner-out differed very widely, in many instances, from those of today. The food was highly seasoned—much more so than we should consider proper—and flavors were combined in a manner that to us would seem bizarre and inharmonious. It is difficult for us to imagine eating White Hog's Pudding—a sort of sausage in which the skins had been thoroughly soaked in rose water and the sausage meat mixed with almonds, currants, spices, sugar, and orange-flower water. Orange-flower water and rose water were used freely and with great favor in almost all forms of cookery, from meat to the finest cakes. Vanilla, today probably our favorite flavoring, was unknown until late in the eighteenth century. It was introduced to America by Thomas Jefferson, who brought some of the beans back from France in 1789.

How to Make a Florentine

Another curious example of this mixture of flavors comes from one of the oldest English cookbooks, published in 1683, which found its way to America.

It is a variety of meat pie called a Florentine, and esteemed a great delicacy. To make it "take the kidney of a Loin of Veal, or the wing of a Capon, or the leg of a Rabbit, mince any of these small with the kidney of a Loin of Mutton, if it be not fat enough. Then season it with Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, and Sugar, Cream, Currans, Eggs and Rose water; mingle these four together, and put them in a dish between two sheets of paste; then close it and cut the paste round by the brim of the dish; then cut it roundabout like Virginal keys, turn up one and let the other lye; pinch it, bake it, scrape on sugar and serve it."

This same old cookbook contains a precept which deserves to be immortalized along with Mrs. Glasse's famous "First catch your hare," uttered in connection with roasting rabbits. The cooks of 1683 are admonished in making a Pigg Pye to "Flea your Pigg and cut it into pieces." Thereupon "season it with Pepper, Salt, Nutmeg, and large Mace, lay into your Coffin, good store of Raisins of the Sun, and Currans, and fill it up with sweet butter, so close it, and serve it hot."

In the matter of sweets, our ancestors' tastes do not strike us as being quite so extraordinary. There were, of course, tarts in great variety. Next in choice, perhaps, came the syllabubs, the Quacking, or Quakeing, Puddings, according to the author's proclivities in spelling. Blanc mange, the various Creams, the Fools, whether of orange or lemon, or gooseberry, and the Trifles; not to forget a tansy, which was a sort of bread pudding made of cream, eggs, Naples biscuit and currants, flavored with cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and tansy, and colored according to the taste of the artist.

Fish Out of Water

A Syllabub Under the Cow was highly esteemed, although it must have involved a trip to the barnyard. "Put a bottle of either red or white wine, ale or cyder into a china bowl. Sweeten it with sugar and grate in some nutmeg, then hold it under the cow and milk into it till it has a fine froth at the top; strew over it a handful of currants, clean washed and picked and plumped before the fire."

Jellies in a great variety were much favored. Here the colonial housewife was free to exercise her most romantic fancy in color, shape and flavor. Although colors were not to be conveniently had in pellets or bottles, she was not dismayed. Spinach was used to produce a green jelly, saffron for a yellow, the juice of beet roots baked in wine produced a beautiful red, sirup of violets was to be had for purple. As early as 1730 there appeared a recipe for Ribband or Checker'd Jelly, of which the author is enormously proud. We may look askance at Gold Fish in Jelly or Hen's Nest in Jelly, but two hundred years ago they were the pride of the table.

Gold Fish in Jelly was indeed a dish for an extraordinary occasion. To make it, you "fill two or three small fish molds with very strong blanc mange; when cold, turn them out and gild the fish with leaf gold, let stand for one hour that the gold may dry on. Have a mold. Put a little mold jelly at the bottom; when it is cold lay the gold fish in back downward, put in some jelly blood-warm to fasten them in their places. When it is cold fill the mold up with blood-warm jelly. The next day turn them all out into a dish and garnish with flowers or anything you fancy."

Hasty pudding was a dish frequently eaten in every colonial home, and an old magazine gives amusing directions as to the proper manner of eating one:

"The hasty pudding being spread out equally on a plate, while hot, an *excavation* is made in the middle of it with a *spoon*, into which *excavation* a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, etc. The butter, being soon heated by

KA1029 Set
Beautiful bakelite seamless handles—KLEANBLADE (stainless) blades. K8608 SLICER · K8607 LUNCH KNIFE K8705 UTILITY KNIFE · K883 PARING KNIFE
Price $4.25

CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF ENDURING USEFULNESS

FINE cutlery is needed in every home. Good scissorsand shears and household knives give lasting satisfaction. It is a pleasure to use them and to keep on using them year after year. They are far more economical than cheap ones that must be constantly replaced.

There is no finer cutlery than that produced by Remington. It is made of the best steel obtainable, correctly hardened and tempered to take a sharp edge and hold it a long time.

As Christmas Gifts, the sets pictured will delight any woman who takes pride in her home. The scissors cut evenly and smoothly from joint to points. The knives are of Kleanblade (stainless) steel. There is no seam in their handsome bakelite handles to collect dirt and germs.

You can buy them in sets or singly at your dealer's. If he should not have them in stock, send his name with the price and we will see that you are supplied with the goods you want. Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

No. DA2—Black Melba Leather Covered Case with Blue Moire lining and one each Nos. D57 Shears, D36, D25 and D223½ Scissors. Price . . . $8.50

No. DA4—Green Shark Covered Case with Green Silk Fabrikoid lining and one each Nos. D57 and D223½ Scissors. Price $4.50

Remington

Ask your dealer to show you The Remington Standard American Dollar Pocket Knife

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An Appliance Plug that Won't Break!

You can Hammer the Belden Soft Rubber Plug. It won't break.

GONE are the days of troublesome appliance plugs! Those old plugs of breakable material were a source of never ending annoyance to users of flat irons, toasters, percolators, radios, washing machines, adding machines, electric tools, and similar appliances.

Today, the finer electric appliances come equipped with the Belden Soft Rubber Plug. "The Plug Unbreakable for Things Electrical."

You can step on the Belden Soft Rubber Plug. It comes right back into shape.

If you want to avoid plug troubles, and assure yourself of uninterrupted service, see that the new appliances you buy are equipped with the Belden Soft Rubber Plug.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT
on the following:
39 Washing Machines
35 Radio Units
24 Medical Equipments
22 Electrical Tools
8 Refrigerators
5 Paint Sprayers
9 Business Machines
3 Vacuum Cleaners
6 Floor Machines
2 Portable Saws
3 Grinders
44 Miscellaneous Machines

Write for booklet, "The Tale of Two Plugs" that tells how to eliminate the expense and annoyance of broken appliance plugs.

Belden Manufacturing
Company
4627 W. Van Buren St.
Chicago, Ill.

Belden Soft Rubber Plug
"The Plug Unbreakable for Things Electrical"

the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar and forms a sauce, which, *being confined in the excavation*, occupies the *middle of the plate!*

"Thus for the array. Now for the battle! Dip each *spoonful* in the *sauce before it is carried to the mouth, care* being had in taking it up to begin on the *outside* and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the center by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the *excavation* which forms the reservoir of *sauce.*"

It is curious, perhaps, that our favorite American dish—ice cream—does not appear on any of the model menus, even in Mrs. Glasse's cookbook of 1805. Ices were well known in France during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and Thomas Jefferson brought a recipe for making one from Paris in 1789. The first one that appears in print is in a cookbook published in Philadelphia in 1792, and the process recommended was very much like that employed in the vacuum freezer of today. A pewter basin containing a mixture of cream, eggs and sugar was set within a larger one and surrounded by ice. The contents were stirred at frequent intervals. The old recipe begins fearfully, with the vague gravity of the day:

"Get a few pounds of ice, break it almost to powder, throw a large handful of salt among it. You must prepare it in a part of the house where as little of the warm air comes as you can possibly contrive."

A Land of Cakes

There were always cakes in abundance in the colonial pantry, although they may have been more bashful in making an appearance at the dinner table. Early in the century fruit cakes were the most popular, heavy with spices and rich with "currans and raisins of ye sun." Long known as a "great cake" or "an excellent cake," fruit cake was not so called until Victorian days. To us a "great cake" seems well named, as we read the appalling directions to "take a peck of floure and put to it ten eggs and mingle with ye floure two pound of fresh butter." For state occasions there were likely to be Maids of Honour, Mackroons, or perhaps Marchpane—a concoction of almonds and sugar the cook was directed to "beat together the space of an hour."

Christmas called for Shrewsbury cakes, Jumballs of varying sorts, as well as Cullerd Gingerbread. As the century drew to a close, cakes of a lighter and more delicate character took the place of the hearty, spiced and flavored loaves. We find Jefferson introducing to America what is now a commonplace in every bakery—meringues—and it was he who brought from Paris our earliest rule for those twin sisters, Naples biscuit and biscuit de Savoy, a sort of orange-flavored sponge cake which came into very great vogue. Jefferson's meringues may have been hyphenated, but they were none the less fragilely crisp when he directed his cook to take

"12 *blancs d'œuf*
"*les fouettes bien ferme*
"12 *cueilleries de sucre en poudre*
"(put them by little and little into the whites of eggs)
"*fouetter le tout ensemble*
"*dresser les sur un papier avec un cueiller de bouche metter les dans un four bien doux*—that is to say, an oven after the bread is drawn out. You may leave them there as long as you please."

It must not be supposed that life was one long feast of neat's tongues, ox palates, and ears *variées*, for our forefathers. It is no more surprising that their ideas of a delicacy should have been what they were, than that we should esteem white caviar or sweetbreads. These things did not compose the main part of a dinner, much less the diet as a whole. They were delicacies provided for special occasions, and are described in an old cookbook as "pretty little Dishes for a Supper or side dishes, and little corner dishes for a great Table." The substantial dishes were legion, and not unlike such as we should have today. Perhaps the main difference was the greater amount of game that appeared on the table. Rabbits were prime favorites, and venison was certain to be served at every great occasion. Larks, plovers, woodcocks, partridges and wild ducks were everyday dishes. Other meats that might be encountered were "stewed neck or loyne of mutton, stewed breast of veale, stuffed legg of veale, a hash of veale, a neck of mutton with orringes, a roste legg of mutton, or a roste shoulder of mutton with blood."

It is amusing to note, as the century advanced, the growing internationalism in cookery, if one may so call it. By the time Mrs. Glasse issued the American edition of her cookbook she was able to introduce her readers to such novelties as "Spanish Fritters; Fricasey of Pigeon the Italian way; Beef Steaks after the French way; Hamburg Steaks; Sausages after the German way; Turkey stuffed the Hamburg way; Chicken dressed the French way; a Calf's Head after the Dutch way."

When we grudgingly and proudly pay two dollars a quart for strawberries at Christmastime, with a feeling that we have somehow achieved the *ne plus ultra* of human luxury, we do not realize that even in the eighteenth century the hothouse was busily producing out-of-season delicacies. In January there were asparagus and cucumbers, as well as green beans and peas and lettuce, along with green and white broccoli, which the year 1924 has been seeking to claim as its own discovery. There were also Portugal grapes. With March came fresh pineapples, and in April strawberries, cherries, apricots and green gooseberries.

A Visit to Virginia

There has come down to us from that great gourmet, Thomas Jefferson, a very interesting document concerning the vegetables and fruits in common use at his time. During the eight years of his presidency he kept a careful table of the earliest and latest appearance of thirty-seven varieties of vegetables. Berries and melons were also included, although he does not mention the ordinary fruits such as peaches, apples and plums. It may be something of a jolt to our twentieth-century complacency, to realize that at the presidential table there were served things we consider as exotic as artichokes and mushrooms, to say nothing of broccoli and endive.

How bountiful were the victuals and viands at an early American dinner party, how generous the hospitality of bygone days, is well described by a young gentleman of New England, Henry Barnard, who fell a victim to the charm of Shirley, one of the finest of the Virginia estates.

"When you wake in the morning, you are surprised to find that a servant has been in, and without disturbing you, built up a large fire, taken out your clothes and brushed them, and done the same with your boots, brought in hot water to shave, and indeed stands ready to do your bidding. As soon as you are dressed, you walk down into the dining room. At eight o'clock you take your seat at the breakfast table of rich mahogany; each plate standing separate on its own little cloth. Mr. Carter will sit at one end of the table and Mrs. Carter at the other. Mrs. C. will send you, by two little black boys, as fine a cup of coffee as you ever tasted, or a cup of tea—it is fashionable here to drink a cup of tea after coffee. Mr. Carter has a fine cold ham before him of the real Virginia flavor; this is all the meat you will get in the morning, but the servant will bring you hot muffins and corn-batter cakes every 2 minutes. You will find on the table, also, loaf wheat bread, hot and cold, corn bread."

An Early Dinner Party

"After breakfast, visitors consult their pleasure. If they wish to ride, horses are ready at their command; read, there are books enough in the Library; write, fire and writing materials are ready in his room. The Master and Mistress of the House are not expected to entertain visitors till an hour or two before dinner, which is usually at 3. If company has been invited to the dinner, they will begin to come about 1—Ladies in carriage and gentlemen horseback. After making their toilet, the company amuse themselves in the parlor. About a half hour before dinner, the gentlemen are invited out to take grog. When dinner is ready—and, by the way, Mrs. Carter has nothing to do with setting the table; an old family servant, who for 50 years has superintended that matter, does all that. Mr. Carter politely takes a Lady by the hand and leads the way into the dining room, and is followed by the rest, each Lady led by a gentleman. Mrs. C. is at one end of the table with a large dish of rich soup, and Mr. C. at the other, with a saddle of fine mutton; scattered round the table you may choose for yourself, ham, beef, turkey, ducks, eggs with greens, etc., etc.; for vegetables, potatoes, beets, hominy. This last you will find always at dinner; it is made of their white corn and beans, and is a very fine dish.

"After you have dined, there circulates a bottle of sparkling champagne. After that, off passes the things and the upper tablecloth, and upon that is placed the desert, consisting of fine plum pudding, tarts, etc., etc. After this comes ice cream, West India preserves, peaches preserved in brandy, etc. When you have eaten this, off goes the second tablecloth, and then upon the bare mahogany is set the figs, raisins and almonds, and before Mr.Carter is set 2 or 3 bottles of wine—Madeira, Port, and a sweet wine for the Ladies. He fills his glass and pushes them on; after the glasses are all filled, the gentlemen pledge their services to the Ladies, and down goes the wine; after the first and second glass the ladies retire and the gentlemen begin to circulate the bottle pretty briskly. You are at liberty, however, to follow the Ladies as soon as you please, who, after music and a little chitchat, prepare for their ride home."

It May Not Be Safe to Predict, *but*—

["Do you know," asked the old gentleman, "that you are only just catching up with the public in this matter of aluminum?"]

TWO men were motoring along a country road in Pennsylvania. A motor truck with an aluminum body flashed by them.

"That reminds me, do you know all about the new things that are being made from strong aluminum alloys?" asked the younger man.

"Yes, I keep pretty well posted," replied his elderly companion, one of the founders of the aluminum industry, now retired. Then he asked abruptly, "But do you know that you are only just catching up with the public in this matter of aluminum?"

The younger man looked incredulous. "Just catching up?" he demanded. "Why—"

"Fact," interrupted the other. "After young Charles Martin Hall had worked out his process of extracting aluminum from its ore by electricity, back in 1886, we started to make aluminum by the pound instead of by the ounce. Right away everybody began to predict big things for this new metal that was only about a third as heavy as iron or steel.

"I remember," he continued reminiscently, "that people began to talk about aluminum trolley cars, aluminum bridges, aluminum frame work for skyscrapers, aluminum railroad coaches, and a lot of other things. We used to spend about half our time explaining why aluminum couldn't be used for such purposes. It wasn't merely because it was still too costly, but because the only kind of aluminum we knew anything about then wasn't strong enough for such heavy duty."

The public's fancy of aluminum skyscrapers may yet be realized.

"Hard-Boiled" Aluminum Alloys

"AND then," anticipated the younger man, "they worked out these 'hard-boiled' aluminum alloys."

"And then," repeated the other, nodding assent, "the research men worked out the aluminum strong alloys. I remember the development step by step, first the adding of small quantities of certain other metals to aluminum while it was still in a molten state, and afterwards the heat-treating of the alloyed metal to make it tough. It took a long time to complete the work, but when it was done, we had a metal as strong as structural steel—and still aluminum-light.

"Now," concluded the veteran with a quiet chuckle, "you're faced with the job of telling the public that it was right after all about aluminum trolley cars and aluminum railroad coaches—and it may yet prove to have been right about aluminum framework for skyscrapers, and lift-bridges, and the like. It begins to look that way to me."

LONG DISTA
TRANSPORTAT
CO.

This is, indeed, the curious predicament of the aluminum industry today! No one could have foreseen, 25 or 30 years ago, that by the science of metallurgy aluminum would be made strong enough for building such things as armored trucks, railroad tank cars, motor bus bodies, trolley cars, and railroad coaches.

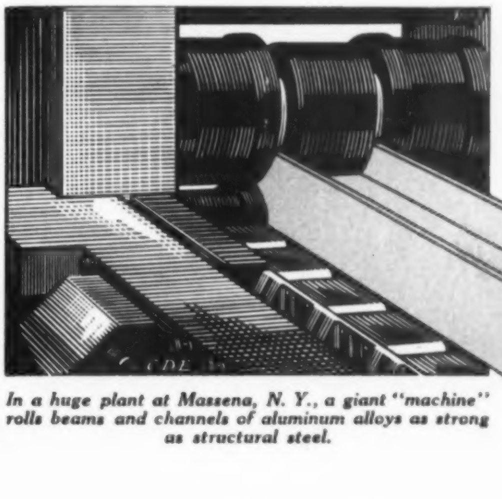
The Public Had Expected Miracles

KNOWING nothing of the limitations of ordinary aluminum, the public had expected miracles—and the public was right, as it so often is in its expectations!

It was inevitable that the metallurgists should find a way to make this light metal more useful. And once the scientists had mastered the art of making aluminum strong alloys, it could be taken for granted that the engineers would make rapid progress in applying these "hard-boiled" aluminum alloys to the problems of transportation and building construction.

Trolley cars and railroad coaches with bodies made largely of aluminum strong alloys are in service today on numerous roads.

Motor buses and motor trucks, tank trucks and trailers, with aluminum strong alloy bodies, are now speeding along the country's highways.



In a huge plant at Massena, N. Y., a giant "machine" rolls beams and channels of aluminum alloys as strong as structural steel.

Truck cranes with booms made of strong aluminum alloys are being used in construction work, while shop cranes made entirely of strong aluminum alloys are helping manufacturers.

Railroads are beginning to experiment with strong aluminum alloys for locomotive connecting rods. Section cars made of aluminum are today speeding up and down railroad lines.

Architects are beginning seriously to discuss the use of aluminum strong alloys for many purposes in our skyscrapers. (Already aluminum is being used for radiators, shower partitions, doors, screens, fences, window frames, elevators, and decorative forms on skyscrapers and public buildings.) And it is entirely possible that some day, as these great cloud-piercing structures go higher and higher, their upper framework of beams and girders may be of light strong aluminum alloys.

We may, in fact, one day realize completely the public's rash early dreams about aluminum.

Aluminum trains and trolleys will soon be common in our cities.

Tees, Zees, and Beams of Aluminum

IT was faith in the broader usefulness of aluminum and its own trade-marked metal, Alcoa Aluminum, which led Aluminum Company of America to build a great plant at Massena, New York, for making large structural shapes of aluminum strong alloys—I-beams, H-beams, angles, channels, Tees, and Zees. These are standard size shapes, up to ten inches in depth and eighty-five feet in length.

Already, though this plant has been completed less than a year, it is daily turning out large quantities of structural shapes. And other mills and foundries are producing rolled sheet, extruded rod and tubing, wire cable, sand, permanent mold, and die castings, and drop forgings in these same aluminum strong alloys to which American engineers and architects are turning for a great variety of new services because they are so strong and yet so light.

It may not be safe to predict, even yet, just how far the use of aluminum in its many forms will go in the future. But this much is certain, the entire aluminum industry is on its toes—and the industry includes many companies besides our own—to meet the public's fullest expectations. The story of aluminum has only begun.

ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

"Sauerkraut, latest member League of Rations"

..... says
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Household Efficiency Expert; Director Apple Croft Housekeeping Experiment Station; Author "Selling the Consumer."

"SAUERKRAUT is the latest member of the League of Rations."

These are the final words of a wonderful tribute to Sauerkraut in "The American Weekly"—we wish space allowed the reprint of the entire article—by Mrs. Christine Frederick, one of the most famous dietetic authorities in the country. Millions, literally millions of readers, rightly follow weekly the advice of this distinguished authority on household efficiency.

"And now Sauerkraut," declares Mrs. Frederick, "has become sophisticated and accepted as fashionable where a scant ten years ago, as a lowly commoner among foods, it could not have dared present itself. And why? Because at last science, with its high power lens, has focussed on Sauerkraut and discovered that it is a one hundred per cent vitamin bearing food. As everyone knows, Sauerkraut is fermented shredded cabbage and nothing more. And cabbage is outstandingly rich in all the familiar mineral salts, lime, potash and calcium, that important bone-building salt.

"But in the process of fermenting, Sauerkraut produces lactic acid known as one of the most effective cleaners or body prophylactics. So that to all the rich mineral bearing qualities of cabbage, Sauerkraut adds the increased wholesomeness of a food that literally disinfects the alimentary tract.

"But even the fact that it is a food cleanser would not make it popular if it were not enjoyed for its flavor. . . . The delightful tart acid flavor of Sauerkraut in itself stimulates appetite and affords a pleasing contrast with richer and heavier foods.

". . . Roast pork, roast beef, pot roast, goose or duck would be more wholesome, as well as pleasing, if served for a change with a side dish of Sauerkraut. . . ."

Remember Mrs. Frederick's words. But in buying Sauerkraut look for the N. K. P. A. Emblem on can, barrel or container, published herewith. It always means Sauerkraut of First Quality—Sauerkraut packed in Sanitary plants and in accordance with Government standards. Send for our Free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," which gives 49 ways of preparing this succulent, economical dish.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Association Clyde, Ohio

The National Kraut Packers' Association, Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid ______ copies of your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City and State P-43

along as sure as Saturday didn't want to wait to hear from a committee that met once a week.

The Neighborhood was a builders' bank; Old Chan knew the building business.

Being intimately acquainted with the risk, he could be prompt in according credit, even profligate, offering it to men who didn't want it. "Ye'll have to keep up your balance, yo' know, or the board'll be asking me to call the loan, and ye'd not like that. Ye'll have to keep 20 per cent."

"I have a note due here today, Mr. Bullen," explained Jim.

"And ye're here to pay it, Jim?"

"With what?" countered Jim, dangerously approaching flippancy. He had learned long ago that a banker's money was to be spoken of in solemn accents, that humor was always ungrateful. But he could tell Old Chan nothing about conditions in the building industry, and very little new about his own jobs.

"Yo' had a note for twenty-five thousand dollars due at the Combination today, Jim."

"They extended it."

"Humph. They're wise people, Jim, and yo' can be guided by them. It's not just an old carpenter like me is at the head of the Combination. Well, what do yo' want us to do with it?"

"Sixty days. That'll see me into the renting."

"Into the last flurry. How're yo' renting now, Jim?"

"Not so very good, Mr. Bullen. The tenants are holding off, waiting for rents to come down."

"Well, they'll not—not in the new houses. Not enough of them. But don't outstay your market, Jim. Break in time."

"Mr. Bullen, I can't break the rents. If I can't get the rents, I can't borrow right on second mortgage."

"Aye," murmured Old Chan out of his half-century acquaintance with the New York building industry, a banking experience that might be limited in its scope, but which was intimate and exact in its field. "Second-mortgage money is well scared. And no wonder, with all the houses they've had to take in. I doubt that yo' could borrow today at better than 20 per cent to cover on three years. Well, Jim, we'll see yo' through; though I've not seen business as bad since '93. Your mother owns that bit of a house up in Westchester, don't she, Jim? Get her name on the next note yo' want renewed. Good luck, Jim. If yo' keep working all the time, things'll come out."

"Mr. Bullen," suggested Jim with elaborate casualness, "why don't you take over that Combination note of mine? I'll put another note for twenty-five in here ——"

"No, let them have it," interposed Old Chan.

"Well, in case—ha-ha!—they were to call it ——"

"Ye'll just have to take it up. Ye're not dealing with the old Neighborhood there, Jim; those branch managers got no discretion and just have to do as they're told. No, let the Combination keep that note. If it was called, and yo' had to have the money, I could recommend it to my board, but I can tell yo' now that yo' wouldn't get it; not if I got down on my knees. The way it is in the banking today, Jim, everybody is trying to pass the buck and let the other fellow carry the load.

BITTERSWEET

(Continued from Page 23)

Hold onto money, Jim; give your contractors more paper, particularly if they're not in the bank. If yo' give cash, make them open an account here with it. All right, Jim; we'll see yo' through as we have in the past."

Jim returned to the One Hundred and Eighty-first Street office to get his telephone calls before going to his new houses. He looked over the slips that Miss Rykell gave him and decided that they were from contractors seeking money and that he might leave them unanswered. But he lingered; he was depressed, frightened by the darkening business prospect, and in Miss Rykell's eyes was encouragement.

"Who was the chap you were giving your telephone number to?" he asked, pursuing a tradition of gallant raillery.

"Oh, now, Mr. Murtagh! Did you hear that? And it wasn't a boy friend either. I haven't any boy friend."

"Taking applications?" Jim's tradition of gallantry was obsolete, requiring a fleeing fair one, or one immured behind a grating installed by a reliable light and ornamental iron contractor.

"I can take your name," said Miss Rykell. "What do they call you at home—Jim or Jimmy? Listen, do you live in that big house on St. Nicholas Avenue? I generally see you standing on the stoop when I am going by to my dinner—about a quarter to seven. Sometimes I go to the Hamilton Tavern on Amsterdam Avenue—they got a dandy orchestra and floor—when anybody takes me. Listen, Mr. Murtagh, if I see you tonight I'm going to give you a wave."

"It's a date," said Jim, trying to force her to flee in alarmed propriety. And yet it would be pleasant for a tired business man to spend an evening gazing into those limpid gray eyes, watching the flashes so easily evoked from between those reddened lips, perhaps swaying in dance rhythms with that dainty form while listening intimately to a voice that could coo so softly, "Hel-lo, darling." It would be a delicious surcease, a relief from bankers with their covert threats—to forget a while.

"Hm-m-m!" coughed Miss Rykell.

Miss Franklin had come from his office; her glance crossed that of Miss Rykell, almost with an audible and steely clash. Miss Franklin's small, round chin was up, bringing out the pure line of her throat; her carriage invited comparison and disdained it.

"Mr. Higgins called up from the renting office on the job," she announced in a secretarial voice. "He says he had several prospects in and told them to come back around eight this evening—between seven and eight—and you would see them."

"Mr. Higgins said so," said Jim resentfully.

"Mr. Higgins."

"Well, Miss Franklin, you better call up Mr. Higgins and tell him for me ——" He shrugged his shoulders with an exasperated sigh. "Never mind; I'll tell him. I'll be there. I never saw such a season; it seems like a man's got to be on the job day and night."

"And, Mr. Murtagh," continued Miss Franklin, "hadn't we better get out the painting contract tonight? The painter wants to know by nine tomorrow morning."

"It's after five now!"

"I'll stay." Her gaze brooded meditatively on Miss Rykell; without hostility, without even recognition. "I knew you'd have to stay and I ordered sandwiches up from the delicatessen, so you could go right from here to the job. But don't blame Mr. Higgins, Mr. Murtagh; he said, 'If he has no other engagement.'"

"Any builder," grumbled Jim aggrievedly, "that has any other engagement these times than putting up and renting his houses ——"

"He'd be overworked, Mr. Murtagh," laughed Miss Franklin appreciatively. She returned to her desk, walking slowly and with assured grace, swaying at shoulder and hip as if the sixteen-dollar suit she wore was a modiste's latest creation and on display under critical eyes. She dallied in the doorway of the office, drooping, curving, and looked over a sloping shoulder at Miss Rykell, very amiably.

Being alone with Miss Franklin in the suite of offices whence all but them had departed was a trial to Mr. James J. Murtagh, of the Murtagh Construction Company, of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Co.; he was susceptible; he was twenty-nine. The only sensible thing to do, it occurred to him as he looked at the darting lines from her armpits to her waist, as he looked at her profile bent in nunlike reverence to the typewriter, was to make love to her, to sweep her into his arms, to kiss her and to kiss her; nothing but an absurd irrelevance called business delayed this proper and praiseworthy procedure. Like a soldier who shudders under shellfire on a foreign soil when common sense tells him to return at once to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, all the natural and unspoiled impulses of Jim's healthy constitution told him to lay hold of Miss Franklin. His voice fell at times of itself, and he dictated wooingly:

"—— three coats of white, rubbed between coats, and a final coat of white enamel to be reduced, by rotten stone and water only, to an eggshell gloss."

"Eggshell glass, Mr. Murtagh?" inquired Miss Franklin in a voice to lay romance on its bier, without flowers; a cross, jeering and hateful voice.

"Eggshell gloss, I said," growled Jim, again severe and magisterial.

The work was done by seven o'clock. "I'll see you home, Miss Franklin," offered Jim. "You live in the neighborhood, don't you?" It was his plain duty to see her home, as a gentleman. And he was a gentleman; he'd fight anybody who said he wasn't. He'd see her to her doorway and into her secluded vestibule; he'd take her hand and press it, drawing her to him, saying, "Goo-od night, Miss Franklin." He'd look into her brown eyes and read her expression, as illuminated by the street light in the deserted thoroughfare outside. She'd lift her head, tilting her chin, pouting her lips to say, "Goo-od night, Mr. Murtagh." . . . "I'll—I'll see you home, Miss Franklin."

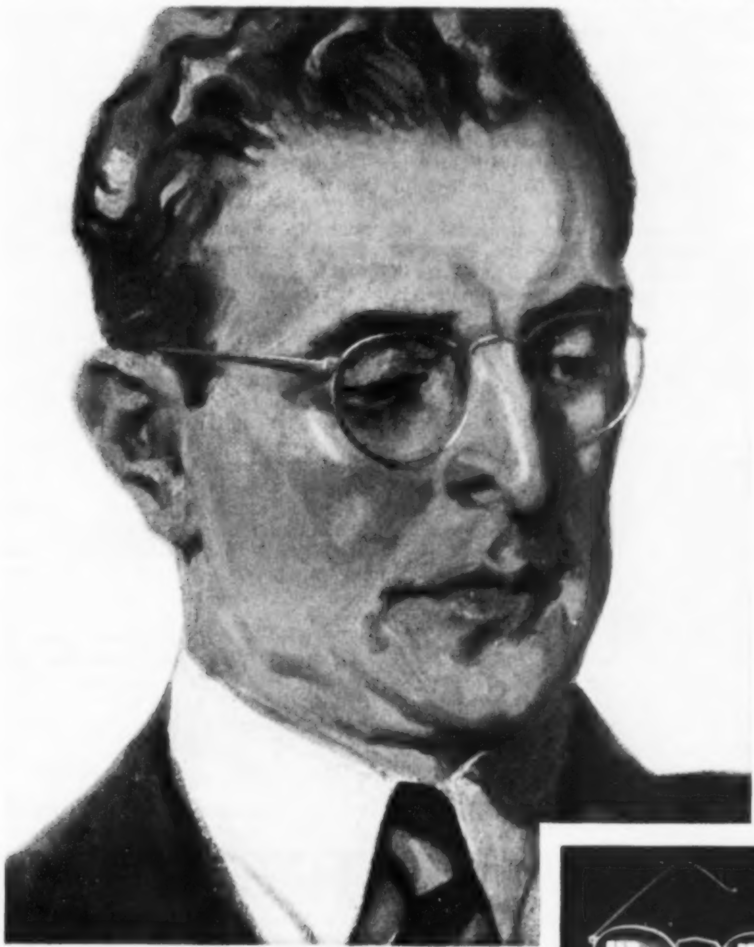
"Don't bother, thanks," said Miss Franklin, sighing in prosaic fatigue. "A gentleman is waiting for me downstairs. Good night, Mr. Murtagh."

And she was gone. She was incredibly but obviously gone. She had not merely gone but had gone to meet a gentleman waiting for her downstairs. Jim hovered at the window, looking wolfishly into the bright street. Hah! There was her gentleman—a dough-faced, buck-toothed, verminous young cur whom Jim could tie into a black

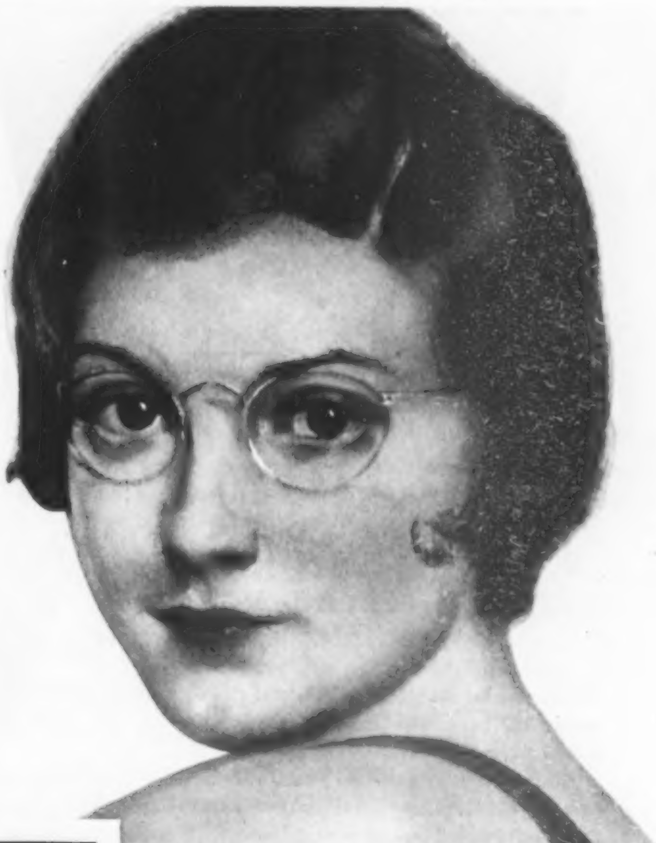
(Continued on Page 120)

If you wear glasses – or need to – read how these
new Ful-vue frames improve your appearance

THE TEMPLES AND HINGES ARE HIGH UP OUT OF THE WAY



Men find the new Ful-vue particularly good looking and practical.



Women like the smart streamline effect of the new Ful-vue frames.

THE principal difference between the new Ful-vue frame and old-style glasses is the fact that Ful-vue "temples" or "bows" are lifted up high, out of the way. Look at the two portraits on this page. See how much better looking these new glasses are.

But beauty isn't all. Ful-vue glasses are much more practical than old-fashioned styles. Because the hinges have been lifted high up out of the way, you see better when you glance to the side. The diagram at the right fully explains this remarkable Ful-vue improvement.

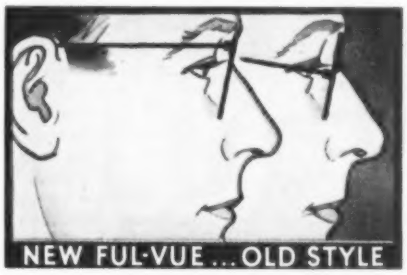
Ful-vue has a new "becomingness" all its own, because the "temples" or "bows" run straight back from near the top of the lenses to the top of the ears. These new, sensible "streamlines" add much to the fine appearance of the glasses, and of the wearers.

Then note the shape around the eyes: see how the lines follow the *natural* contour of the eyes and brows. And examine the bridge — a delicately fashioned Gothic arch. The engraving is crisp, new, smart.

And, finally, the color! Here is a new precious metal, pink gold, which really blends with the complexion.

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you this beautiful new frame. You'll see the tiny name **FUL-VUE** clearly stamped inside the bridge. And ask about Tillyer lenses, too. These new lenses are as important an improvement in lenses as Ful-vue is in frames. *American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.*

See how the end piece or hinge has been lifted up out of the way in the new, patented Ful-vue frame. This helps you to see more comfortably. Another thing: the construction of Ful-vue glasses prevents them from slipping down on your nose.



HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

© A. O. Co., 1930

AMERICAN OPTICAL **FUL-VUE** **FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES**

TROPIC-AIRE
Registered U. S. Patent Office
The Original Fan-Equipped Hot Water Automobile Heater

Turn the Switch

1 *For Full Flood of Heat*
2 *For Moderate Warmth*
3 *No Heat — Instantly*

Winter weather has no terrors now that cars are as comfortable as homes. Tropic-Aire has turned limousines into living-rooms. The small car is a cottage, warm and cozy.

Exclusive with Tropic-Aire! The 2-Way Switch—positive heat control right on your instrument board. Heat variation to suit any kind of weather.

Exclusive with Tropic-Aire—and patented! The Biplane Deflector, instantly adjustable to throw a current of warm pure air up, down, right or left at will.

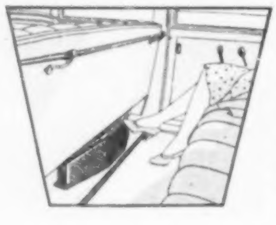
Tropic-Aire will outlast your car. Motor and fan are the finest available for this purpose. Sturdy construction; copper tubular-type radiator core; rattle-proof installation mounting; artistic design; handsome chromium finish.

You'll never know real winter driving comfort until you've had a Tropic-Aire installed in your car. Dealers everywhere display Tropic-Aire models to suit all cars. Ask for demonstration. Descriptive literature sent upon request.

TROPIC-AIRE, Inc.
49 Eleventh Avenue, N. E. - Minneapolis, Minn.
In Canada: 14 Breadalbane St., Toronto - 52 Adelaide St., Winnipeg
Pat. Nos. 1587761, 1668491, RE17131. Others pending.

Throws all the heat up to warm the whole car

The New Rear Compartment Heater



Installed back of front seat or in front of rear seat—a perfect heating plant for Town Car, Limousine, Taxicabs, the larger Coaches or Sedans. Independent or operates in unison with front heater.

Throws all the heat down to warm the car floor

Throws all the heat left to the driver

Throws all the heat right to front seat passenger

(Continued from Page 118)

knot and longed to. There was Miss Franklin. How would she—would she ——

She would. She had. They were going off, and his arm was about her. A wave of bitterness swept Jim. He was all through with Miss Franklin. He was cold, icy, calm and collected. Pshaw, what had been the matter with him? But it was all over now. He was strictly business.

So—his own hard-headed self again, all poppycock about Miss Franklin banished forever, ironical, amused at his past weakness—he took his way to his Washington Avenue jobs. His blighted sentiment for Miss Franklin was to him as a folly of a man's departed youth.

"How much you asking for 3-B, mister?" inquired the prospect in summer furs, edging up close to Jim Murtagh and standing sideways to him, in a strategic posture to block or lead for the chin.

"3-B, ma'am," said Jim, consulting his schedule. "That's the five-room front on the third floor. The rental of that apartment is fifteen hundred a year."

"That's what you're asking for the appoppment," said the lady. "And, now, what'll y' take?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"W'a-at? Fifteen hun'red for five rooms up on Washington Avenoo? . . . Hey, Sadie!" She gesticulated energetically to a lady sitting in a high-powered car at the curb, and the lady so called descended and entered the shanty that was the renting office of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Co. "Sadie, y' know what they're asking for that appoppment? Fifteen hun'red dollars."

"W'a-at!" bleated Sadie.

"Listen, mister," said the first lady. "We just come from West End Avenoo, where all our friends are living, and we seen the most bee-yootiful five-room appoppment we ever seen in all our life, and it was only twelve hun'red and fifty. With free gas. It was something mag-nificent! They had a glass door on the shower. What am I saying, they had a glass door on the shower; they had two lights on the medicine chest in the bathroom! And the rooms—Sadie, what rooms!"

"What rooms!" screamed Sadie.

"Now, young man," said the prospect, tapping with a bediamonded finger on Jim's stomach, "you're only the agent, ain't it? Well, to you I tell something: I know the owner of this house. What am I saying, I know the owner of this house. I'm very intimate with him! So is my husband, very intimate with him."

"I'm the owner, ma'am," said Jim.

"Oh, you're the owner—such a young man? Then we can talk business. I'll give you twelve hun'red and fifty dollars for that appoppment; take it or leave it. And I don't have to move; you wait till my landlord hears about me moving. Sa-ay! I'm the best tenant in the house. I don't know nobody in the house, I don't speak to nobody, I wouldn't tell nobody you cut the rent for me. I mind my own business. But such a good tenant you got to make a concession for, ain't it? I'm not the kind of tenants comes in and screws you down on the rent and dirties up the whole appoppment, and then moves out in June and gets free rent somewheres else all summer. You ask Sadie; she'll tell you."

"She's the best tenant," said Sadie, pounding on the other side of Jim's stomach, "ever was in a house. You wouldn't know she was there! You wouldn't hear a word from her, only the rent. If the elevator don't run—well, the walking is good. If somebody upstairs lets the tub run over and brings down the ceiling—crash!—on her head—well, an accident is an accident, ain't it? Grab her quick, young man, is my advice to you."

"Free rent till October first, of course," said the prospect.

"Ruthie, for why you ask the young man that? Everybody knows it is free rent till October first, of course! And two months every summer you could always have. What's the difference? The appoppment would be vacant in the summer anyways."

"Sadie, am I a fool I should ask the young man could I have free rent in the summer, when I am not there? Of course."

"Of course!" protested Sadie. "Am I saying he wouldn't give it? Of course!"

"The rent of that apartment, ma'am," said Jim, getting in a hasty word, "is fifteen hundred dollars. And no free rent in the summertime."

"W'a-at!" wailed both ladies in unison. "Down on West End Avenoo, young man, where tenants like Ruthie get consideration," said Sadie, "we seen the most sumptuous five-room appoppment—call me a liar, young man, if it ain't the truth!—for only seventeen hun'red and fifty dollars. Well, that was West End Avenoo, ain't it? For only ——"

"Sadie, don't talk crazy. It was twelve hun'red and fifty dollars!"

"Well, Ruthie, what I mean it was seventeen hun'red and fifty on the lease, but with a four months' concession."

"Might it was seventeen hun'red and fifty on the lease," conceded her friend. "We're not calling you a liar, Sadie. But all I would have to pay is twelve hun'red and fifty. May I never see my children again."

"How many children, ma'am?" asked Jim.

"Just four sweet little children, and so quiet I don't know they're alive. Roller skating on the floors? Not in my appoppment. 'Go by the street if you want roller skating,' I would tell them. Throwing bags of water out the window onto the people? Ringing the elevator bell and hollering 'Coon! Coon! Coon!' at the elevator boy? They wouldn't know about such business if they wouldn't seen other bad children."

"Six in family," said Jim.

"Well, there's Uncle Jake and Aunt Susie, and Uncle Irving, and Uncle Mortimer, and the old poppa, and Mr. Suss and Mr. Sauer that's just like one of the family. And then there's my husband. I guess my husband could live in the appoppment, couldn't he? Tell me if he can't, young man."

"Well, Ruthie, the young man knows somebody got to live in the appoppment. For why you are taking it? Of course!"

"Of cou-u-rse!" chanted the prospect. "I'm only answering the young man, ain't it? Somebody got to live in the appoppment."

"Let's get something settled!" shouted Jim, drowning the clamor. "The rent is fifteen hundred dollars! Is that agreeable?"

"I wouldn't give a cent more than twelve fifty if I was to die on the spot. Well, I wouldn't give more than twelve seventy-five. You won't take it? . . . Come on, Sadie; don't let's lose more

(Continued on Page 123)

When Father starts coughing

the family is in for trouble

"No, Bob, she can't go out tonight—not with that cold. I'm sorry." And the dinner-dance engagement is broken because a careless cough had spread contagion.

School tests near—lessons to be done—and Dorothy sent home to take care of a cold. You never can tell what discomfort careless coughing will cause.

For weeks Jack had been after this interview. Almost had himself signed up. Then—that infernal sneezing! . . . all because of Father's careless coughing.

Perhaps you have never considered *careless coughing* as a cause of contagion that might disrupt the health and happiness of your family.

Yet Medical Science says that one person suffering from a cold can quickly transmit the ailment to every other member of the household (often with serious results) merely by coughing.

If you have a cold there is no reason why you should let it get beyond your control. And there is less reason why you should pass it on to others.

Take Luden's for *Quick Relief.* The Menthol Action in Luden's has a way of quickly soothing and cooling the throat and nose tissues. It acts as a depressant to the tiny nerve ends that cause the irritation, and relief comes—*in ten seconds.*

You'll be helped the moment you put a Luden's into the mouth and breathe in the delightful, cooling vapors that are instantly released.

Keep a package of Luden's handy at the office. Carry a package home with you.

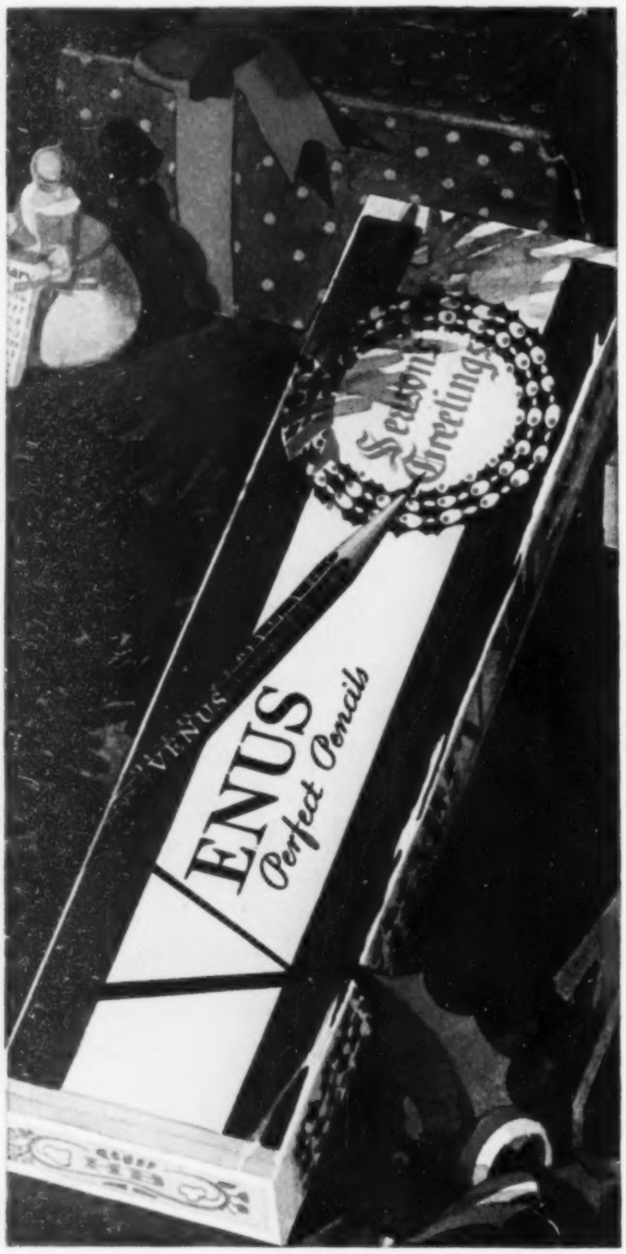
You can get Luden's everywhere—in the familiar yellow package—5¢. (In Canada, 10¢.)

LUDEN'S *relieve coughing in ten seconds*

LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S NAME ON EVERY DROP

Looking for NEW GIFT IDEAS?

Here are two practical suggestions - and only $1.00 each

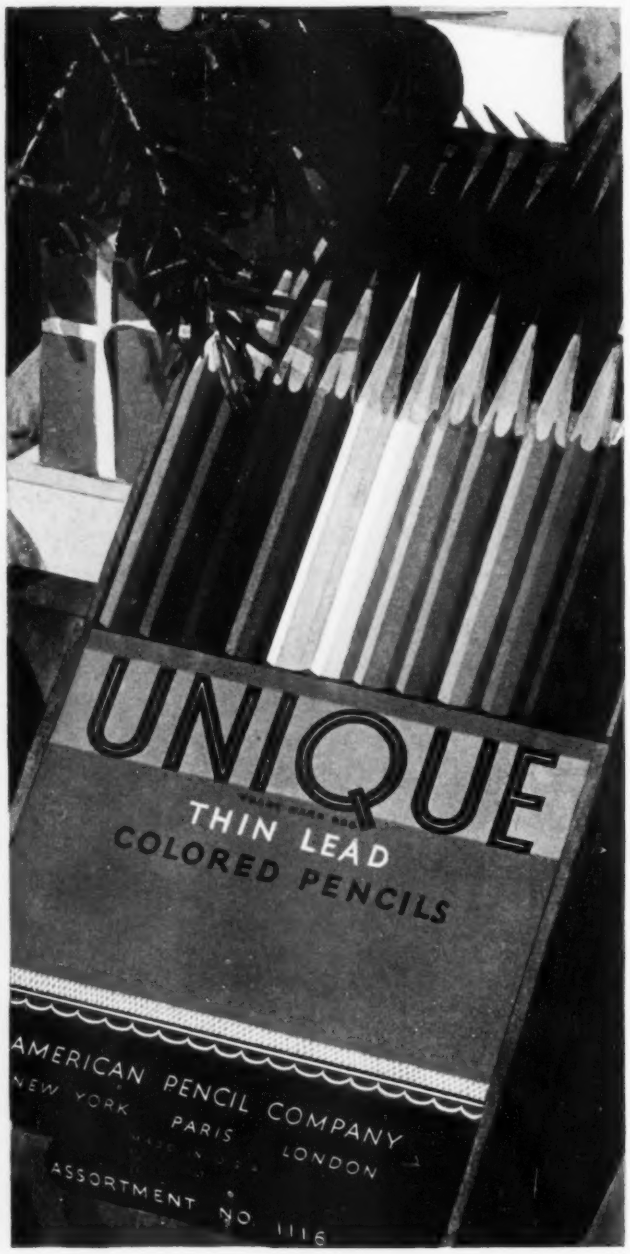


One dozen VENUS PENCILS in the GIFT BOX

THE KIND of gift you might ordinarily overlook. One dozen of the world's largest-selling *quality* pencils in a holly-decorated box. Just the thing for anyone who appreciates de luxe quality pencils.

Your choice of the five most popular Venus degrees: 4B (very soft), 2B (soft), HB (medium), H (hard), and 3H (very hard). Every Venus Pencil in every degree is strong, free-flowing, uniform.

Sold everywhere in the United States for $1 per box—(slightly higher in Canada). If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us, using the convenient coupon at bottom of this page, and we will supply you.



One dozen UNIQUE THIN LEAD Colored Pencils BOXED

ANOTHER new gift idea! A boxed dozen of THIN LEAD COLORED PENCILS. Unique Thin Lead Colored Pencils can be sharpened to a needle point. That's why they're so practical for making fine lines on school maps, on plans . . . just right for checking figures, for writing notations between lines of business memoranda. And their brilliant, uniform shades are fine for solid color work. Ideal for sketching. Big hit with young people.

Sold everywhere in boxes of 12 assorted colors at $1. (Also in boxes of 24 assorted colors at $2.) If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us. See convenient coupon below.

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY, Venus Building, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me ________ Gift Boxes Venus Pencils at $1 each (*State degree wanted*) ________

________ Boxes Unique Colored Pencils. 12 assorted colors in a box at $1 per box

________ Boxes Unique Colored Pencils, 24 assorted colors in a box at $2 per box

I am enclosing $ ________ (*Send check or money order*)

Name ________

Street and No. ________

City ________ State ________

(Continued from Page 120)

time here. . . . You'll find out, young man! I will come back in October and you will ask me a thousand dollars for that appoppment, and I won't take it. You'll go busted."

"You'll go busted!" promised Sadie.

"Just a moment, ladies," said Jim, thinking uncomfortably of the bald and agreeable young man in the manager's chair at the Combination Bank. "I'll give you just the same apartment in our other house down the block for thirteen hundred. It's the same apartment—same floor plan, same everything. But there's a certain reason why we want to rent that house up quick, so I can make you the price."

"Well, if it's the same appoppment we'll take it. We might drive a bargain, but we're business people and we keep our word. Twelve hun'red and fifty dollars, and two months' concession every summer, and ——"

"No!"

"You ain't got to holler, young man. Can't we even talk to you? Who are you, may I presume to ask? Oh, shut opp. . . . Sadie, go down the street and look at that appoppment while I make the application. . . . Five dollars deposit, young man? . . . W'a-at? Twenty-five dollars! I never —— Oh, what's the use of talking to him, Sadie? It's like talking to yourself; you say something, but you don't hear nothing. Go on, Sadie! You'll be saying afterward you didn't see the appoppment and you wouldn't want to pay your half of the rent. What's that, young man? . . . Well, certainly Sadie and the family is coming to live with us. Somebody got to live in the appoppment, ain't it?"

The apartment house of the Murtagh Construction Company rented rapidly at the reduced rates, and not all the lessees, nor the majority, were as difficult as the ladies who took jointly Apartment 3-B; twenty of the apartments were rented within the two weeks allotted to Jim by Mr. Betts, and the leasing of the four others was assured.

The house of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Company did not rent; it came to moving day—October first—with only five apartments taken out of the twenty-four.

Before the two weeks given him by the Combination Bank were up, Jim was dealing with a second-mortgage shark, a snapper-off of builders' profits. Jim was sitting across a desk from the shark in a spacious and quiet office on Forty-second Street and fearfully contemplating his yawning maw. The shark's name was Douglas Gutz; in another and irrelevant character he was a philanthropist and humanitarian, and was even then building model apartments for poor people on the lower East Side out of the results of his previous snapping. Some people said that his talk of philanthropy was all guff, and that building model apartments to rent at twelve dollars a room per month was how he made his money; they would have been more angry with him if they knew that it wasn't. He was a middle-aged American gentleman, courteous, untechnical, unyielding when his catch was sought to be snatched from him. His light gray eyes—true shark's eyes—contemplated Jim Murtagh with the amiability of appetite promised a meal.

"About 25 per cent net for three years, Mr. Murtagh," said Mr. Gutz.

"Net?" echoed Jim.

"Net," repeated Mr. Gutz; and he struck a match and held it to Jim's shaking cigarette. "Ho, hum! Pardon me. I can tell you what the money will cost you. On a mortgage of thirty-five thousand dollars the 25 per cent will be eight thousand, seven hundred and fifty. Now for the expenses! Your mortgage tax is one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and thirty-five dollars for the bond. The legal charges—title policy and my lawyer's fees—will be 2 per cent, or seven hundred dollars. There is no broker to be paid, I believe? The expense then is nine hundred and ten dollars; making a total cost to you of nine thousand six hundred and sixty dollars."

"How much do I get out of that thirty-five thousand dollars?"

"The difference. You give me a mortgage of thirty-five thousand dollars at 6 per cent for three years and I give you a check for twenty-five thousand, three hundred and forty dollars."

"Is that all, Mr. Gutz?" protested Jim hoarsely.

"I—think—so," chanted Mr. Gutz, checking his figures. "But, no!" he exclaimed cheeringly. "My error, Mr. Murtagh; I left out the mortgage recording fee of seven dollars and a half, to be paid by you. That's seven and a half more off your net check. Thank you."

The veins swelled in Jim's thick neck; he shoved back his chair. "It's a darned robbery!" he rumbled.

"Pardon me, Mr. Murtagh? I don't like that language."

"Well, you're hearing it! I came here to borrow money, not to have my leg taken off. This is not money lending; it's usury!"

Mr. Gutz's eyes contracted; he pushed a button on his desk, summoning a clerk, and snapped his fingers. "Show Mr. Murtagh out. Good day, Mr. Murtagh."

"Well, now, Mr. Gutz," said Jim, choking himself down, "you don't need to get excited, do you? I'm here to talk business, and you don't have to get excited! I didn't say I wouldn't take the loan, did I?"

Mr. Gutz pouted his lips, frowned at Jim and shrugged his excellently tailored shoulders. "Sit down," he snapped. "Mr. Murtagh, you're a young man and of honest reputation, and I won't let you make a fool of yourself. You have the popular and thoughtless prejudice against money lending, a prejudice that's encouraged by a type of lawmaker that is as ignorant of business as of government. Instead of encouraging people to lend money and assuring them that they'll get it back, they threaten the money lender with forfeiture; and that's one reason why you have to pay 25 per cent bonus for this loan. These politicians even put the Government in the business of lending money, competing with the private lender; they can drive the private lender out of business, and we'll see if the people like the result. . . . Miss Duganne! Make out a commitment for Mr. Murtagh on that Washington Avenue house. . . . And now about something else," said Mr. Gutz, cordially, when the commitment was signed and delivered. "You have a nice penthouse apartment on your roof, Mr. Murtagh; it would do for my daughter, who's newly married. How much do you want for it?"

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars," said Jim decisively.

"For four rooms on Washington Avenue?" exclaimed Mr. Gutz. "Why, that's sheer extortion! Pardon me, but it is."

"It's the price, Mr. Gutz."

"You could rent it cheaper."

"But I won't. Never mind what it cost; I can get that price."

"Then I suppose my daughter'll have to pay it," grumbled Mr. Gutz discontentedly. "But it's sheer robbery all the same; pardon me. That's the kind of thing is going to put you speculative builders out of business! I'm putting up a block of apartments downtown right now to rent below the market, and I can tell you of a dozen similar projects. We'll put the screws on you speculative builders."

"Put us out of business, will you?" chuckled Jim; merry, now that he had his loan. "And who will you lend your second-mortgage money to then at 25 per cent? Mr. Gutz, if you want to be a good fellow and lower rents, you can do it by lending your money cheaper. Some of you philanthropists give me a swift pain. Where do you get the money you're so good and charitable with? By screwing and gouging in your own line."

"Clever, but shallow, Mr. Murtagh," said Mr. Gutz, shaking hands.

Jim went up to the Washington Heights branch of the Combination Bank to report.

"Glad to hear it, Mr. Murtagh," said the amiable young manager. "And you are to get the money in one week? I'll put the note over for that period then, since the money is in sight. I congratulate you on your success, and trust that you will become one of the most valued clients of the bank."

"Mr. Betts," said Jim, smiling grimly, "if you want to see a client of the bank, valued or not, take a look at me now; because I can tell you that in another week I will be through with the Combination. You forced me to throw away my profit so you could get your money in."

"Oh, I wouldn't look at it from that angle," said Mr. Betts largely. "It would be better to say that we called our money in to oblige you to throw away hope of an impossible profit. The committee ——"

"Oh, yes, the committee!"

"The committee," repeated Mr. Betts, knocking the ash from his cigar, "takes a general view of business conditions. The members perceive that trade is stagnating; and they think, I imagine, that the likeliest way to revive it is to lower the price level temporarily. Don't quote me, please, but that is how I interpret my instructions to press for the payment of all our loans, to induce our clients to liquidate and thus generally thaw out credits. I have not been told to send notes generally to protest; that would be quick disaster instead of slow death."

"Oho! You didn't tell me that, Mr. Betts. You told me I had to pay that note in two weeks!"

"And you have arranged to pay it," bowed the manager pleasedly. "I don't think you'll regret it."

"But the Combination will, if my business means anything!" cried Jim, starting up. "There's your renewal note. Good day, and good-by!"

"His blessed committee," he gritted, striding along upper St. Nicholas Avenue toward his office, "decides for me that I am to throw away six months' work; and now he tells me he wasn't going to close down on me. That's the new banking! I'll fix that grinning little son-of-a-gun yet; never mind."

He stopped in at a specialty shop. "Have you got that humidor ready that I ordered a couple of weeks ago?"

"What's the name, please?" asked the clerk, deferring to the tall and choleric young man before him.

(Continued on Page 125)

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as falling snow

Soft as snowfall . . . that is truly the "feel" of the Christy Razor on your face.

And in winter, the light touch of the Christy is especially grateful to the skin, for a Christy shave is free from irritating after-effects on the face roughened by wind and cold.

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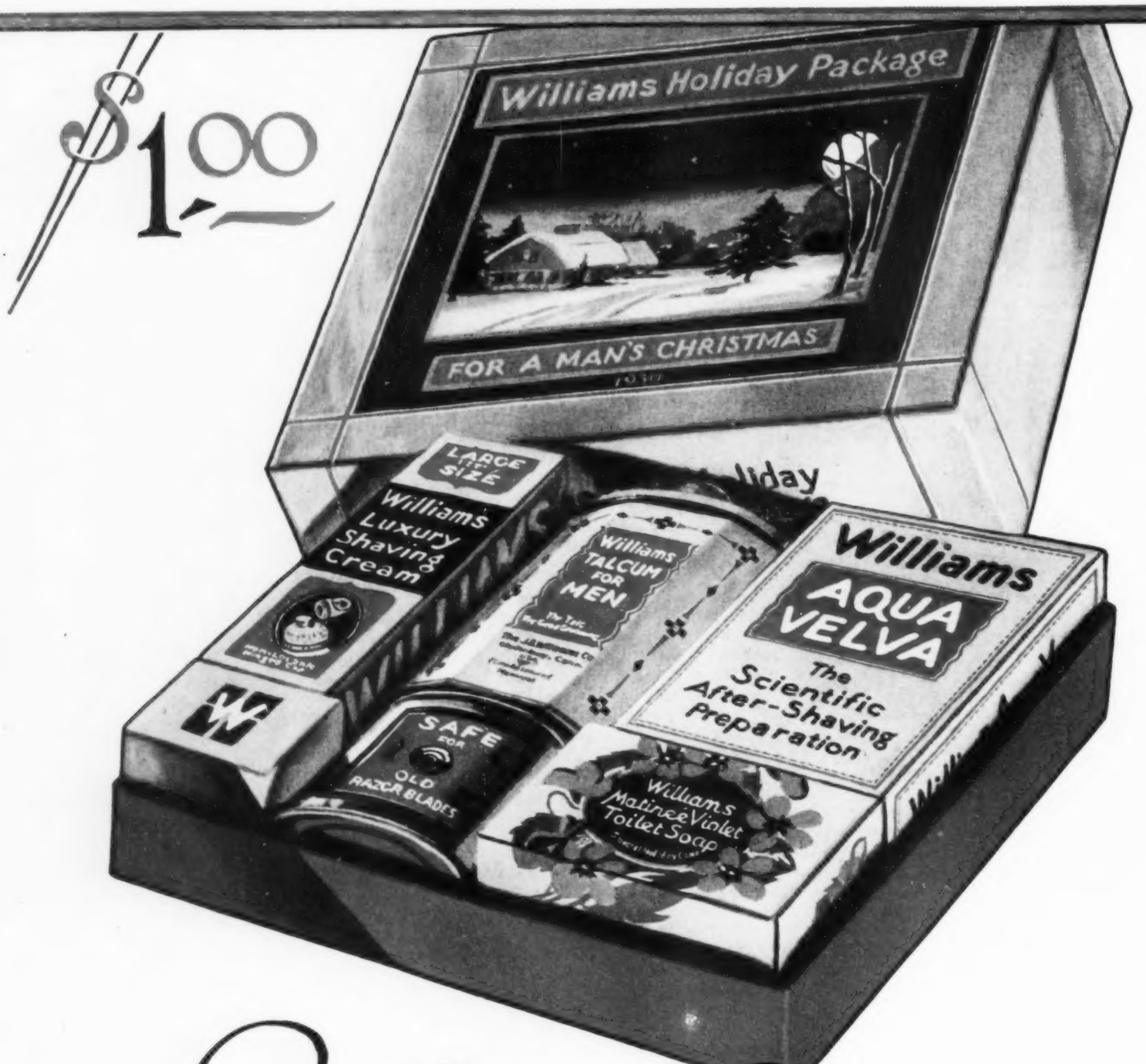
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A gift that all men welcome—the Williams Holiday Package. Make sure that they all have it, those men you like the best.

Beautiful. Practical. Sensible—in purpose and in price. A dollar can't buy more!

A big tube of Williams Shaving Cream—made by experts of ninety years' experience. A bottle of Aqua Velva—the perfect after-shaving preparation—counted a daily necessity by millions. A can of Men's Talc—none smoother or more welcome. A cake of toilet soap of rare quality. And a Safe for Old Razor Blades that, for a year at least, will solve the vexing problem of what to do, safely, with used blades. All contained in the golden box that breathes the spirit of Christmas.

Here's a package to solve one—or a dozen—of your Christmas shopping problems. Don't miss it! Ask for it by name, wherever toilet goods are sold—the Williams Holiday Package—One Dollar!

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Williams
HOLIDAY PACKAGE

(Continued from Page 123)

"Murtagh. But it wasn't for me; it was a little present I'm giving a friend of mine on the occasion of an anniversary. Silver name plate on it—'Channing Bullen.'"

"Ah, yes. Another few weeks, Mr. Murtagh. It was a special order, wasn't it? We're having it made up. It will be ready."

He stalked into the One Hundred and Eighty-first Street office. "Where's Miss Franklin?"

"She just went out with her boy friend, Mr. Murtagh," said Miss Rykell. And she added, "His name is T. Tuthill Lamar."

"His name is what?" asked Jim with rude incredulity.

"That's his name," said Miss Rykell conscientiously, "but what she calls him is Tootems."

"She would!" exclaimed Jim heartily, if pointlessly.

Came October, and melancholy days for the New York builder who had not improved the summertime, whose house looked down on him with a vacant stare. There was still a trickle of lookers, but they were mostly of the wariest, shy birds, with hearts of stone for a builder's necessities.

The house of the Murtagh Construction Company was running full and showed some 8 per cent net on what of his own money Jim had invested in it; this promised no profit on a sale. Nor could Jim spend the 8 per cent; it had to be accumulated to meet the expenses of the other house—that of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Co. On the latter house Jim could count with certainty on a loss of fifteen thousand dollars during the ensuing year and until the renting season returned. And then the renting, in a house with the bloom rubbed off, might be worse.

"Ye'll need another ten thousand to carry you into next year, Jim," said Old Chan; and he moaned softly. "Too bad yo' didn't take my advice and break your rents in time."

"I thought they'd rent, Mr. Bullen."

"Aye. Yo' didn't allow enough for general conditions, Jim. We're getting a turn now, and business will soon be good as ever, but it's too late. Too bad yo' didn't be guided more by the Combination Bank. Yo' paid them off, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Yo' had a note due here, too, Jim. And your name was on both notes."

"That's true, Mr. Bullen," said Jim, frowning studiously, "but the names of both my building companies weren't on both notes. If the Combination sent my note to judgment, it wouldn't be a lien on both houses—not until they took supplementary proceedings and got my stock, and that would take time. And all I wanted was time!"

"Well, yo've had it," said Old Chan dryly. "What are we going to do with you, Jim?"

"Give me that further ten thousand dollars."

"I suppose we'll have to see you through. We'll want the names of both your companies on all your paper. And we'll take a blanket mortgage on both houses as collateral. And we'll have your own name and your mother's. And yo' better deposit the stock in both houses with us." He meditated.

"Anything else, Mr. Bullen?"

"Yes, Jim. Get busy and sell that house that's rented up. Yo' ought to be able to get your money out of it—what yo' have in it over the mortgages. Bring it here and deposit it. Or we'll save yo' the trouble; since we'll have the stock, yo' can tell us when to sell the house. Don't wait for us to tell you, Jim."

He rose and shook hands. "Ye're looking a bit thin, Jim, after the summer. Keeping well?"

"Oh, fine, Mr. Bullen."

"How's mother?"

"Oh, fine, fine!"

"Take care of your health, Jim," said the old banker paternally. "It's the best thing you have."

"And about all I have," muttered Jim, leaving the Neighborhood Bank. "You've got the rest!"

He reëntered his car, drove to his Washington Avenue houses, in which he was now to have only a reversionary interest, and thence to the One Hundred and Eighty-first Street office.

"Good night, Mr. Murtagh," said Miss Franklin to him at five o'clock.

"Stay a bit," he said shortly, still preoccupied at his desk.

He rose at last, looked out into the deserted suite, and spoke his farewell to his office force: "Miss Franklin, you know as much about my business as I do, so you know there's not much chance of my being busy this winter."

Miss Franklin glanced at him hurriedly and then bent over her notebook, drawing meaningless lines in it with great care.

"That is, not until I sell something and get loosened up. So, I don't suppose there's any sense in keeping you around here."

She was silent and attentive.

"So we'll have to part company. You'll have to find another position, Miss Franklin. I certainly hope you find a dandy position, Miss Franklin, because you've certainly been a wonderful help to me. Well, there's no more for you to do here, so there's no sense in bringing you back again when you want to look around. So, here's your two weeks, and good-by, Miss Franklin."

She put the money into her purse, waited, rose and faced him with her hands on the chair behind her. She was pale, and her brown eyes were wide and still, as any girl's might be who had just got the sack in very hard times.

"Is that all, Mr. Murtagh?"

"Why, yes; that's all, Miss Franklin."

She put on her hat and coat and walked to the doorway. She hesitated and looked methodically about the office. "You sure there's nothing else, Mr. Murtagh? I could come back."

"No," said Jim, studying. "I guess everything is in shape."

"Then—good-by, Mr. Murtagh."

She was going. She was gone! She was walking right out on him like that. Same as always—frozen face. And she wasn't coming back.

Oh, she was, was she? Like that?

"Miss Franklin!" he cried bullyingly.

He swaggered to the stair head. There she was, down there; and there was that odious shrimp with the ingrown face and the double-shuffle name that met her every night and—and kissed her. He'd be kissed. He'd be kissed in a second, and good and proper.

Jim was down the stairs and had seized Mr. T. Tuthill Lamar by the shoulder.

He hurled that unlucky youth up against the wall while his other arm swept Miss Franklin aside.

"You keep back," he growled. "This is between us two gentlemen." His sneering face was thrust into T. Tuthill's. "I can lick you," announced Mr. James J. Murtagh, of the Murtagh Construction Company, of the Murtagh Building & Engineering Co. "I mean, I can lick you! I can lick your whole family. I can lick all the cops you know!"

"What is this?" gasped the alarmed T. Tuthill. "What'd I do to you?"

"Never mind what you did; I don't like you. I don't like you, that's all. I never did like you!"

"You leave Tootems alone!" cried Miss Franklin, tugging at his arm. Jim turned to repel this interference, whereupon T. Tuthill Lamar wriggled loose and sprang into the street.

"Run, Tootems!" implored Miss Franklin. "Get a policeman! He's gone crazy!"

"Yes, I'm crazy," agreed Jim solemnly. "And you've driven me crazy. I want to talk to you. Get in that car."

"I won't get in the car with a crazy man."

His arm swept around, snatching her from her feet. "I said," he gritted, stalking across the sidewalk, "get in that car!"

"I'll get in the car ——"

"You'll get in."

"I'm getting in. How dare you lay a finger on me? If you ——"

"Get in!"

The car was rolling along One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, picking up speed. It passed T. Tuthill Lamar, who pointed excitedly, jerking at the blue-coated sleeve of the officer beside him. "Yah!" bawled Jim with the exultation of despair. All was over with him now, and he didn't care. All he cared about was to show her that she couldn't walk out on him like that.

"Where are you taking me to?"

"Nowhere!"

"You stop this car instantly and let me out, or ——"

"Or what? You move to get out and I'll send the car down on the tracks!"

It was not a threat to be disregarded when made by a frantic driver. They were whirling along Riverside Drive, and beside them was a steep incline with a fall of a hundred feet to the tracks of the New York Central.

"Thought you'd make a fool out of me, eh?"

"You watch your driving. Oh, heavens!"

"Putting me off! Laughing at me! And you knew all the time I was just crazy for you. You knew I was in love with you. Didn't you? Didn't you? Look at me!"

"You—watch—your—driving!"

"And then you drive me to—you drive me to ——" A gust of self-pity swept him, quenching his rage. He suddenly felt feeble, ineffective, put upon, ruined by a heartless woman. He slowed the car to a halt, stopping it by the footpath. "Get out," he said in a broken voice.

"Get out here?" retorted Miss Winona Franklin indignantly. "Two miles from nowhere?"

His shoulders were over the wheel; they were shaking. He was a broken man. "Get out and go away," he whispered huskily. "Leave me alone. I hope I never see you again."

"Jim," said Miss Franklin, proud and glad. She patted his arm. "Don't do that, Jim."

He sighed, straightened, turned and put his arms about her, kissed her lips.

"Do they call you Winona at home or Nona?" he asked a half hour later. To call his fiancée Miss Franklin would have been original but bizarre.

"They call me 'Pudge,'" said Miss Franklin. "One of those silly baby names."

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EMERALITE
KIND TO EYES

"Pudge," repeated Jim. "Pudge. Pretty, isn't it?"

"The way you say it. Everybody in the family —— Tootems is my half brother. We call him Tootems."

"And he looks like Tootems. But I don't mean that. I bet he's a corking chap. I'm going to like him. I knew I was going to like him soon's I saw him; he has something about him. I—I like the way he wears his handkerchief in his breast pocket. Notice?"

"Oh, Tootems is always smart; I like to go out with Tootems. . . . Jim, should I go to the office in the morning, as usual? . . . Oh, I won't be able to look you in the face."

"You'll just have to get over that. . . . Come on in."

"Jim, could we afford a ring?"

"I'll say we can afford a ring. We can go in hock for it, and go in big. I'm going to get you one of these diamonds that looks like a piece of glass."

"Marquise," she said delightedly.

"But listen. Why were you like that?"

"Well, Jim, I wasn't going to marry you, and I liked you in another way and wanted to help you, and if I wasn't going to marry you, you certainly had no time for fooling. You just had to keep your mind on business all the time."

"Well, I guess I'll pull through. Will I pull through? I'll get through if I got to go down and lick the whole blamed credit committee of the Combination Bank."

"What have you got against the Combination Bank people, Jim? If they hadn't made you rent up that house ——"

"Eh?" They were traveling southward again and had turned into St. Nicholas Avenue before he spoke: "Well, there's something in that. If they hadn't crowded me for their money last July, I'd have two vacant houses on my hands now, and wouldn't that be the beautiful flop? Maybe that committee knew something, eh? . . . Just a minute; I got to get out here."

He entered the specialty shop. "You got that humidor ready yet?"

"Waiting here for a month, Mr. Murtagh. Here you are! Rather nice, isn't it?"

"Slick job," conceded Jim, staring at the dark-brown-and-silver box. "Very—nice. But, say, I thought of something just now. This is a little present, and —— You can rub out that name 'Channing Bullen' there, can't you? Well, tomorrow'll be soon enough. Rub it off and write in the name 'Mr. Betts.'"

"Mr. Betts?"

"Call the snoozer up and ask him his first name; I know I won't like it, so don't tell me what it is. Write it in there. He's the manager of the Washington Heights branch of the Combination Bank. . . . A-all ri-i-i-ght, Nona!"

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 47)

[*Six golden months have passed since* Chic Kiley *met* Bobbie *and* Betty, *the* Loop-A-Loop Sisters—*six golden months for them, thanks to that inscrutable providence whose special department is traveling acquaintances. From a compartment to a hotel suite, to a furnished apartment in the West Seventies, to a penthouse high over the East River sounds like fast work, but* Bobbie *is a fast worker, and* Chic Kiley, *rich and famous though he may be, is only a country boy at heart, reeking with sentiment and smelling of apples.*

Seven P.M.

Bobbie: Poke up the fire a bit, Meadows.

Betty: Aye, aye, sir.

Bobbie: Where the devil do you think you are? On a yacht?

Betty: We will be if your luck holds out. But this can't last. I know what's going to happen. The alarm will ring and we'll wake up, two in a bed, in a hotel on Wabash Avenue, with the L squealing outside the window.

Bobbie: Don't you believe it. Chic is good for plenty of this, bless his silly old heart.

Eight P.M.

Bobbie: Well, fancy meeting you here, Mr. Bubkiss. How did you find our little hut?

Bubkiss: Chic sent me up. I just got into town, and called him and said, "What are you doing?" And he said, "I'm having a little party tonight, to celebrate," and I said, "To celebrate what?" And he said, "Come and see." So I came.

Bobbie: And to the right place. Take off the imitation furs and park a while.

Bubkiss: Oh-h! What a view! What's that?

Bobbie: That's the East River, and over there is Long Island. And down there is Brooklyn, but don't tell anybody. And away up there is Hell Gate. And here comes Betty. Remember?

Betty: Well, well, if it ain't Wishy-Washing, the Good-Wish Fairy. How's all the books good for children?

Bubkiss: Look; I brought you a copy of Wishy-Washy. It's a big hit.

Bobbie: Take it quick and hide it, Betty, before he tries to read it to us.

Bubkiss: Where's Chic? Isn't he here?

Bobbie: Don't worry. That sounds like him at the door.

Chic: Hello, baby! Did Bubkiss get here?

Bobbie: Bubkiss is here already.

Chic: Where's Betty? . . . Gosh, I'm tired!

Bobbie: Showing the roof terrace to Bubkiss. Here, let me mix you a tall, stiff one. Do you good. Did him make a lot of Mister Noodle today?

Chic: I'm all in. Big movie conference today. Lunch at the Astor. Big shot.

Bobbie: Stretch out here on the couch and tell me all about it. Hey, not so much racket, you two.

Betty: Booby was telling me a peach. You don't mind me calling you Booby, do you? Just a pet name. . . . Listen, Chic, did you ever hear the one about the eel with the baby-blue eyes?

Chic: No.

Betty: I bet Booby never read that one in his Oogie Woogie books for children.

Bubkiss: Hello, Chic. Here's looking at you. Well, well, this is the life. Chicago ain't nothing like this, eh, Chic? Certainly does a fellow good to come down here and kick up his heels every once in a while. But I sure don't see how you can stand it night after night. I always say New York is all right to visit, but I'd hate to live here. . . .

Bobbie: Don't talk so loud. Poor Chic is all in.

Bubkiss: I'm going to get into the movie game. Movie for children. Got lots of material. Take Wishy-Washy, the Good-Wish Fairy. Wonderful movie in that. . . . Here, give me that book, Betty. Listen ——

Bobbie: Have a heart.

Bubkiss: "Once upon a time a funny little man was walking down a funny little road, and he met a funny little fairy. 'Hello, funny little fairy,' said the funny little man. 'Hello, funny little man,' said the funny little fairy. 'What is your funny little name, funny little fairy?' said the funny little man. 'My funny little name, funny little man,' said the funny little fairy, 'is Wishy-Washy, the Good-Wish Fairy.'"

Chic: All right, all right.

Bubkiss *(warming up)*: "'So you're funny little Wishy-Washy,' the funny little fish fairy,' said the wunny wittle man."

Bobbie: Can't somebody do something about this?

Bubkiss: "'Yes, I am whittle Whishy-Whashy, the whunny whittle Wishy-Wairy.'"

Betty: Come on, Booby; let us up. Save that stuff for the next generation.

Bobbie: Betty, ixnay, etslay amscray.

Betty: Okay.

Chic: What are you talking about? Are you going nuts?

Bobbie *(to Chic)*: Rapidly. I just told the big sister in pig Latin we ought to scram out of here. This guy will start in on Little Red Riding Hood next.

Chic: Well, all right, but I was just getting comfortable.

Betty: Come on, Chic; there's nothing to eat in the house anyway.

Bobbie: Pick it up, Chic. . . . Bubkiss, you can bring Wishy-Washy with you.

Bubkiss: Where are we going?

Bobbie: We're going to go places and build character.

Chic: Say, how about all going down to Catalan's for dinner, and then we could step out afterward?

Bubkiss: I want to go where I've never been before—the places where real New Yorkers go.

Chic: I know 'em all now, from Harlem to Cherry Street. When I come in the door now, the orchestras all play Here Comes a Friend of Mine and all the gals clap hands. I haven't rolled out of Reubens' before six A.M. since I came to this little madhouse. . . . Do you know what a show case is, Bubkiss?

Bubkiss: Sure I do. You see 'em in stores.

Chic: Naw. I mean the taxis with lots of windows. The hackers—that's the taxi drivers—call 'em show cases because the petters always want what they call dark cabs—the ones with the little windows in the back.

Bubkiss: Gee-whiz! You've been around.

Chic: I'll say! I'll tell you; we'll have dinner at Catalan's, down under the Brooklyn Bridge—razor clams, and chicken with rice, and cheese with guava, and lots of red wine, and then go to the Hot-Cha-Cha, a night club I found the other night—it's what they call a clip joint—the guy who runs it is a gunman and racketeer, but he likes me—proud to know me, he says—and he'll show us a swell time. You couldn't get in, Bubkiss. No doorman—just a

(Continued on Page 129)

Could YOU remember the CHRISTMAS of 1915?

Here is an unusual little incident. And it is true.

It was after dinner. We were reminiscing. The host suddenly pulled out his watch, glanced at it and went to the telephone. His wife set down her coffee cup and leaned closer to one of the guests.

"Did you see that lovely old Hamilton of John's?" she whispered. "Don't tell him, please, but we're going to give him a *new* Hamilton this Christmas."

"A great idea! How long has John had that watch?"

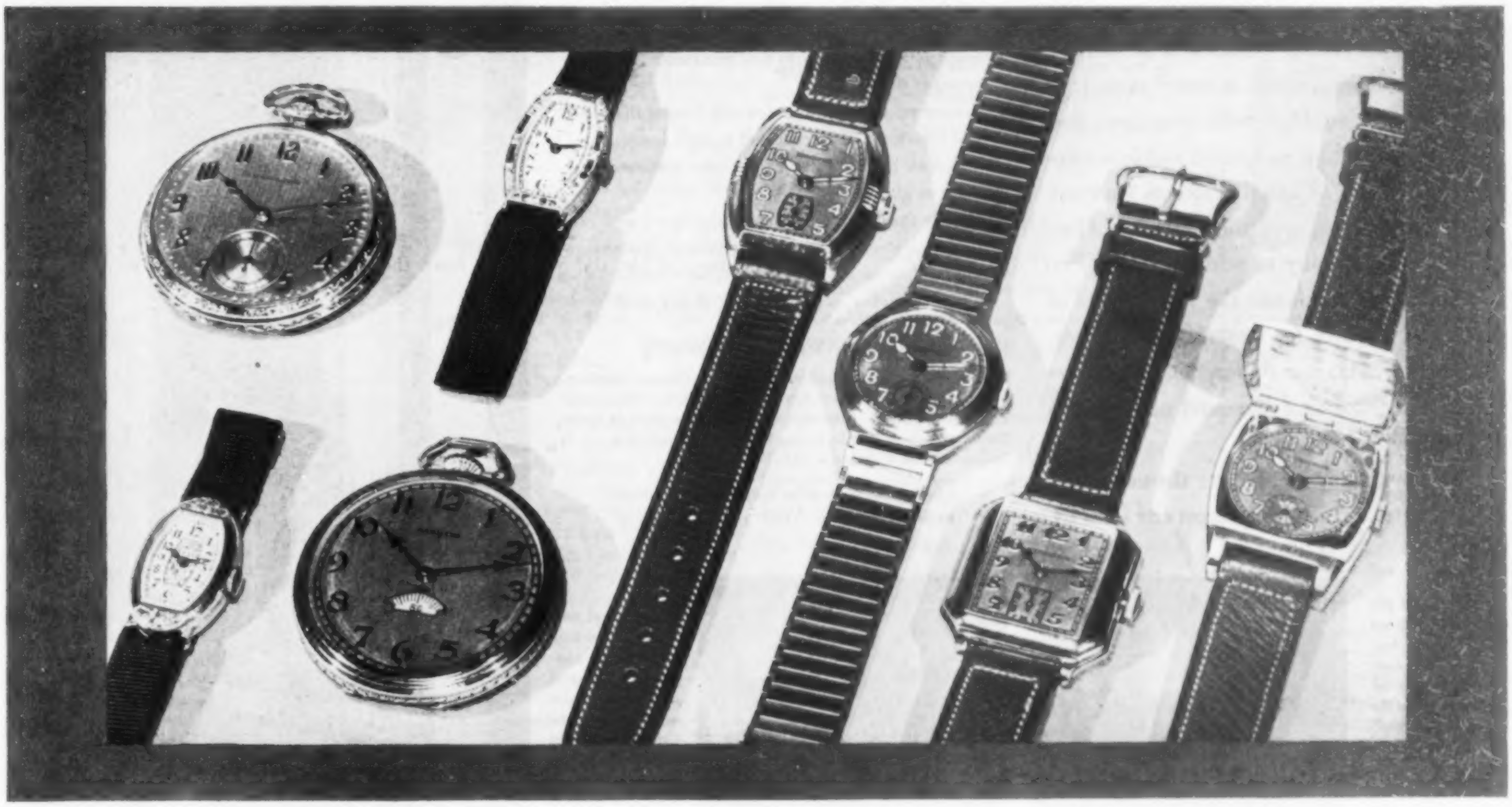
"His father gave it to him in 1915. He'll always remember that date exactly. You somehow do—when it comes to things like that."

* * *

Today's Hamiltons are more modern, of course, and more gracious than the Hamiltons of yesteryear. Styles change, and so do people's tastes. But Hamiltons have the same uncanny accuracy they have always had.

If someone in your family hasn't a fine watch, we invite you—we urge you—to give him (or her) one of these new Hamiltons, so that Father or Son or Daughter will have an accurate, beautiful watch to treasure for years ahead—a watch so lovely, so precious, they will all *always* remember Christmas, 1930.

Let us send you "The Timekeeper," an illustrated booklet giving minute descriptions of all the handsome new gift Hamiltons. Address the Hamilton Watch Company, American manufacturers of high-grade watches, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



(Pocket models) *Above*, MASTERPIECE "B"—18k extra-heavy white or green gold, 18k gold raised numerals, $250. *Below*, MONTICELLO—14k filled natural or white gold, $50. With secometer dial shown, $55. (Wrist models) *Above*, BIANCA—18k white gold, platinum top, with 14 fine diamonds and 8 sapphires, $250. *Below*, BRIARCLIFFE—14k white or natural gold, $75. (Strap models) *Left to right*, PERRY—14k filled gold, natural or white, $55; with raised gold figure dial, $63. PALISADE—14k filled natural or white gold, with filled gold band; $65. SQUARE B, Plain—14k filled gold, natural, green or white, $55, 14k solid gold, natural, green or white, $85; with dial shown, $8 extra. FLINTRIDGE—14k solid natural or white gold; 19 jewels, $150; 17 jewels, $125. Your jeweler has other lovely Hamilton Watches for both men and women, $48 to $685.

HAMILTON

The Watch *of* Railroad Accuracy

Tune in on the Hamilton Watchman . . . every Thursday at 8:45 P. M. (E.S.T.) . . . over 20 stations of the Columbia Chain.

NEVER A SPECK OF RUST NOR A HINT OF STAIN

dulls this bright New Metal

THE most violent weathering and exposure can storm at Allegheny Metal—but a few wipes of a cloth, and it's bright as new again. You never use abrasive cleansers of any kind on it. Its shiny surface remains forever bright, because it *can't* rust, it *can't* stain, and it *can't* tarnish.

Such a metal could not help finding instant favor among a thousand manufacturers.

Some choose it because of its beauty, some because of its lasting qualities. It is used to decorate buildings, where it never rusts. It is used for soda fountains, milk containers and pasteurizers, kitchen equipment and in a hundred other places where it protects food not only by its smooth, unrusting surface, but because of its immunity to acid reactions.

Allegheny Metal forms the bright parts of automobiles, parts for boats and airplanes, laundry and baking machinery, hospital equipment, and performs a thousand other duties in industry and the home.

For though it is far stronger than ordinary steel, it can be made into almost any form by all the processes from spinning to casting.

There is probably some process or product in your own business in which Allegheny Metal can better serve you than any material you have yet found.

At least let us send you, without obligation, more detailed information about this wonderful new metal.

IMPORTANT FACTS

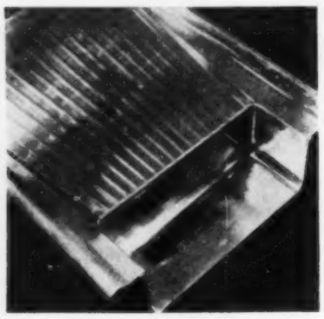
1. Unrusting . . . unstaining . . . untarnishing.
2. Immune to all but a few acid reactions.
3. Stronger than steel.
4. Greater resistance to abrasion and denting than steel.
5. Will take any finish from dull to high lustre.
6. Maintains bright surface with same cleaning treatment as glass.
7. May be drawn, stamped, spun, machined and cast.
8. *It is a safe metal*, immune to chemical reactions resulting from cooking and preparation of food . . . does not affect flavor, color or purity of any food.

ALLEGHENY STEEL COMPANY

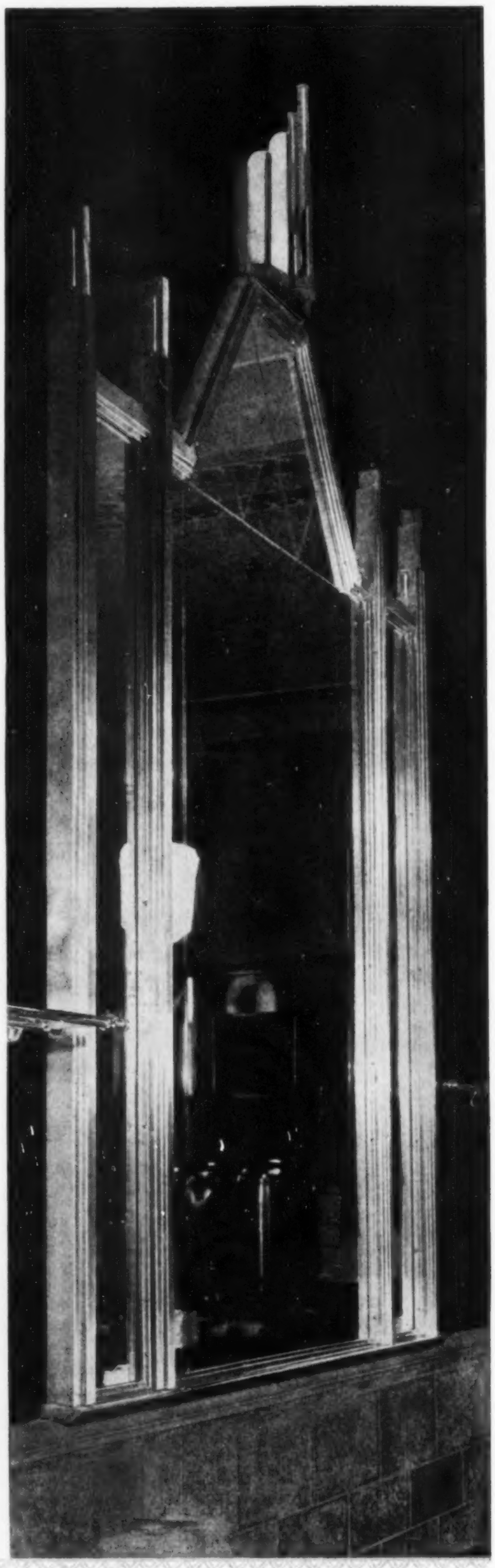
Brackenridge, Pa. . . . *Offices:* New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles. *Warehouse Stocks:* Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc. — Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia . . . . In Canada: Samuel & Benjamin, Ltd., Toronto.

Licensed by the Chemical Foundation, Inc., under basic patents No. 1,316,817 and No. 1,339,378

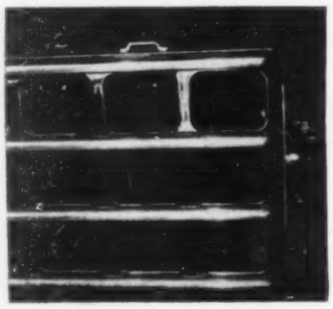
This is one of the kitchens in the Passavant Memorial Hospital in Chicago. All the kitchens use Allegheny Metal for equipment which comes in contact with food because this metal safeguards health by its unrusting and unstaining qualities.



The Waldorf Restaurant in New York City has used Allegheny Metal to great advantage to brighten its interior. The picture at the right shows one of the beautiful mirrors on which the metal is used as a bright decoration.



The sink (above, right) is made entirely of Allegheny Metal. Once installed it will never cause the slightest trouble either by rusting or discoloring. Trunk racks (right) on Pierce-Arrow cars will also remain bright without the use of harsh abrasive cleansers.



ALLEGHENY METAL

(Continued from Page 126)

combination lock on the outside iron gate, like they have on those new traveling bags, and if you don't know the combination, it's just too bad. But I know it. Yes, sir!

Bobbie: How do you know it? Who did you take there? Chiseling already?

Chic: Bobbie, you know I wouldn't do that. I went with some of the fellows. I'll take you tonight. You'll like Marty, the guy that owns the joint—short black hair, blue eyes, soft voice and swell smile.

Bobbie: Let's go. I'm dying to meet him.

Chic: Oh, they all fall for him.

Bobbie: Oh, yeah? Well, just for that I won't. Besides, I wouldn't trade my Mister Noodle for a dozen Marty Whosits.

Chic: Marty O'Malley.

Betty: Are we going somewhere or are we just going to stand around here on one leg all night?

Bobbie: Get your hats, boys.

Time: *One* a.m.

Bobbie: Wanta dance this one, Chic?

Chic: Aw, let's talk. I'm dizzy. Let's talk.

Bobbie: Talk? That's all you've been doing all evening. Betty and Bubkiss are having all the fun on this party. Look at them over there, dancing their fool heads off.

Chic: Let 'em dance. I wanta talk about my movie. Wanta hear about my movie, huh?

Bobbie: What for? What's in it for me? You say yourself you don't know if you can get me into it.

Chic: Sure I can get you into it. Getcha into anything. Wanta talk about new movie. Goin' to Hollywood, I am; maybe I will.

Bobbie: Oh, gee! Would you take me, Chic? Gee, Chic, I've always wanted to go to Hollywood. Do you know, when Betty and I were playing the Palace, in Chicago, our agent said he was going to get us with Fox. But he was full of apple sauce.

Chic: Palace? Used to go Palace every week. Never saw you at Palace. Never saw Loop-A-Loop Scissors at Palace. Never. No. No, Palace.

Bobbie: Well, maybe it was the Rialto. Anyway, it was Chicago.

Chic: Chicago? Used to live Chicago. Nice town. Nice li'l' one-horse town. Started Mister Noodle there. Gotta get out Sunday Noodle tomorrow. Mus' go home early tonight. Gotta get out Noodle tomorrow. Way late.

Bobbie: Say, what've you got all these guys working for you for? You've got a guy to draw it and another guy to write it.

Chic: I gotta give 'em ideas. Can't wear myself out with details like some of these guys. Do all their own work. Say, I could do their work and mine, too, with a couple of ghosts.

Bobbie: Sure you could.

Chic: Sure I could. Whadda you think happened today? Ghost struck. "Too much to do," says he. I says, "Yeah?" Ghost says, "Yeah." I says, "Okay. Get yourself a ghost."

Bobbie: What is a ghost, anyway?

Chic: Ghost is guy who does your work and you sign it, and he gets paid what you give him, out of what you get for what he does. Huh?

Bobbie: And a ghost what ghosts for a ghost? What does he get?

Chic: Who cares? Huh?

Bobbie: That's right too. Say, where's this Marty O'Malley of yours? We've been waiting here hours for him.

Chic: That's him, over there by the door.

Bobbie: So that's Marty. Kinda cute.

Chic: Guess he's just seen me. . . . HEY, MARTY! HEY! . . . He's coming over.

Bobbie: Maybe he saw me.

Chic: Oh, yeah?

Bobbie: Yeah.

Chic: 'Lo, Marty. Put 'er there! How's tricks? Huh?

Marty *(quietly, affably):* Why, how do you do, Mr. Kiley? Haven't seen you for ever so long. *(Puts out a very soft, very cold hand, and withdraws it quickly.)*

Chic *(hurt):* Why, I was here only other night. Huh? Don't you remember? Huh?

Marty *(with a wide, warm smile):* We don't never remember nothing in this business, Mr. Kiley, unless we're reminded. Isn't that so, miss? *(Bows gallantly.)*

Chic: Oh, pardon me. Meet Miss Bobbie White, one of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters. 'S Marty O'Malley, Bobbie. 'S good friend of mine.

Marty *(easily):* I always say a good friend is hard to find. It's the unfortunate who suffer. Pleased to meet you, Miss White. And that's from the heart. You know, I've heard a lot about your act.

Bobbie: Oh, have you really?

Marty *(sweetly):* Now, who in the business hasn't heard of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters? Of course. And nice too. I'm proud to have you here. I'd love to introduce you, but of course, since your sister isn't here ——

Bobbie: Oh, she's here. Right over there, dancing, in the long green dress.

Marty: Could I introduce you? You wouldn't have to do anything but stand up at the table and bow.

Bobbie: Sure, and we'll do a number for you on the floor if you ask me pretty.

Chic: Don't stand, Marty. Pull up a chair and have a drink. Huh? 'S good.

Bobbie: Yes, do please, Marty. You don't mind if I call you Marty, do you?

Marty: It's music when you say it. *(Bows to* Chic.) If you don't mind my saying so. *(Pulls out chair and seats himself with one deft movement.)* Yes, I'll have some of yours I don't trust my own. Here's to the Loop-A-Loop Sisters. Maybe I could persuade you to join up with our little floor show—do your specialties. Yes?

Bobbie: Sure; why not?

Marty: Sold. Here's looking into your lovely blue eyes, Miss White.

Bobbie: Bobbie to you.

Richard Dillon,
Meteor Syndicate,
Times Building,
New York City.

Dear Dick: I am sorry to hear about your troubles with Chic and Mister Noodle, but then, you can't say I didn't warn you. Of course you can't blame him for going into a tail spin so soon. Imagine leaving a quiet spot like Chicago, where you don't really count unless you are putting up buildings, and then running into the skyrockets and colored confetti and ticker tape that Chic is getting from highbrows, lowbrows and no-brows alike. Besides, I was afraid the dames would get him in New York if Dorothy didn't succeed in keeping him kenneled out on Long Island.

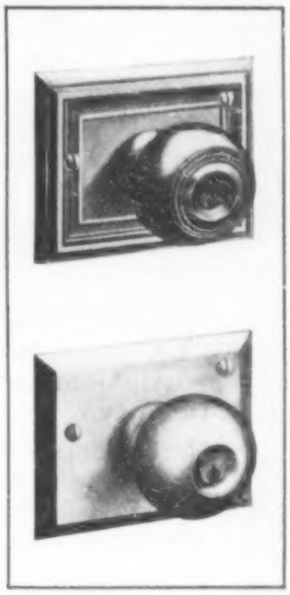
Something ought to be done about these Loop-A-Loop Sisters. They are taking him heavy. And the joke is, he

EXCELLENCE OF CONSTRUCTION DEMANDS THE BEST EQUIPMENT

Sargent Hardware contributes to the beauty and usefulness of each one of the buildings that make up the great Cleveland Terminal Group — office building, hotel, and railroad terminal. So also Sargent Hardware will add to the complete satisfaction of your own home. This fine quality hardware is a usual specification when excellence of equipment must finish off excellence of construction.

Sargent Hardware covers the entire field of building — hotel, apartment, hospital, public and educational buildings and residences of every size. Designs range from classic, authentic reproductions of the various period patterns to the extreme simplicity of the ultra-modern.

Sargent Hardware, of solid brass or bronze, is extremely durable. Of the finest materials and the most precise workmanship, the operation of each item is lastingly easy and smooth. Now, as for generations, the name SARGENT, on any hardware item, stands for finest quality merchandise. Sargent & Company, 33 Water St., New Haven, Conn.



Sargent Hardware adds to the beauty and service of this recently completed Cleveland Terminal Group, consisting of hotel, office building, and railroad terminal. Graham, Anderson, Probst & White, architects. The Sargent Union Locks shown indicate the up-to-date design and the high quality of the complete Sargent equipment.

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE

The Jacket with the
REINFORCED SLEEVES

We knit in extra threads at the elbows

We've strengthened the weakest point in a knit jacket—make it wear longer—the reinforcement extends from cuff to armhole, where the wear is greatest.

So, choose a Nockabout and get this extra value when you buy your Christmas knit jacket.

The Gift for Men

WE'VE always believed that utility jackets such as Nockabout should be good looking—stylish—correctly tailored—and we make them that way.

Nockabout jackets are shapely and sightly, and they are made to stay so. Shoulders are shaped—pockets are reinforced—buttonholes are stayed to prevent raveling—sizes are correct—perfect fit is assured.

A Nockabout jacket makes an ideal Christmas present for any man. He can wear it the year 'round. He will get real enjoyment out of it.

Select a Nockabout in one of the many pleasing colors. Look for the Nockabout label. If your retailer cannot supply you, write us.

The Companion Jacket, at a lower price, is also made with reinforced sleeves.

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
Dept. S Collom and Lena Sts.
Germantown Philadelphia, Pa.

NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS

thinks that nobody knows about it excepting a few personal friends, as he calls them. Well, if there is such a thing as a personal friend in New York, I never met him. The town is a big whispering gallery, and is infested with two kinds of people—those who don't like you and those who won't. I'll try to straighten Chic out when I get back from this swing through the West. The fact that you must continually keep after him to get his stuff in on time is annoying, but not so dangerous as what I have been hearing from some of the boys to the effect that the gal is singing, with her sister, down in Marty O'Malley's joint, and she and Marty are just like that. Well, we all know Marty—a cobra if ever there was one—and that explains why Chic is continually putting a finger on us for advances. It looks like he's in a hot spot and doesn't know it, and we'll have to do something about it—and pronto.

One more thing: The Middle West editors I have been talking to do not seem to think his stuff is as good as it was in Chicago. I tell them it's due to the change, and as soon as he's acclimated in the East his stuff will get that old zip back; but their contention—and I think there's some point to it—is that his stuff was more universal-human-nature stuff in Chicago, but now he's filling it up with Long Island swank, New York night-club whoopee, and a lot of insignificant hooey, which don't go so good with the backbone of the American people—meaning no offense, madam.

CHARLLY MACADAM.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York.

DILLON: Here's another one. Just came in. Read that.

MACADAM: Minneapolis, eh? He was on his ear when I saw him a couple of months ago. . . . MISTER NOODLE LATE AGAIN STOP WILL BE COMPELLED TO CANCEL CONTRACT UNLESS SCHEDULE IS LIVED UP TO. . . . I don't blame him, but I don't know what I can do about it.

DILLON: Well, can't you get hold of this Kiley guy and talk to him?

MACADAM: Sure I can talk to him. I've been talking to him for weeks now, but what good does that do? He's got an idea he can drink it as fast as they make it. I will say for him he isn't far behind, considering he's been in New York less than a year.

DILLON: Can't his wife do anything with him?

MACADAM: Say, she doesn't even know where he is. She hasn't seen him for weeks. I wouldn't have seen him either, only I know he hangs around all night at Marty O'Malley's Hot-Cha-Cha, until those sisters get through working.

DILLON: Well, we've got to do something. This can't go on. For weeks we've had to dig up his old ones and redraw them in order to have enough to supply the papers. And this week his stuff hasn't shown up at all, and here it is Thursday. When did you see him last?

MACADAM: Last night. I tried to talk to him and tell him he couldn't go on hitting the booze like that, but all I could get out of him was that he didn't care much about doing cartoons anyway. He was going to Hollywood pretty soon and make a big movie, with color and theme songs.

DILLON: Who was with him?

MACADAM: Oh, a lot of buzzards. You know—Broadway pals who can smell a drink a mile away. They were all slapping him on the back and telling him what a great guy he was and that New York was a bust until he came along. And all the time they were sending drinks over to their own tables and pocketing the cigarettes. Well, I tried to talk to him, but I had to give up.

DILLON: He's either got to straighten out or we've got to do something drastic. Let's get him in here. Where is he now?

MACADAM: Still there, for all I know. I tried his house out in Great Neck this morning, but his secretary said he was staying in town at his studio until he could get way ahead with his work. That's a laugh.

DILLON: Well, ring his studio. He may be there.

MACADAM: I've been ringing it for days.

DILLON: Where do the Loop-A-Loops live? Try them. They ought to know.

MACADAM: Sure they know, but they ain't telling unless they're in a big, carefree mood.

DILLON: What's the address? I'll have the girl get 'em.

MACADAM: It isn't listed, but I know the number. Hand me the phone and I'll call 'em.

DILLON: And if he happens to be there, tell him he's got to come in here today. I'm going to the mat with him. If necessary, you'll have to take him down to Atlantic City and lock him up in a hotel room there until he's ahead with his work.

MACADAM: Yes, papa.

BETTY: Hello. . . . No, this is Betty. . . . Who? . . . No, he isn't here. Who is this? . . . Why should he be here? What would he be doing here? . . . What? . . . Sure, I'll give him the message if I see him, but I won't see him. . . . All right, Mr. MacAdam. . . . All right. Good-by.

BOBBIE: Why didn't you tell him the truth, silly? He'll find out anyway. That MacAdam is a ferret.

BETTY: Yeah, I'd like to tell him the truth—all of it.

BOBBIE: What do you mean?

BETTY: You know what I mean. What you and Marty did to him last night.

BOBBIE: Mind your own business, you little sap.

BETTY: It was pretty dirty, if you ask me.

BOBBIE: You'll get your face slapped some day, talking out of turn like that.

BETTY: Isn't it enough for you to be ruining a nice soft kid like Chic, without you and Marty gypping him all the time? And then to do what you did last night, you and that slimy little gangster.

BOBBIE: You keep your tongue off of Marty.

BETTY: Gangster is too good for him. He's a rat.

BOBBIE: You're gonna get socked if you don't shut up.

BETTY: I'm tired of shutting up. I've been shutting up for you all my life. Always giving you the best of it and taking the short end myself. Chic is too good a guy to be trimmed the way you and that bum are trimming him. I'm going to tell him too.

BOBBIE: Go on and tell him; he won't believe you.

BETTY: I'm going to tell him what happened last night too.

BOBBIE: Well, tell him.

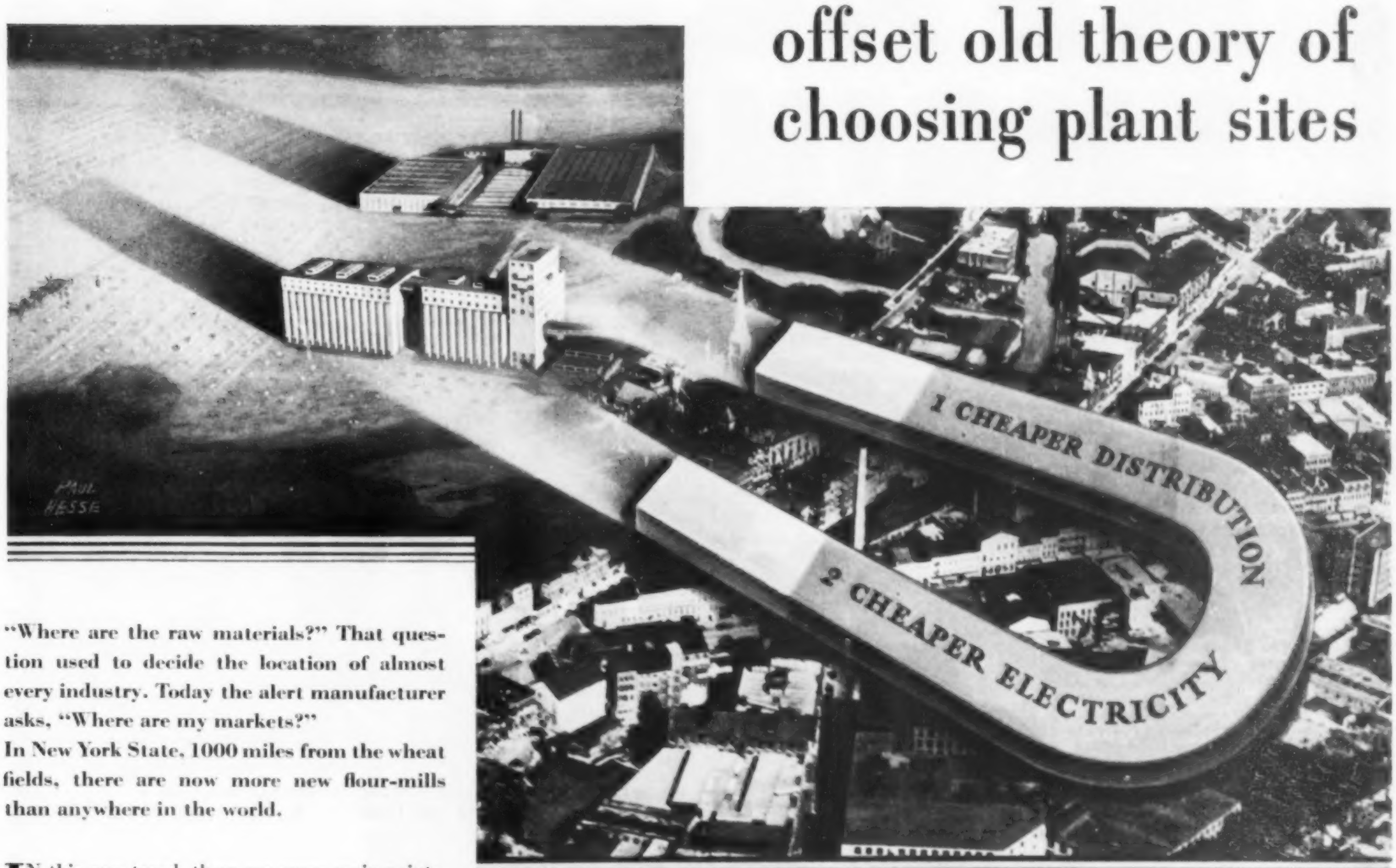
BETTY: You know perfectly well Marty gave him something last night after the party left the table.

BOBBIE: I don't know anything about it.

(Continued on Page 133)

TWO NEW FACTS

offset old theory of choosing plant sites



"Where are the raw materials?" That question used to decide the location of almost every industry. Today the alert manufacturer asks, "Where are my markets?"
In New York State, 1000 miles from the wheat fields, there are now more new flour-mills than anywhere in the world.

IN this new trend, there are seven main points. New York State excels most conspicuously in these two:

1. ***Lower cost of distribution***
2. ***Lower cost of electricity***

Electric power is far cheaper in Niagara Hudson territory than in the United States as a whole. That is a simple, indisputable, mathematical fact. The *marketing* advantage a manufacturer has in New York State is of still greater moment. Distribution costs have become the chief problem of industry.

The fact that New York is the gateway to the world, is less important than the fact that here is the market-center of America. It is the heart of a small area in which are concentrated 49 per cent of the nation's people, and 55 per cent of its total wealth.

Even its agricultural market is surprising. The farms of New York State produce about $600,000,000 yearly—an average of about $3,500 to each farm. In purchasing power per farm, New York leads the country. In number of farms electrified, New York State is 200% above the average for the nation as a whole.

The manufacturer who locates here has the greatest of all domestic markets at his front door and the international market at his back door. He has the other five big advantages too: Raw materials, labor, climate, capital and transportation.

For further information without a personal follow-up, send for new 28-page illustrated booklet—"New York, the Great Industrial State". Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Industrial Development Bureau, Albany, N. Y.

Beyond this data, you may secure a scientific study of your individual problem for the asking. The Bureau has a staff of engineers (not salesmen) who will be glad to go into your own figures to determine the true facts.

NIAGARA HUDSON

Hear Niagara Hudson broadcast fascinating stories of New York State. Every Thursday night, 7:30-8:00 (Eastern Standard Time), WEAF, WBEN, WGY, WSYR.

Write for our new book, describing the industrial territory served by Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, including among others the localities listed below:

ALBANY
ALBION
AMSTERDAM
ANGOLA
ANTWERP
ATTICA
BALDWINSVILLE
BALLSTON
BATAVIA
BOONVILLE
BROCKPORT
BUFFALO
CANAJOHARIE
CANASTOTA
CANTON
CARTHAGE
COBLESKILL
COHOES
CORTLAND
DEPEW
DOLGEVILLE
DUNKIRK
E. SYRACUSE
FAIRPORT
FALCONER
FORT EDWARD
FORT PLAIN
FRANKFORT
FREDONIA
GENESEO
GLENS FALLS
GLOVERSVILLE
GOUVERNEUR
GOWANDA
GREEN ISLAND
GREENWICH
HAMBURG
HERKIMER
HOMER
HUDSON
HUDSON FALLS
ILION
JAMESTOWN
JOHNSTOWN
KENMORE
LACKAWANNA
LANCASTER
LE ROY
LITTLE FALLS
LOWVILLE
LYONS
MALONE
MASSENA
MEDINA
MOHAWK
NEW YORK MILLS
NIAGARA FALLS
N. TONAWANDA
NORWOOD
OAKFIELD
OGDENSBURG
OLEAN
ONEIDA
OSWEGO
POTSDAM
PULASKI
RENSSELAER
ROME
ROTTERDAM
ST. JOHNSVILLE
SALAMANCA
SARATOGA SPRINGS
SCHENECTADY
SCOTIA
SKANEATELES
SOLVAY
SYRACUSE
TONAWANDA
TROY
UTICA
WATERFORD
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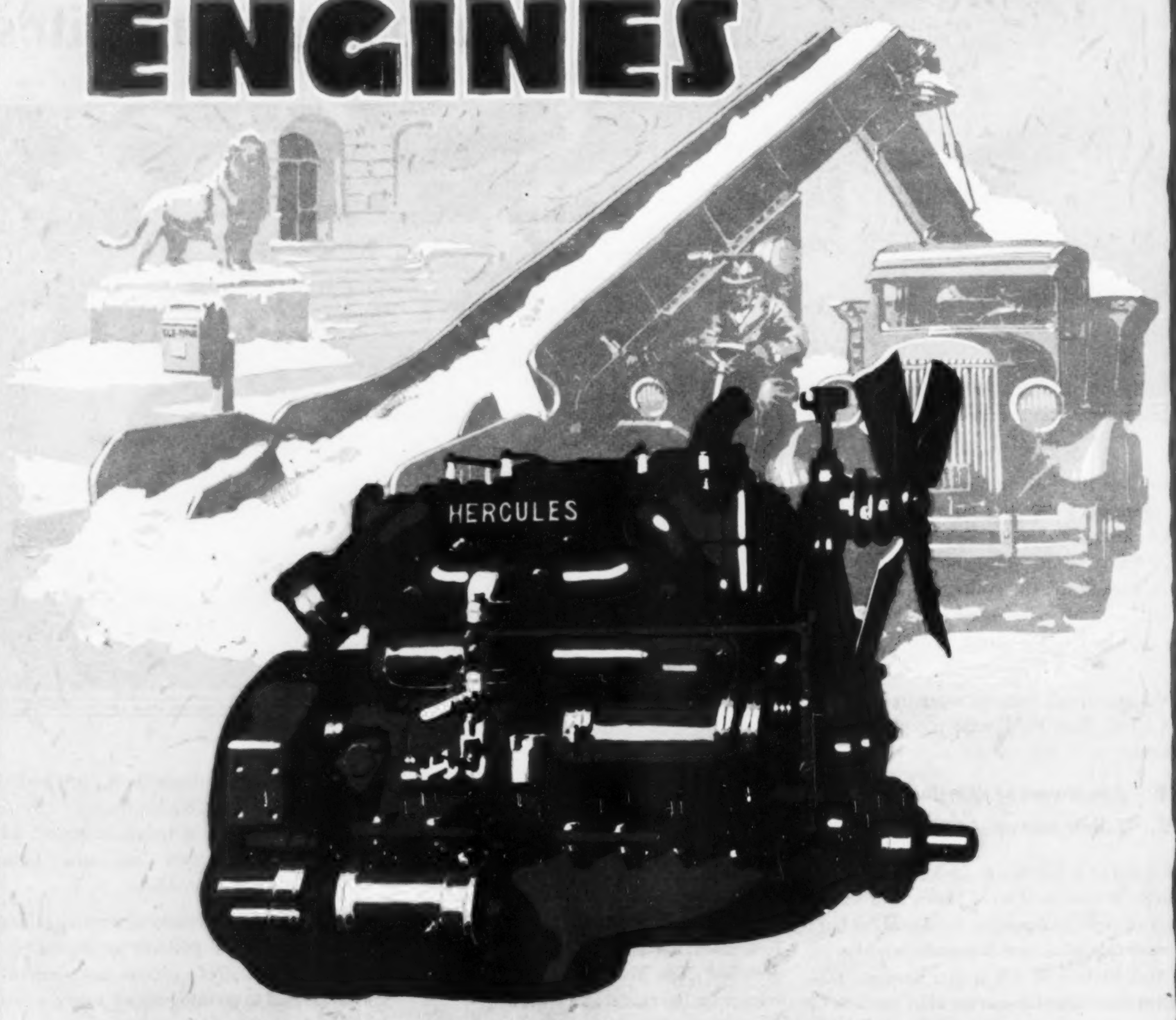
WHITEHALL
WHITESBORO
WILLIAMSVILLE

HERCULES ENGINES



SNOW PLOWS AND SNOW LOADERS, STREET SPRINKLERS AND SWEEPERS, ROAD SCRAPERS AND ROLLERS—HIGHWAY MAINTENANCE MACHINES OF MANY TYPES—ARE POWERED BY HERCULES. SO ARE LEADING MAKES OF ROAD-BUILDING APPARATUS, COMMERCIAL VEHICLES, INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND OIL-PRODUCING RIGS. FOR HERCULES ENGINES—SIMPLE, RUGGED AND ADVANCED—ARE BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR HEAVY-DUTY SERVICE.

HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 130)

Betty: You do too. He had someone slip him a Mickey Finn.

Bobbie: You say anything like that around Marty and he'll knock your head off.

Betty: Well, that's what happened, anyway. And then before we closed up, Marty had the waiters stack a whole lot of empty champagne bottles on the floor around his chair, and then woke him up with black coffee and had the band boys open up their collars and play like mad while he was waking up, to make him believe the party had been going on like that all night and he'd been drinking barrels of champagne. And I saw the check they handed him, when he came to, the dirty thieves.

Bobbie: If Marty didn't take him, someone else would.

Betty: I got him out on the sidewalk, and then he went out again just like a light. So I brought him up here, and I've been up all night trying to straighten him out. . . . Where were you until six o'clock this morning?

Bobbie: None of your business. . . . You must be in love with Noodle.

Betty: I couldn't see a dog get a dirty deal.

Bobbie: Always falling for saps and always taking a terrible beating.

Betty: Well, Chic is taking the beating this time, and I'm going to stop it, if I have to tell his wife and MacAdam and everybody else about it.

Bobbie: You just keep on talking and you'll find yourself out in the street.

Betty: I'll get by. *(Doorbell rings.)*

Voice: Special for Mr. Kiley.

Bobbie *(opening door)*: There's no Mr. Kiley here.

Messenger: I was told to leave it here for him. It's important.

Bobbie: All right, then. Leave it. I'll sign for it. . . . What do you suppose it is, Betty?

Betty: Maybe it's from the syndicate.

Bobbie: There's no name on it. It's a woman's handwriting. Call him. Maybe he's awake now. . . . HEY! CHIC! . . . Go and pull him out of there. He can't lie around here all day, anyway. . . . HEY, CHIC! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU!

Betty: I'll get him.

Bobbie: Here comes the Sleeping Beauty. . . . Hello, Chic. How's the head?

Chic *(stumbling in, blinking at the light)*: What's the matter? What do you want? Can't you let a fellow sleep?

Bobbie: Say, you've been sleeping all day. Here's a special for you.

Chic: Who's it from?

Bobbie: How do I know? You don't think I open your mail, do you? It's a woman's handwriting.

Chic *(puzzling over it)*: That's funny. Looks awf'ly familiar. Looks like—why it looks like Dorothy's.

Betty: Who?

Chic: Dorothy—my wife. How'd she know I was here?

Bobbie: Your wife, eh? Well, that's the pay-off. Here, let me read it for you.

"*Dear Chic:* When you get this letter, I will be on the train, going home to my father. You will realize, from the address, that I know all about what you have been doing since we came to New York. Of course, a wife is the last one who ever knows what her husband is doing, but even a wife who is willing to stay out in the country and wait and ask no questions is bound to be told eventually what all the rest of the world knew long before.

"At first I thought I'd call you home and face you with the facts, and then I realized how silly and melodramatic that would be. I couldn't say anything you didn't know already about your drinking and parties, and especially about those night-club girls, and I couldn't bear to have you make me any more promises you are too weak to keep.

"Because you are weak, Chic—not mean, just weak and stupid—and I can't go on living like this. I am leaving everything except the few clothes I need. I don't want anything except the one thing you won't give me—the assurance that you'll straighten up, quit drinking and running around, and work on our Mister Noodle—it was ours, don't you remember?—before it is too late and you've lost everything.

"If you must write, you can reach me in care of my father, who is with the Super-Features Film Company, in Hollywood, but I prefer that you leave me alone, so that I may forget, if I can, how happy we were in Chicago and how miserable I have been in New York. "Dorothy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Getting On in the World

Profit From a Hobby

GEORGE REINHARDT works at the packing house eight to ten hours every day, takes orders from nearly everyone at the plant, loads cars, checks shipments, draws a salary and in general is a pretty unimportant cog in a big industrial machine.

He comes home to his residence in a suburb where, more than likely, some banker or the head of some local business enterprise is waiting to get his advice on important affairs. These impressively tailored gentlemen listen to his words with close attention because, in the line of endeavor which is his avocation, George is a skilled craftsman and an authority worthy of respect.

On Sundays and holidays George drives to elaborately decorated clubs where executives of much solidarity and endowed with much of this world's goods are wont to forgather in an exclusive fellowship. At such assemblies the humble packing-house employe is welcomed enthusiastically and his opinions on great matters of issue are sought and treasured. The minister of a great church, one of the most widely known corporation lawyers of our section, a wealthy real-estate man, a railway vice president, an ex-mayor, a writer of books whose reputation is nation-wide—all these and others defer to the superior knowledge and craft possessed by a gaunt, semibald laborer, past sixty years of age and unprepossessing in appearance.

For George is a past master in that most important and intricate of arts, the making of hand-tied bass and trout flies. His standing is what it is because no man is blessed with such wealth or position or power—none is cursed with such arrogant self-esteem—as not to admit, when the logs have crumbled low, that the transaction of business and the making of money and the hurly-burly of mart and countinghouse take second place, in the true evaluation of a man among men, to the more important matter of fishing.

As a boy on the farm George had always been a fisherman. At the age of forty he left the farm, and his new job in the packing house—ten hours a day—left him with much spare time. He began to experiment with a handful of hooks and a spool of silk thread. Feathers were found in the family hen coop, but they were too scanty a source of raw material, so it was not long until duck and deer and squirrel hunters, poultry dealers and breeders of various types of fowl and beast—most of them fishermen and coöperative to the last degree—became a volunteer source of supply of peacock feathers, squirrel tails, hackles, buck tails, reindeer skins and a wide assortment of varicolored integuments sported for ornamental or protective purposes by all sorts of wild and tame creatures. Today the basement of the Reinhardt mansion is stacked to the ceiling with lard cans filled with an unbelievable—and sometimes malodorous—assortment of feathers and fur, protected in their airtight containers by moth balls; and George's den and workshop is a maze of drawers and shelves where hooks and thread and wire and horsehair and odd-looking tools of his own devising are stored. His is a one-man mass-production shop. Two or three hours' work of an evening will result in forty or fifty finished flies, and the prices eager devotees pay for these baubles are little short of scandalous.

His specialty is making up flies to order, according to designs submitted by his customers. This is a prolific source of business, for it must be remembered that every fisherman whose luck is bad is positive his creel might have been filled if he had tried a fly of different color or design.

Acquaintances made at fishing camps, at the local fly-casting club, at Minnesota and Colorado resorts, make up the bulk of his original customers, and word-of-mouth advertising has spread his fame far and near. In the beginning there was no intention to commercialize this unusual hobby. He simply made flies for his own use and gave them away to any friend or passing acquaintance who happened to see and admire. He has energetically refused to employ workers and go into the wholesale production of lures—his is the pride of the artist in a superlatively good job, and all his flies are the work of his own hands.

George is very modest and retiring. He thinks there is more fun to be had in fishing than in anything else a man can do in this world, and he would never make a fly for anyone if the dollars-and-cents profit were the whole of the story. He seldom sends out an order without exclaiming, "There, that ought to get 'em for him." In that little phrase is the expression of his business philosophy and method. He makes better flies for his friends so they can have more fun out of their fishing trips. By that simple and honest means he has built a hobby into a very profitable business.

—George Biggs.

The PARKER GAMES

CAMELOT

A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

If you want a change—a new kind of fun—play CAMELOT.

From out the glories of the past come forth the Knights of CAMELOT to fight their fields once more! Two forces of knights and men confront each other in the center of the board.

Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge, and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

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E. V. Shepard calls it "a masterpiece!—a new delight."

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Train him now
to tread straight
TO TIRELESS
ENERGY

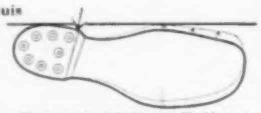
WHAT a lot he demands of those two sturdy feet! Climbing, jumping, running—they must keep pace with his boundless energy. Life is busy and exciting, and days aren't nearly long enough!

If you would secure for his future that same tireless energy which is his today, train him now to *tread straight*—train him to walk with toes pointed straight ahead. It is the way to glorious foot health.

Buster Brown *Tread Straight* shoes are designed to train growing feet to walk as nature intended. They assure correct posture and normal foot comfort. Through a special patented feature they absorb the shock of contact with hard surfaces. They support the delicate arch as in a bandage—yet allow complete freedom for healthful development and exercise.

The Brownbilt retailer in your vicinity will gladly show you Buster Brown *Tread Straight* shoes for boys or girls, in styles suitable for every occasion.

Brown Shoe Company Manufacturers,
Saint Louis



The Tread Straight Feature. Heel longer and slightly higher on inside, thus acting as a pivot and causing little feet to track straight ahead.

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For Boys and Girls from
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TREAD STRAIGHT

Radio: Enjoy the Brownbilt Footliters in Rollicking Dance Hits, every Friday evening, NBC (Blue) network. For time and stations, see newspapers and retailers' announcements.

A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL TIME

(Continued from Page 8)

lashes and looked him in the eye he didn't get flustered and back off the way her father did. He looked right back into her eyes and moved a little toward her and said, "I like your eyes." It was a slight thing, but it was one of the many things she liked about him.

She looked up at the beech tree. The branch she had hung from drooped. It drooped so low at the tip that she thought she could reach it by jumping for it. She poised herself and jumped. She touched it, but she couldn't grasp it. She jumped again. On the third jump she got it with both hands. She worked back along the branch toward the tree, slowly and painfully. She gathered all her strength and swung upward and hooked one leg over the limb. She clung there breathless, getting back her strength. She got up on the limb, and balancing carefully, she got back to the tree. She slid down the tree.

There was a large man with walrus mustaches watching her. It was Murphy, the gatekeeper at the lodge up the road. He had seen her; he had probably seen everything.

"Well, Murphy?" she said.

"Miss Codrington," Murphy said, "O'Brien and Burke are looking all over for you. They just telephoned all the gate lodges to see if you'd been through."

Jane raised her lashes slowly and looked Murphy in the eye. Murphy dropped his eyes.

"I didn't see you," he said. "I didn't see you and your young man. I didn't see you get over the wall. The fact is, I ain't seen you for a coupla weeks—not as I can remember."

"You're a nice man, Murphy," Jane said.

"Be that as it may," Murphy said, "I wish you wouldn't climb that tree any more. If you want to get in or out, you come to my gate."

"You mean you wouldn't mention it?"

"I'd rather do that than have you breakin' your neck," Murphy said. "What if you'd 'a' fell off that limb?"

"Thank you, Murphy," Jane said.

"If I was you, Miss Codrington," Murphy said, "I'd be back sitting in a garden bench before O'Brien and Burke got to makin' too much of a fuss."

Jane hurried on until she came to the gardens. She walked idly along a garden path to the bench she had left three hours earlier. She sat down and opened the Manchester Guardian and bent her head dutifully over a leader on the British situation in India.

III

JANE announced at half-past nine Saturday night that she was tired. She thought she would go to bed. She kissed her father and her mother good night and went off to her wing of the house. She changed quickly into the dress she had worn the day she had climbed the beech tree, and found a coat and gloves and things. She turned out all the lights then and softly raised the window and sat beside it listening for the night watchman to make his ten o'clock round. She heard him after endless minutes. She listened while he approached, while he went by, until she could no longer hear him. Then she stepped out of the window to the deck over the extension below her room. She dropped to her hands and knees and crawled quietly to the edge. It was a bright, frosty October night, with half a waning moon aloft. She was in deep shadow where she stood. She couldn't see much. But she had studied it all out by daylight. She could feel her way. She hung from the gutter, caught the rain pipe and let herself down.

She stood on the ground, close against the house, listening. There was no sound. Jane stole through the woods to Murphy's gate.

"He's waitin' for ye, Miss Codrington," Murphy whispered. "He's right up the road."

Jane went through the gate and walked so quietly along the grassy side of the lane that she was beside the roadster before Eddie heard her. He swung the door open. Jane slipped in beside him.

"Here I am," she said.

"You're a darling," Eddie Talbot said.

In another moment the roadster was throbbing up the first long hill on the way into Connecticut. It was half-past eleven by the clock on the Westport Bank when Eddie turned out of the Post Road into Main Street.

"They're having a Halloween party at the Atkinsons'," Eddie said. "I thought we'd go there first. If you don't like it, you give me the high sign and we'll go somewhere else."

"What will it be like?" Jane asked.

"Oh," Eddie said, "they'll have the barn lit with pumpkin lanterns and decorated with corn shocks, and some of the people will be in full dress and some will be in overalls, and they'll dance and play foolish games, like bobbing for apples in a tub of water. And if some man has had so many drinks he's a nuisance, somebody will push him in the tub, and when he gets out he'll be so cold and wet he'll go home."

He drove three miles out Main Street until he came to a white house. The drive and the road outside were lined with parked cars. Eddie parked the roadster at the end of the line.

"The thing to do is to leave our coats in the car; then we can find them when we want them," he said.

They walked down the drive toward the sounds of a dance tune and laughter. They came to the wide doorway of the barn. An enormous man in blue jumper and blue overalls came rushing up to Jane.

"Beautiful creature," he said, "where have you been all evening?" He seized her as if to dance. Jane looked at Eddie. He nodded. Jane danced off with the man. But they hadn't gone three steps when Eddie cut in. The man in blue overalls protested vehemently. But Eddie was firm. He put his arm around Jane. They danced.

"That's the simplest way to manage them," Eddie said. "I hope you didn't mind."

"Mind!" Jane said. "Of course I didn't mind. You rescued me so quickly I didn't have time to mind."

Jane studied the party from behind Eddie's shoulder as they danced. She saw three exceptionally pretty women and several good-looking ones. But the thing that struck her most was that everybody seemed to be having an awfully good time about nothing.

"Shall we go places?" Eddie asked.

"Let's," Jane said. "I'm so curious."

They went places. They looked in on five Westport parties before Jane saw that it was three o'clock.

"I've got to get back, Eddie," she said.

"I know it," Eddie said, "and I've hardly had a chance to talk to you all evening."

They said good night to their last host and hostess, and found the roadster. It was a quarter past three when they passed through the village square on their way home.

"Well," Eddie said, "what did you think of it?"

"I thought it was grand," Jane said. "I never saw so many pretty women in my life."

They compared notes for half an hour, chatting like two old friends. Finally Eddie asked her what she thought of Boardman Palmer.

"I don't remember the name," Jane said. "I met too many people."

"He was that tall man with the sad eyes who danced with you at the second place we went to. You went out on the porch with him when the dance was over."

"Oh," Jane cried. "I remember—that's the man who kissed me."

"What!" Eddie cried. He took his foot off the gas. The car slowed down to five miles an hour. "Why did you let him kiss you?"

Jane saw that he was really annoyed. She rather liked his being annoyed.

"Why," she said, "I thought that was what you did in Westport. I thought it was the local custom. I thought everybody did it."

Eddie put his foot on the gas. The car gathered speed.

"Well," Eddie said, "everybody doesn't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Eddie," Jane said.

"I suppose," Eddie said, "if you want to let men kiss you, it's your affair."

"It was only one man, Eddie," Jane said. "It didn't mean anything."

Eddie drove on for two miles without speaking. Jane sat beside him, waiting. She had an odd feeling that something was going to happen. Eddie stopped the car at the top of a long hill and backed it into a barway and turned off the lights.

"When I kiss a girl," he said bitterly, "it does mean something. It means I'm crazy about her." He sat there staring at her in the dark. Jane would have raised her lashes and looked him in the eye, but it was too dark for him to see that gesture. The moon had gone down and the dawn had not yet begun to break.

"Don't be angry," Jane said softly.

Eddie took her in his arms. Eddie kissed her. She kissed him back happily.

"I can't stay angry," Eddie said. "Because I'm crazy about you, Jane."

"I'm crazy about you, too, Eddie," she said.

He held her tightly. Jane wanted him to hold her tightly. Jane put her cheek against his.

From far off down the road there came the long sound of a two-note horn. Jane started. She knew that horn. It was the horn on the car that O'Brien and Burke used. She'd heard it often enough when she was driving and they were following her.

"What's the matter, darling?" Eddie asked.

"I thought I heard something," Jane said miserably.

"What of it?"

Jane listened. She could hear the throbbing of a motorcycle engine. A moment later the long, single beam appeared. Behind it were the twin lights of a car. The motorcycle hurtled past them, the big car a hundred yards behind it.

"What does that mean?" Jane asked. She knew what it meant. But she wanted Eddie to tell her it was nothing.

"The police, I imagine," Eddie said.

"I want to go home," Jane said. "I'm worried."

Eddie started the car and swung into the road. "You've nothing to worry about," Eddie said. "They aren't looking for us."

Jane snuggled close beside him. She knew better. But it was comforting to hear him say it.

They had driven another mile when Jane looked back. There was a car behind them, and it was gaining rapidly. Jane braced herself. The car drew alongside. The man beside the driver leaned out and yelled at Eddie to move over. Eddie moved over and stopped the car.

The other car stopped beside them. A big man with a flash light in his hand hopped on the running board. He turned the light on them.

"Good evening," he said. "We've orders to take you in."

"What the devil do you mean?" Eddie said.

The big man turned back the lapel of his coat and showed his badge.

Jane pressed Eddie's arm. "Don't, please, Eddie," she said. "It's no use. There are two of them."

The big man handed Jane out of the roadster and into the big car. His partner got into the roadster beside Eddie.

Jane turned fiercely on the big man in plain clothes at the wheel. "If you do anything to that man you'll be awfully, awfully sorry."

"Don't worry, miss," he said. "Our orders were to bring you both in. As long as he behaves himself he's as safe as you are."

They drove rapidly toward Sherwood Forest. The roadster followed. The main gate was open. They drove in without pausing, and up to the front door. Her father and mother were waiting for her.

"Oh, Jane!" her mother said. "How could you?"

"Where's the man?" her father asked.

"He's out there," the big policeman said. "Shall I have him in?"

Mr. Codrington shook his head. "No," he said. "Let him go."

The big policeman went out.

"I'd like to speak to him before he goes," Jane said. "I've got something terribly important to tell him."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, Jane," her father said.

"But I must, father."

"No," her father said.

Jane turned and rushed out of the door. She was just in time to see the tail light of the roadster disappearing down the drive.

She walked slowly back into the house. Eddie knew now that she wasn't Mary Farnham. He knew that she was Jane Codrington. He had said he was crazy about her. But was he crazy enough about her to face five hundred million dollars?

"Why did you do it, Jane?" her father asked. His face was quite white and drawn.

"Because I was crazy about him," Jane said.

"But you couldn't be," her father said. "You hardly know the man. You can't have seen him half a dozen times."

"I have seen him exactly three times," Jane said, "and that's all I'm

(Continued on Page 139)

Faithful Allies when you have need for TIRELESS ENERGY

If you would go through the day alert and energetic, confident of looking your best—consider your shoes! More men each day are finding that there is no need to sacrifice style for that perfect foot comfort which is the basis of tireless energy.

Men expect, and find, correct style and exceptional comfort in Brownbilt Shoes. For Brownbilt craftsmen are thoroughly experienced in building healthful features into the season's smartest patterns.

Near you is a Brownbilt retailer who will gladly show you the new styles.

Brown Shoe Company Manufacturers, Saint Louis

"You don't have to be rich to be stylish"

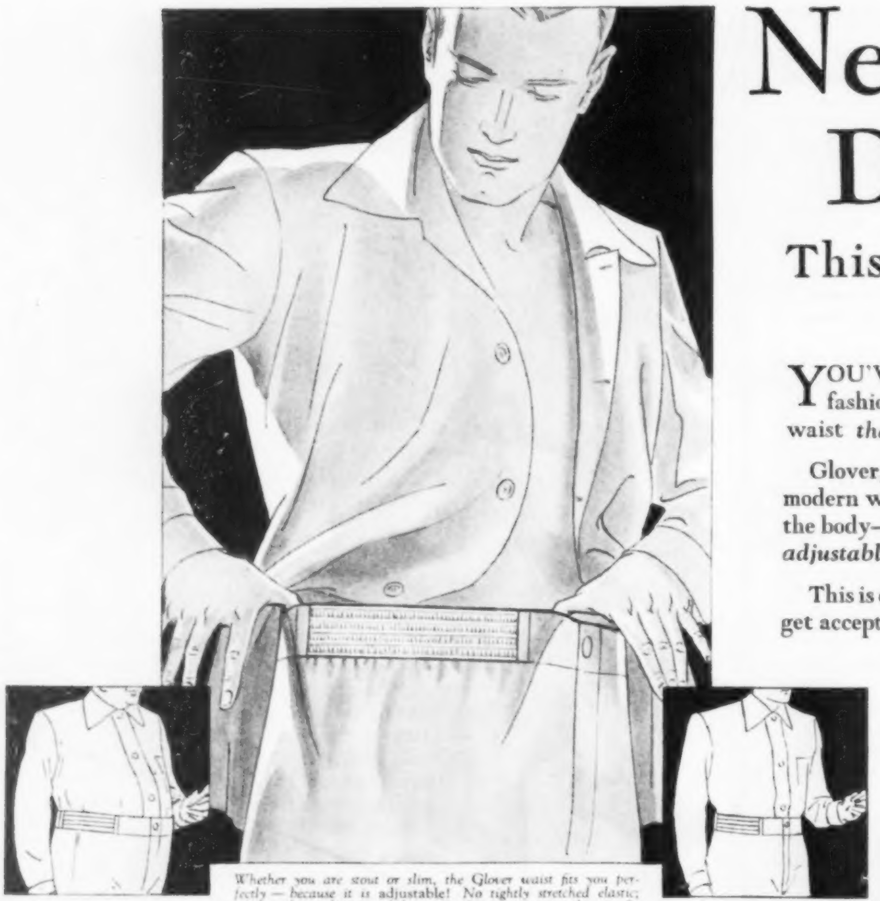
Brown bilt Shoes FOR MEN

There are Brownbilt Shoes for women also.

Radio: Enjoy the Brownbilt Footliters in Rollicking Dance Hits every Friday evening. For time and stations, see newspapers and retailers' announcements.

New ! Different !

This *remarkable advance* in Pajama Comfort



Whether you are stout or slim, the Glover waist fits you perfectly — because it is adjustable! *No tightly stretched elastic; no slovenly overlapping of the trouser front; just a smooth, trim fit.*

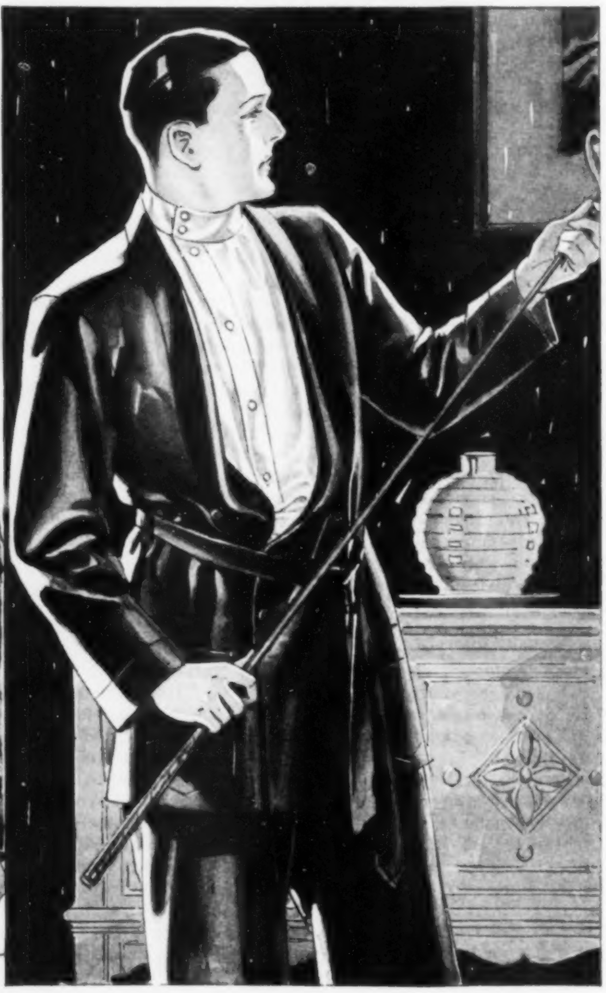
YOU'VE never known sleeping comfort like this! Gone, the old fashioned, binding drawstring. And with it, now, the elastic waist *that cannot be adjusted* to fit you! Instead . . . .

Glover, pioneer of the modern style in Pajamas, has created a truly modern waist. Elastic, to be sure. Moving easily with every movement of the body—giving freely with every breath. Yet instantly and completely *adjustable* to *your own* waist measure. Worn as snug or as loose as you wish.

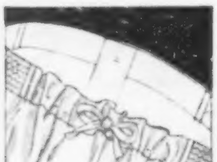
This is one of the *plus* values you get only in Glover Pajamas. Just as you get accepted leadership in style—and tailoring to rival your day clothes.

Yet you pay no more for Glover's than for any *good* pajamas. Of course, you can buy pajamas cheaper. But when the supreme satisfaction of Glover's costs so little, why risk the *dis*satisfaction "cheap" pajamas are so likely to give?

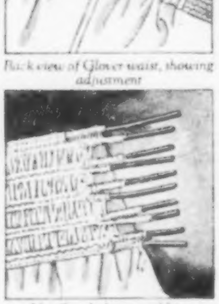
CAVALIER, $12—3-piece lounge suit for luxurious ease. Cream tan Charmeuse under-blouse; blue or black Piqué coat and trousers.



WHY this great improvement sets a new COMFORT STANDARD *never approached by any previous type!*



Back view of Glover waist, showing adjustment



Ventilated elastic webbing

1 While elastic waistbands are in general use, *only the Glover waist* (patent pending) provides *accurate adjustment* to the wearer's size!

2 The simple adjusting tape fits into the small of the *back*—unseen and un-felt.

3 Glover trousers hang from the hips, as well-fitting trousers should. The front is as neat and smooth as a custom-tailored suit—especially desirable in fine lounge pajamas; important, too, when the coat is worn tucked in.

. . . .

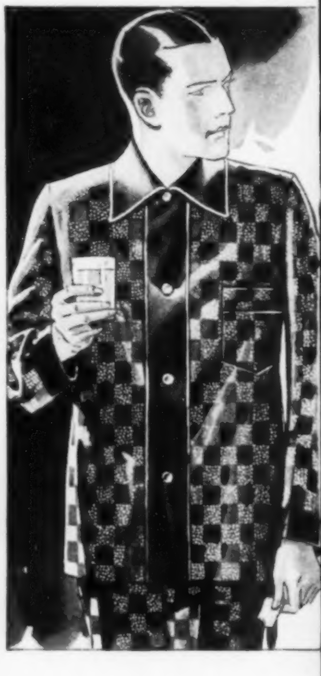
4 The Glover elastic insets over the hips are of the finest *ventilated* strand rubber webbing. No heating sheet rubber to cause excessive perspiration. No band of rubber all around the waist. No webbing touching the skin.

5 Each live rubber strand in the Glover elastic is treated with anti-oxidant and individually wrapped for protection from air, heat, washing, soap acids, and perspiration. It *keeps* its elasticity.

6 Glover Pajama trousers are held securely by an *unbreakable* lacquered aluminum button, *anchored* in place. (Glover slipover styles have *no* buttons on either coat or trousers.)

. . . .

Unless you get *all* these advantages when you buy pajamas, you are not getting *all* your money will buy.



TRAFALGAR, $3.50—A conservative suit of navy or black Foulard.

GLOVER

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. . . in the Most Colorful of Gifts!

HERE, indeed, is the happy answer to that perplexing question: "What can I give a man—that he will *like*—that is *distinctive*—that will bring him pleasure *all through the year?*"

Pajamas by Glover! A gift rich in comfort...of a new sort...for lounging as well as sleeping. A practical gift... yet rich in colorful beauty... satisfying his natural color-hunger... bringing a delightful sense of luxury, a refreshing freedom. *How else could you give so much—at such reasonable cost?* Or so perfectly express your thoughtful care in choosing?

Sketched here are a few of the new season's favorites—to give you an idea of the broad selection of Glover styles, fabrics, and color-schemes. Look over the fuller showing at your favorite store. Whatever you wish to spend, you'll find, in Glover Pajamas, a highly satisfying choice.

From $2 to $35, there are literally patterns and styles for every taste, of which these few are typical. Look for the woven Glover label. If your store cannot supply you, write us.

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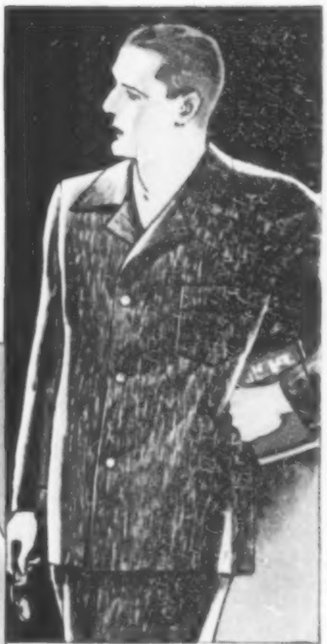
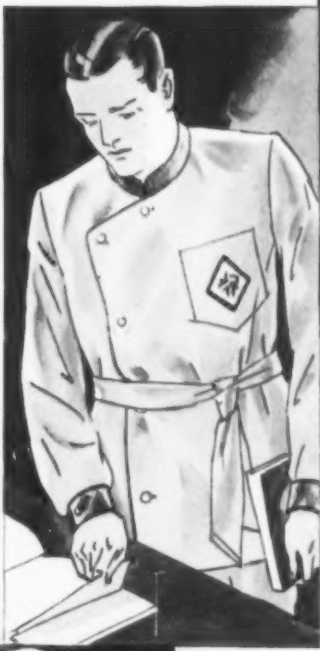


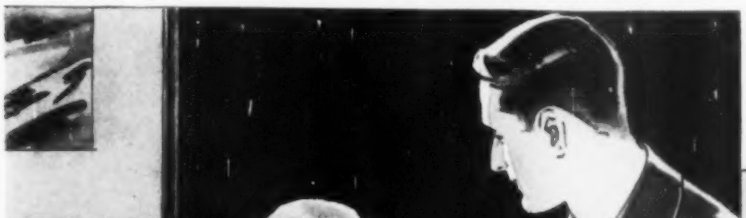
(Above)—PEMBROKE, $5—Blue, green or henna Charmeuse. This convertible collar type is a general favorite.

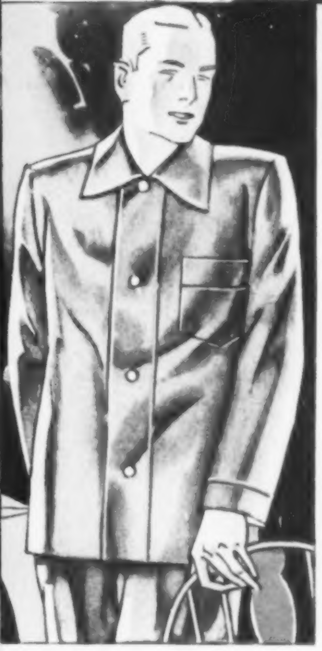


(Left)—MING, $5—The latest! One of our new Chinese Pajamas; blue, green or peach Broadcloth; black piping and embroidered Chinese characters on pocket.

SAMARKAND, $7.50—New type Russian Pajama; fancy coat; plain black, blue or green trousers.

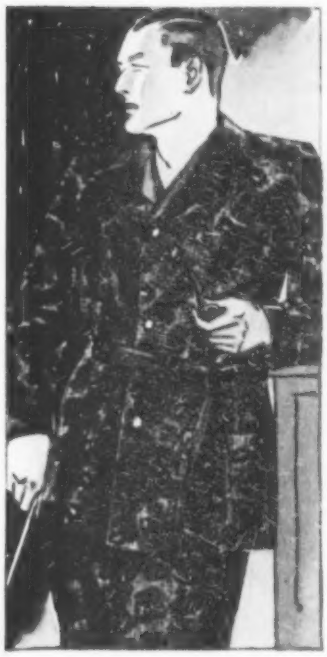
WESTCHESTER, $10—De luxe Pajama of lustrous Charmeuse in plain blue, purple, black or henna.





PINEHURST, $5 — A very rich suit for the modest dresser. Green, blue or tan Charmeuse, with piping.

MONTCLAIR, $5—Brown, black or blue Foulard. This type, with sash, is very popular for lounge wear.



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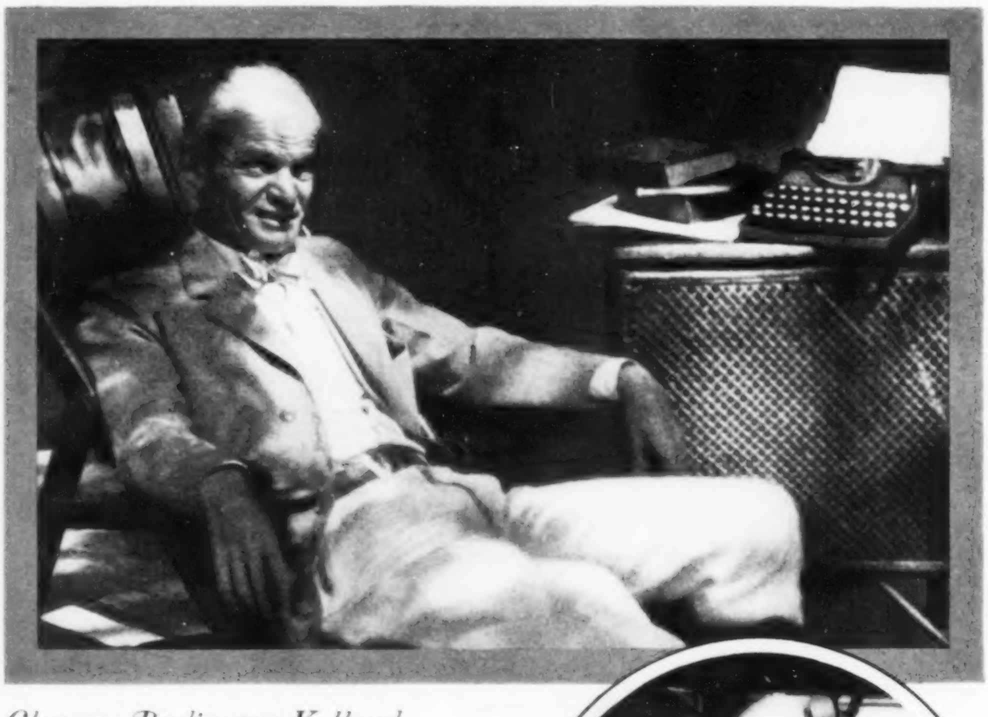
Used by successful writers for 20 years

Edgar A. Guest writes: "Ever since I began writing verse my Corona has been my constant companion. I have gained a deep affection for it. It is responsive to my every mood and fancy; I like it for its rugged keyboard and its clear, honest type; its willingness to labor with me and for me; never out of whack; seldom asking for attention. A true-blue companion, through and through!"



Clarence Budington Kelland says: "You'll never get me to sit down in front of any portable typewriter except a Corona. This sturdy machine has seen me through newspaper reporting, magazine editing, and the writing of countless short stories." Mr. Kelland's novel, "Hard Money," is one of the current successes.

Famous Girl Columnist: Velva Darling, who writes a daily column for 2,000,000 newspaper readers, has a special rack constructed in her car so that she can use her Corona on the road!

NAME almost any successful writer, and you will also name a user of the Corona typewriter!

Today, nearly every word you read in books or magazines, or hear at the talkies, at the theater, or over the radio, was Coronatyped before it was printed or spoken.

Actually an amazing number of well-known writers use this sturdy portable typewriter.

Expressly made for Them . . and You

The Corona was *made* for them—and for everyone who is not a professional typist. It is not a complicated office machine cut down to other uses. There is literally nothing to go wrong.

If you have never typed in your life, you can operate a Corona almost from the minute you sit down in front of it. In a week you will be typing many times faster than you could ever write in longhand.

Yet this amazing little machine will do anything a big typewriter will do. It stands firmly on its own feet; it is not fastened forever to the bottom of the case you carry it in. Its frame, cast from a single piece of aluminum, is sturdy and rigid.

For a small down payment you can get one of the latest-model Coronas, in any one of six gay colors, or in black.

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By means of a ten-payment plan, you can get this latest-model Corona by making only a small payment down. It is the Corona Standard, with four-row, single-shift keyboard—$60. A delightful gift for anyone on your Christmas list. Ask your dealer to lend you one for a week.

CORONA *Standard Keyboard Single Shift*

(Continued from Page 135)

going to tell you. I simply won't discuss it. I'm going to bed."

"Very well," her father said.

IV

WHEN Jane had gone, Mr. Codrington turned to Mrs. Codrington. "She really believes what she said. She meant it."

"Yes," Mrs. Codrington said.

"It's like a madness," Mr. Codrington said. "She's virtually crazy." He looked miserably at Mrs. Codrington. "And I suppose he's crazy about her. Any young man would be." He walked up and down nervously. "How do you stop them?" he asked pathetically.

"You said that if Jane fell in love with the wrong man you'd stop it," Mrs. Codrington said.

"But how do you stop a madness?" Mr. Codrington asked.

"You said you would," Mrs. Codrington said.

"And I will," Mr. Codrington said. He tried to make his voice sound bold and confident, because he did not feel bold and confident. He felt helpless. "By noon tomorrow I'll know who the young man is. By night he'll be offered a bigger salary than he ever thought of earning. He'll go to Kamchatka."

"Somehow," Mrs. Codrington said—"somehow it doesn't seem as practical as it did the other day."

"But you've never even seen the young man," Mr. Codrington said. "You don't know what he's like."

"No," Mrs. Codrington said. "But I know Jane."

V

WHEN Jane Codrington awoke she was no longer angry, but only troubled. She was afraid she would never see Eddie Talbot again. And she had to see him again. He would forgive her for telling him that she was Mary Farnham, if she got a chance to explain why she had deceived him. But she couldn't explain away her family. You can't explain away five hundred millions of dollars. It is simply there, like a black eye, but more permanent.

She was Jane Codrington, and Eddie knew it now. Jane understood too well how impossible the Codrington family was from Eddie's point of view and how little willing he would be to take a serious interest in the Codringtons' only daughter, even if he had liked her well enough to tell her he was crazy about her. The chance that Eddie was as crazy about her as he would need to be was too slim. And how crazy about her was he? Jane could only guess. She had had little experience of men and none at all of young men who supposed she was somebody else. When Eddie had said that he was crazy about her, she had assumed that he meant exactly what she meant when she had replied that she was crazy about him. But Eddie was a man of twenty-seven or eight. He had probably told a dozen girls that he was crazy about them and kissed them and forgotten them.

If only those moments in the dark had lasted longer; if only O'Brien and Burke hadn't come that way and blown the long horn and reminded her that she was being kissed under false pretenses, and warned her that she was about to be exposed; if only she had had a fair chance; if only —— But Jane refused to think of any more ifs. She sat up and rang for her maid.

The maid's name was Effie Wood. Jane always called her, affectionately, "Woodie." When Woodie came in, Jane saw that she was frightened and about to cry. She took one quick, apprehensive look at Jane and began to speak, not as a servant but as one young woman to another:

"Oh, Miss Jane, if you had only told me that you were going out!" The threatened tears came then. The tears rolled down her cheeks.

"There's nothing to cry about, Woodie," Jane said. "What do you mean?"

"If I had known I could have fixed it. But when your father called up and said for me to see if you were still awake, and if you were, to say he wanted to speak to you, I didn't suspect anything. I tapped on your door, and you didn't answer, and I opened the door and turned on a light, and you weren't here. I thought, of course, you were in some other part of the house. If I had had the least idea you had gone out with a—that you had gone out, I mean—I'd have told your father you were asleep. But I didn't know, so I told him you weren't here. And th-th-th-then everything h-h-happened!"

Woodie found a handkerchief and rushed into the bathroom and began to run Jane's bath.

"But, Woodie," Jane shouted, in an effort to make herself heard above the roar of the water in the bath, "what happened?" Woodie did not hear her. Jane had to go and get her and make her sit down and talk.

"Why," Woodie said, "in about a minute your father had the whole place lighted up—every room in the house and the flood lights in the grounds, and all the watchmen notified and O'Brien and Burke out. Your father was perfectly wild. He was sure you had been kidnaped. He kept saying you wouldn't have left the place of your own will. And then O'Brien climbed out of the window with a flash light and found a place where the rain pipe was scratched and the ivy torn off the wall, and Burke found two footprints on the ground, and they got one of your shoes, and it fitted exactly, and they asked me what clothes you had worn, and I went through your clothes and saw you must have worn the little suit from Dupres you liked so much. Because it was missing, and the shoes and hat and scarf and things you wore with it. Your tweed coat was gone too. I described the things to O'Brien and Burke, and they called up the state police and started out to find you.

"Your father was still sure that you had been kidnaped. He had all the gatekeepers in, and they all swore they hadn't seen you. He had all the watchmen in, too, but none of them had seen anything suspicious. Your father told them to get every man on the place up to search the whole forest. And then he began sending out cars to patrol the roads; he got your grandfather's chauffeurs out, and your brother's men, and all of ours. They told the chauffeurs to report every hour by telephone, so the telephones were ringing all night. Your father had a map up on the library wall, and as fast as they called up to report what roads they had been over, your father's secretaries marked the map. Your father kept saying he'd wait until daylight before he let the newspapers know that you were lost. Oh, it was a wild night."

"And weren't you worried about me, Woodie?" Jane asked.

"I was only worried because I knew you couldn't get back into the house without being caught, and I could have prevented the whole thing if I'd had any sense," Woodie said.

"But weren't you afraid I had been kidnaped?" Jane asked. She had never talked to Woodie frankly, but now she

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found it a great luxury to talk to Woodie. She had to know what somebody else thought.

"No," Woodie said. "How could they kidnap you when you were right here in the house? They would have to get over the wall without ringing the bells and get past the watchmen and up to your room. I'd have heard them myself. I was awake. And then they'd have had to get you out of the house and across the grounds and over the wall without being noticed. It couldn't happen."

"But what did you think had happened?"

Woodie looked at her as if to make sure that she was really free to speak her mind. "Go on, Woodie," Jane said. "For heaven's sake, tell me everything."

"Well," Woodie said, "the minute I stopped to think, I knew you had gone out to keep a date with a man."

"How could you possibly know that?"

"Well ——" Woodie said. She looked at Jane as if to say she could answer if Jane really wanted her to.

"Go on," Jane said. "Please tell me everything."

"Well," Woodie said, "I made up my mind a long time ago that you were going to bust out some day. It wasn't natural for you to go on living the way you were, without ever having any fun. Anybody could see how discontented you were. And it was getting worse all the time. And then, a week or so ago, you'd been out somewhere in your car, and when you came in I could see that something nice had happened. You were so sweet to me, and sort of dreamy; and you were humming something under your breath as if you had happy thoughts. And then, the day your father and mother went to New York, you disappeared before lunch. O'Brien and Burke came and asked me where you were. I told them you had gone for a long walk in the forest, because that was what you told me you were going to do. When you came back in the middle of the afternoon, your stockings were torn to pieces and your legs were scratched and you had a big three-cornered tear in the front breadth of your skirt. You told me to mend the tear, and I said I didn't think I could mend it properly, and hadn't I better send it to New York to be rewoven, and you said, no, that it wouldn't be back in time to wear Saturday night."

"Did I actually say that?" Jane asked.

"Yes, you did. I wondered what on earth you wanted to wear a sports suit Saturday night for, but you didn't explain, and I noticed how happy and excited you were, and I thought you must have misspoken yourself."

"I had no idea you noticed so many little things, Woodie."

Woodie smiled at Jane's innocence. "Besides," Woodie continued, "when I straightened up your desk yesterday, I couldn't help noticing one more thing. There was a sheet of note paper you'd been scribbling on. You had written Jane Talbot and Mrs. Edward Talbot half a dozen times."

Jane laughed, wishing to hide her embarrassment.

"Every girl does that when she's in love," Woodie said wisely. "I've done it myself."

"Woodie," Jane said, "you're a darling. Do you suppose if I hurried I could get down to breakfast with my father and mother?"

"It's Sunday," Woodie said, "and they were up as late as you were last night; I think maybe you could."

"Then I will," Jane said.

She felt a warm glow of friendly feeling toward the whole world. It had been a great relief to talk to Woodie. She felt that Woodie was wholly sympathetic. She would go and talk as frankly to her father and mother about Eddie Talbot. When they knew how she felt, and learned that Eddie was not an objectionable person, they would be sympathetic. They might not be able to help, but at least they would not hinder.

VI

JANE got down to the breakfast room while her father and mother were still there. Jane saw that her father was enjoying a favorite dish, though one his doctor frowned upon. Her father was eating pancakes with maple sirup. Her mother was actually encouraging him in this dissipation. Jane kissed her mother and kissed her father and sat down.

"I'm frightfully sorry I caused you so much anxiety last night," she said. "And I'm sorry I was so rude to you, father. I mean, about saying I wouldn't discuss it. Of course, I'll tell you anything you want to know."

Her father was plainly mollified. He gave her a benign glance. "That sounds like the real Jane."

"Your father was terribly worried and upset," her mother said.

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry," Jane said.

Her father looked at her, studying her. "Jane," he said, "where did you meet the man?"

"In Browning's drug store in Ossining," Jane said.

"But who introduced him?"

"No one introduced him."

Her father stared at her. "You mean he spoke to you without being introduced and you permitted it?"

"Yes," Jane said.

"But why? You could have ignored him. Or if he became annoying, you could have appealed to Mr. Browning. Or to O'Brien and Burke. Weren't O'Brien and Burke close at hand?"

"Yes, of course," Jane said. "O'Brien and Burke are always there."

"They are there to protect you from annoyance."

"But you see, father," Jane said, "I wasn't annoyed. I was curious and interested. It was an adventure. I wanted it to go on."

"I can understand a momentary impulse of that sort," her father said. "But surely, after the first minute, you realized what an unconventional thing you were doing."

"There are times," Jane said, "when one just does ignore the conventions."

"Let me be sure I understand," her father said. "You didn't know anything about the man at all. You didn't know who he was?"

"I didn't know his name," Jane said, "but I knew all the important things about him. I knew he was honest and straightforward and intelligent and decent."

"How could you know?"

"By his looks," Jane said.

Her father shook his head. "I had no idea you were so innocent. I thought you knew that no one can tell what sort a man is by his looks. Some fine-looking men are utterly unprincipled."

"At least," Jane said, "I was right about Eddie Talbot."

Her father looked pained, but he made no comment in words. He went on to ask other questions. He wanted to know how she had met the man the second time. Jane told him frankly that she had made a rendezvous for a time when she knew her father and her mother would be away and how she had climbed the beech tree and dropped over the wall in order to avoid being followed by O'Brien and Burke. She told him about going to lunch at the roadhouse below Tarrytown with Eddie Talbot and climbing back by way of the convenient limb of the beech tree, so no one would know she had been outside of Sherwood Forest.

"But what on earth were you doing Saturday night?" her father asked. "Where could you go that you didn't get home until daylight?"

Jane told him what Saturday night in Westport was like, and how she and Eddie had made five parties in succession. Jane told him everything he asked.

"Jane," her father said, "I cannot understand your going on such an expedition with a strange man. Don't you realize the terrible risk you ran? Hasn't it occurred to you that this man is a fortune hunter who is trying to compromise you, or at least secure an introduction to the family?"

"I don't believe he is a fortune hunter," Jane said. "In fact, I know he isn't."

"I suppose you could tell that by his looks too."

"Yes," Jane said, "I could. But I have another reason for knowing."

"Indeed," her father said.

"You see, he didn't know that I was the daughter of a wealthy man."

Her father smiled a pitying smile. "My dear Jane," he said, "everybody in the United States knows about the Codrington family and the Codrington fortune."

"Yes, of course," Jane said. "But Eddie didn't know I was a Codrington."

"Ah," her father said, with great irony. "Doubtless he thought this was an apartment house and that you were a daughter of one of the other tenants. He knew you lived here, didn't he?"

"Yes, he knew I lived here. But he didn't know I was your daughter. I told him I was mother's private secretary."

"Jane!" her mother exclaimed.

Her father stared at her. "Why did you tell him that?"

"Because I liked him. I was afraid if he knew I was Jane Codrington he would treat me the way all the other men I have ever met treat me—as if I were something cold, remote and learned, like the president of one of the big banks. I wanted him to treat me as if I were just any girl he liked."

"But surely you knew he'd find out sooner or later who you were."

"I hoped it would be later," Jane said. "I hoped it would be too late."

"Too late for what, precisely?" her father asked.

"Too late for him to back out."

Her father got up from the table and stood looking out of the window. He clasped his hands behind his back and rocked back and forth on his heels. It was plain he was agitated. After a long time he turned around with the air of a man who is delivering an ultimatum.

"Jane," he said, "this is a serious matter. You seem to have lost your head, your capacity to reason. You have been extremely indiscreet. What if the newspapers had learned that we didn't know where you were? I shall try to find out more about this young man. In the meantime I trust you will not communicate with him."

"I hope you don't think I'm going to pursue the man, father," Jane said. "He knows who I am now, and if he still wants to see me, it is up to him to telephone, or write, or come here to call."

"Do I understand you promise not to communicate with him?"

"I shan't call him up or write to him until I hear from him," Jane said.

"Very well," her father said.

Jane got up to go. It hadn't worked. She had only made it worse by trying to be frank with her father. He didn't understand. He couldn't understand.

"Very well, father," she said, and hurried out of the room. She had suddenly to go somewhere and cry. She hadn't cried for years, but she had to cry now.

VII

FOR eight days Jane waited and hoped, and waited and hoped. But she had no word from Eddie Talbot. She still got down early every morning to see if there wasn't a letter from him, but she had ceased to jump every time the telephone rang. Her father asked her to come with him into the library after breakfast on the eighth day. He laid out a folder of letters and telegrams and a typewritten manuscript bound in a pale blue cover like a legal document.

"I have a report on Edward Talbot that I would like to read you," he said.

"I'd like to hear it," Jane said. She would have listened to anything that concerned Eddie Talbot.

"Edward Talbot," her father read from the manuscript, "was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on February 8, 1904, and is, therefore, nearly twenty-seven years old. His father was and still is the proprietor of a feed-and-grain business that was formerly somewhat more profitable than it is now. He is a Republican, but he voted for Wilson against Hughes in 1916. He came originally from a farm near Albany, New York. Mrs. Phœbe Talbot, Edward's mother, was a Wheeler and came from a Vermont village called Sudbury. She is a member of the D. A. R. and claims descent from the Mayflower. Besides Edward, she has two children, both older than Edward. Philip Talbot, Jr., is an attorney in Council Bluffs. Amy Talbot married a man named James Morton, who is superintendent of a factory making office equipment in Oshkosh. The family is unexceptionable, so far as we have been able to learn. It might be described as a typical or average American family.

"Edward Talbot graduated from the local high school in 1922 and entered the state university the following fall. He seems to have been well enough liked, but did not distinguish himself in any way except that he was a member of the track team and ran in the 120 and the 220 yard hurdles. In 1926 he ran third in the high hurdles at the conference championships. He graduated a few weeks later without any honors in scholarship. While in college Talbot paid a good deal of attention to a succession of coeds; at least six, and probably more. He was currently reported to be engaged to one of these—Elsa, or Elsie, Smith. However, the girl eventually married another man."

Jane's father looked up from the report. "Evidently he is not responsible where women are concerned."

"College boys so seldom are," Jane said.

"A man's character is pretty well formed by the time he goes to college," her father said. He read on from the manuscript: "After graduating from college, Edward Talbot returned to Council Bluffs and spent the summer helping his father in his business. On July 22, 1926, he was arrested for

(Continued on Page 145)

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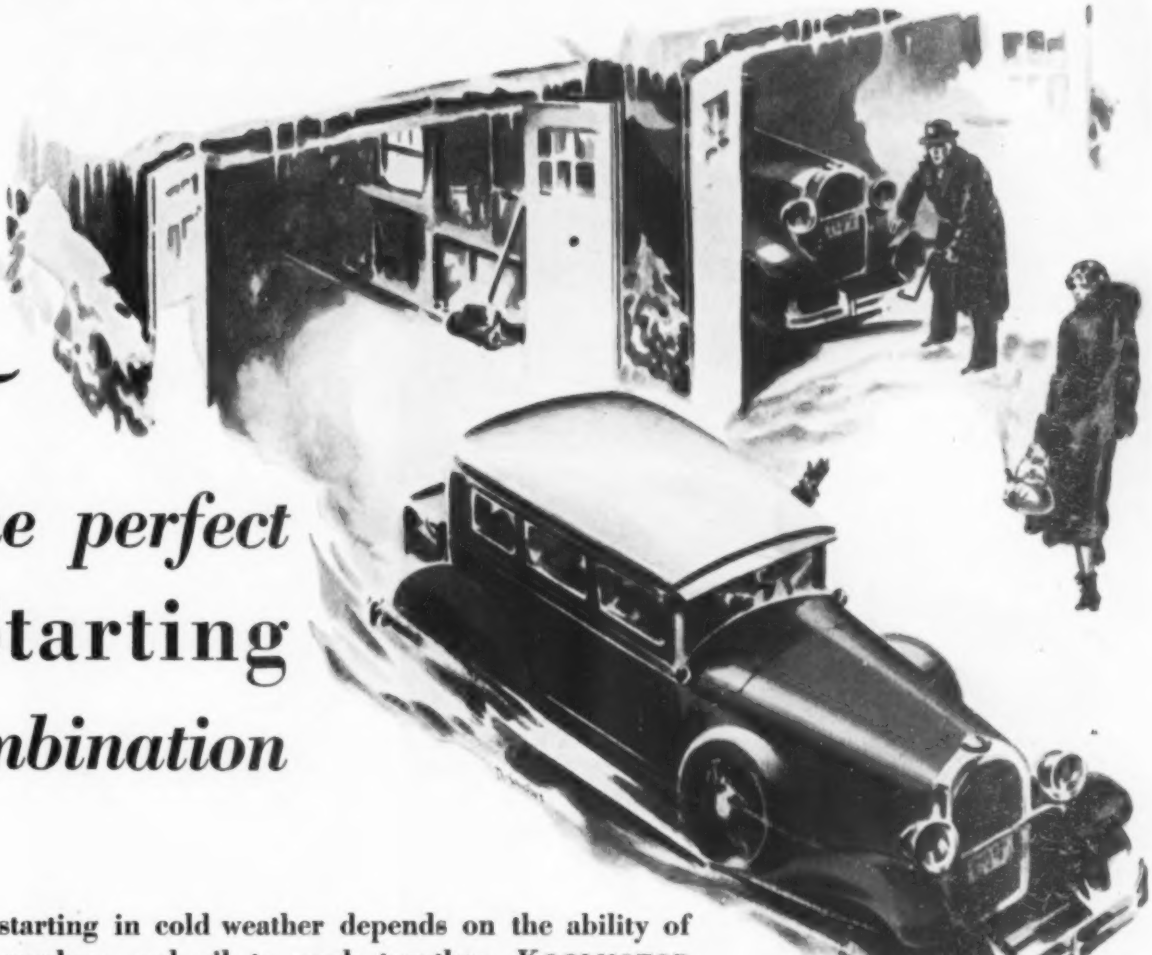

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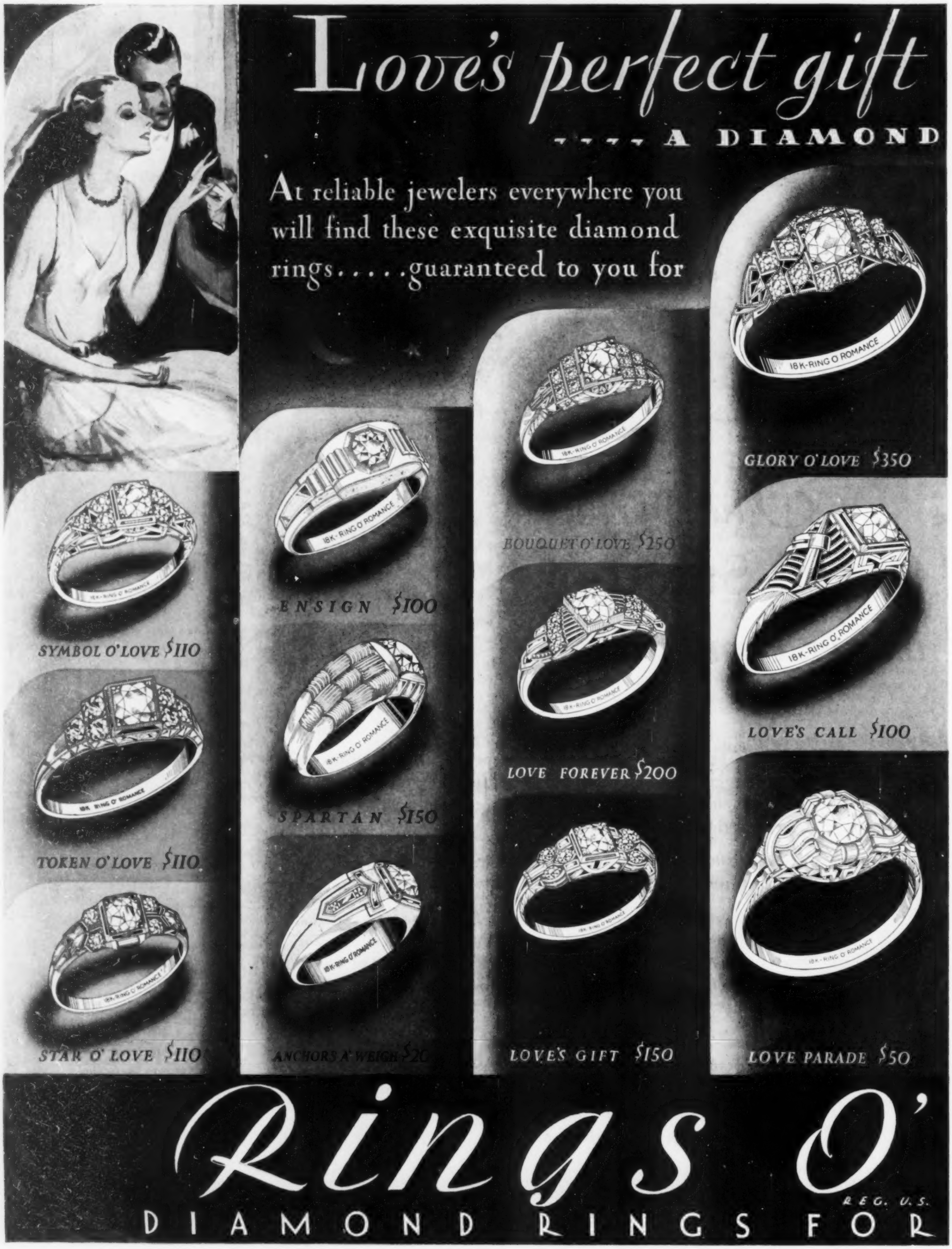

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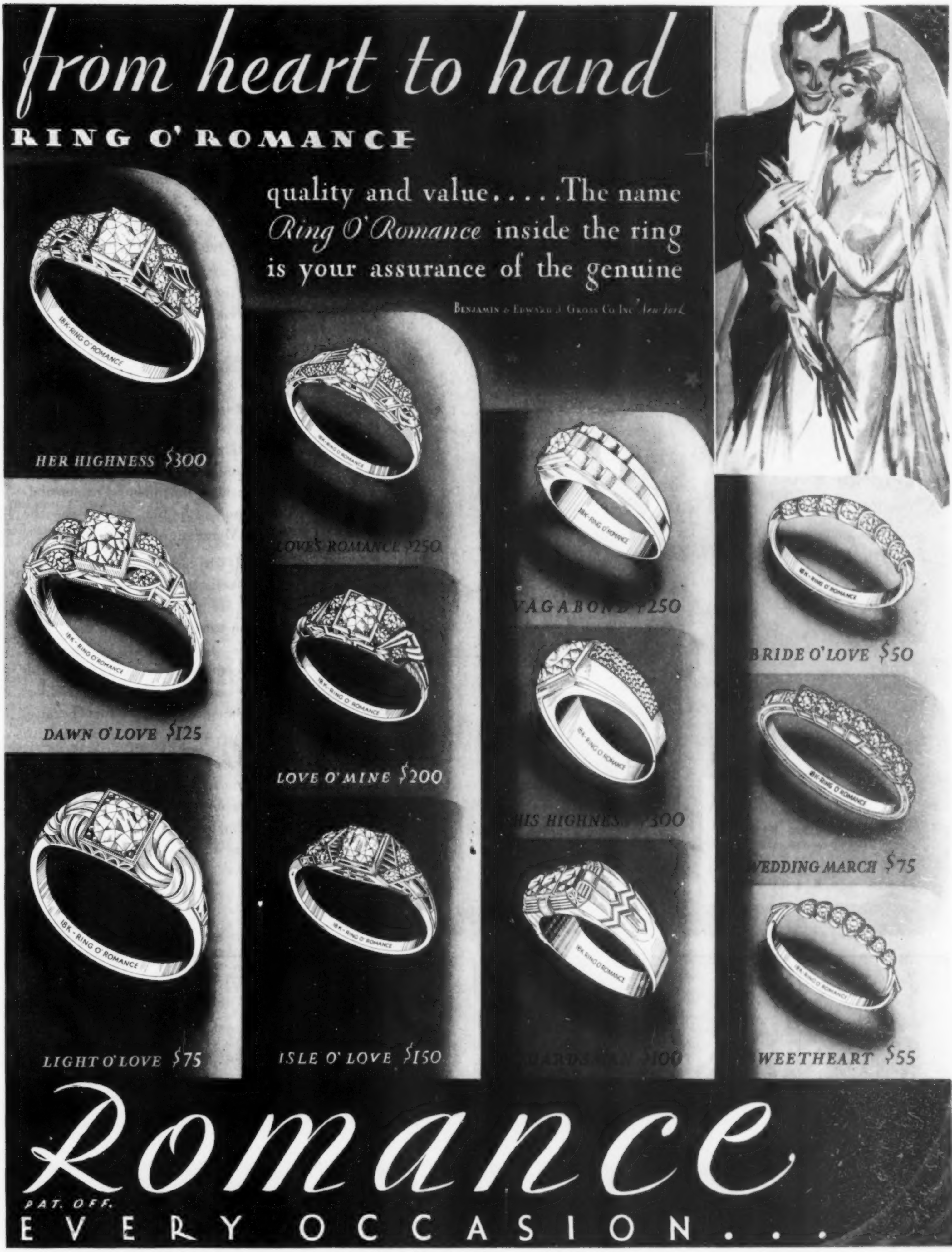

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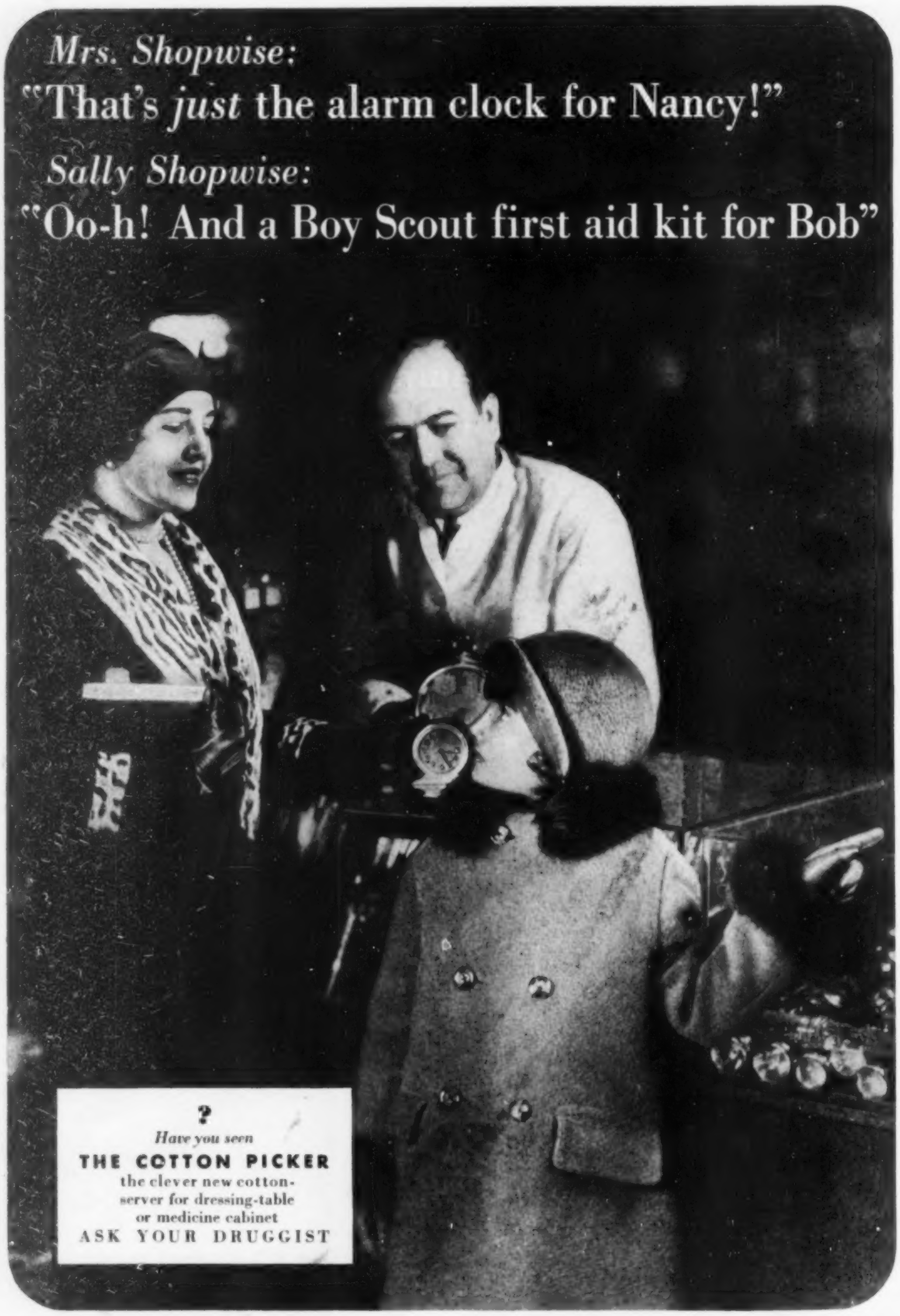

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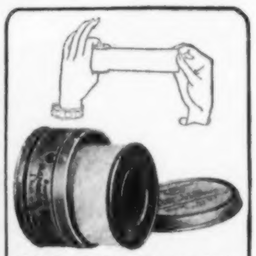

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(Continued from Page 140)

speeding. He was fined ten dollars and costs, which he paid."

"Eddie told me he had never been in jail," Jane said lightly.

Mr. Codrington frowned. "Speeding is not necessarily a serious offense," he said, "but it indicates a somewhat irresponsible and reckless character. I have never been arrested for speeding. Let me read on:

"In October, 1926, Talbot scraped together enough money to get to New York, but not much more. He probably arrived there with less than five dollars in his pockets. Not long after he got a job as a salesman in a haberdashery shop at twenty-two dollars a week. He held similar jobs for brief periods for about a year, and then, in some way or other—we have been unable to learn how—he succeeded in attracting the attention of Stephen Morehouse, of Morehouse & Co. Since then his rise has been more rapid than that of most young men. After four years he is getting a salary of about a hundred and fifty dollars a week and will receive a substantial increase as of January first next. Mr. Morehouse has intrusted him with the task of reviving two small companies which he took over in order to help out old friends.

"Young Mr. Talbot lives in a small apartment in East Fifty-first Street, which he shares with a college friend. He spends most of his week-ends in Westport, Connecticut, which, we understand, is an increasingly popular country community, though of an exceedingly Bohemian character. So far as we have been able to learn, he is not addicted to any of the major vices. He drinks, but he is not a drunkard. He is not known to be entangled with women."

Mr. Codrington laid down the manuscript and looked at Jane. "You see the picture—about as ordinary a young man as could be found on Manhattan Island."

Jane would have liked to say something cutting, but she restrained the impulse.

"Or," she said, "a young man to whom there is no possible objection."

"To whom I have the most profound objections," her father retorted. "In the first place, I object to a young man who meets my daughter in a lane at ten o'clock at night and takes her to a succession of wild Westport parties and keeps her out until dawn. It isn't proper; it isn't dignified. But let us put the best face possible on that episode—let us call it a youthful episode. The great objection to the man is this, Jane: He is not your sort. He could never conceivably interest you for more than a few passing moments. He wouldn't know what to talk to you about. He has neither the education nor the background. You would find him unutterably dull and commonplace."

"It doesn't seem to matter much what I would find him if I saw more of him," Jane said. "I haven't heard a word from him since the night we went to Westport. He hasn't telephoned and he hasn't written."

"H'm," her father said. "He hasn't?"

"No," Jane said.

"I—I'm sure it's just as well, Jane," her father said. Jane thought he avoided her eyes. He wasn't frank. He was concealing something.

"Is that all, father?" she asked.

Her father said that was all. Jane went back to her own room and sat there saying to herself the things she had wanted to say to her father. "As if a college boy's playing around with a lot of different coeds meant that he was irresponsible," she said. "And speeding—arrested for speeding—the reckless devil," Jane observed. "How could I possibly like a man who'd been arrested for speeding!"

But when she had discharged some of her anger she admitted to herself that the thing that hurt was that she hadn't heard from Eddie. If Eddie hadn't the courage to do something about it, even if she was Jane Codrington, she didn't want him. If he could be frightened off by a lot of money, she preferred to forget him. And if the trouble was that he hadn't really cared, she would have to forget him.

Jane remembered her father's evasiveness when she had said she hadn't heard from Eddie. She couldn't believe her father would actually steal her letters. But she couldn't believe that Eddie hadn't written either. She had to find out where Eddie stood. She wouldn't write to him or call him up. He had to come to her. But she had to know. Somehow, she had to give him a clear chance to see her. If he didn't take it, she would know he was afraid or that he didn't care.

After lunch Jane ordered up her own roadster. It was a Farquharson-Twombley, heavy and powerful. She was permitted to drive it freely. O'Brien and Burke always followed a hundred yards behind.

Jane drove slowly up the Albany Post Road toward Poughkeepsie, planning what she would do. In the mirror she could see the familiar radiator of the car O'Brien and Burke drove. Somehow she would have to lose them. She debated whether to try running away from them on the open road. But they could probably drive as fast as she could. She would have to wait until they were stopped by a traffic signal that she had already passed.

That didn't happen in Poughkeepsie. Jane struck east at the next turn. She drove on and on, through town after town. But it wasn't until she was going through White Plains that she got her chance. She managed to squeeze past just as the traffic officer blew his whistle. O'Brien and Burke were caught.

Jane stepped on the gas and turned the next corner, and the next. In five minutes she was booming up the long hill between White Plains and Greenwich, and O'Brien and Burke were no longer in sight. Jane gave the Farquharson the gun. She topped the hill at seventy. And happy fortune, there was a motorcycle cop framed in the mirror over the windshield. She could hear the roar of his engine, like an aeroplane, over the deep hum under the Farquharson's hood. Jane shot down the long slope. Within a mile the cop was alongside and motioning her over. Jane drew up in the gutter.

"Let's see your driving license," the policeman said. He was a plump red-faced policeman.

Jane took her driving license out of her purse and handed it to him. He studied it.

"Any relation to Henry C. Codrington?" he asked.

"Henry C. Codrington is my grandfather," Jane said. "Henry C. Codrington, Jr., is my father."

The policeman handed back her license. "You hadn't oughta drive as fast as you were goin'," he said mildly. He swung his motorcycle around and rode away.

Jane tore the license into small bits and dropped it overside. She got the certificate of the car's ownership and registration out of the side pocket and tore that into small bits also. Then she drove toward Connecticut as fast as she could take the curves.

At Greenwich she turned east into the Boston Post Road. As she approached Darien she saw a motorcycle policeman idling along. Several cars had fallen in behind him. Jane stepped on the gas and passed the intervening cars. She passed the policeman on the motorcycle as if he were standing still. Watching the mirror, she saw him give chase. Jane pushed her foot down hard. The Farquharson lunged forward. But the motorcycle was gaining. Jane saw the intersection of a country road ahead. Fifty yards away she stood on the brake. The rubber squealed. But the car slowed down enough to make the right-angle turn into the country road. The motorcycle shot past. Jane slowed down. After three minutes she saw the policeman coming. The country road was not made for motorcycles, but he was coming. Jane put her foot down until she saw that she was gaining. She let her foot up. She didn't want to get away. She only wanted to tease the policeman. She remembered O'Brien's dictum: "The police are not unreasonable, unless you get their goats."

Jane saw that the country road crossed a broad, concrete highway. She swung onto the concrete. The motorcycle was still coming. It wouldn't take the man long to catch her after he reached the smooth road. Jane stepped on the gas. After half a mile the motorcycle drew alongside and the policeman ordered her to move over. Jane moved over and stopped.

He was a lean young policeman. Jane saw that she had succeeded. She had got his goat.

"Let's see your license," he said.

Jane affected to hunt madly through her purse. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid I haven't got it with me." She looked up at him and smiled. "But I can tell you who my father is."

"Let's see your certificate of registration," the young policeman said.

Again Jane hunted. "I don't seem to find it," she said. "I always keep it in the door pocket, but it isn't there. It might be under the seat."

The policeman waited, silent and grim. Jane got out of the car, lifted the seat and looked.

"I'm afraid it isn't here," she said.

"Whose car is it?" the policeman asked.

"Really!" Jane said. "Don't you think you're rather rude? I don't like your tone. Perhaps you don't know that my father is Henry C. Codrington, Jr."

"Whose car is this?" the policeman asked again.

"It's my car," Jane said.

"I see," the policeman said. "You follow me back to the police station."

"But I'm in a hurry," Jane said. "I haven't time to follow you."

"You'll either follow me in your car or stay here until I get the wagon," the policeman said. "Have it your own way."

"Oh, if you're going to be nasty, I'll follow you," Jane said.

She followed him back to the police station.

"This woman was doing about eighty miles an hour," the policeman said to the sergeant at the desk. "She has no driving license and no certificate of registration. She claims the car is hers and that she's Henry C. Codrington's daughter."

The sergeant drew the blotter toward him. "Name," he said.

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"Mary—I mean, Jane Codrington," Jane said.

The sergeant poised his pen: "Which is it going to be, kid—Mary or Jane?"

"Jane Codrington," Jane said.

"The charges," the policeman said, "are reckless driving, driving without a license, driving without a certificate of registration."

The sergeant wrote for a long minute. "Anything else?"

"Yes," the young policeman said. "Refusing to stop. She tried to run away from me."

"You can sit there," the sergeant said when he had finished writing. He pointed to a wooden bench.

"Can't I go now?" Jane asked.

"You can't go until you can prove you didn't steal that car."

"But how can I prove that?"

"You might call up Henry C. Codrington—if he's your father. There's the telephone."

"I'd rather not," Jane said.

"I thought you'd rather not," the sergeant said.

Jane sat down on the wooden bench. After an hour O'Brien and Burke arrived. They held a long conversation with the sergeant.

In the end he agreed to let Jane go, provided O'Brien drove the car. Jane had no driving license, and therefore no right to drive.

Jane sat meekly beside O'Brien. Jane could see that he was pretty sore, but he couldn't say so.

"I'm afraid I got their goats, O'Brien," Jane said.

"Yes," O'Brien said. "We couldn't fix it. I'm afraid it'll be in all the papers."

"In the New York papers?" Jane asked innocently.

"Yeah," said O'Brien gloomily. "That sergeant'll tip the local paper off, and the local paper'll tip the New York papers, and tomorrow morning it'll be on the front page."

Jane found her father in the library. One of his secretaries was at the telephone assuring somebody that Mr. Codrington had nothing to say.

"I've just been arrested for speeding," Jane said. "O'Brien tried to fix it, but he couldn't. They wouldn't believe I was your daughter."

"They evidently believe it now," her father said grimly. "Two of the New York papers have already called up."

"I have to appear in court Thursday afternoon," Jane said.

"I hope you're satisfied," her father said.

"Satisfied?"

"It's perfectly obvious to me that you're out to cause as much trouble as you can," her father said. "Whatever you do, don't say anything to a newspaper reporter. I shall send Doolittle and Dawson over with you on Thursday afternoon. You will plead guilty."

"I'll have to," Jane said. "I am guilty."

Her father shook his head impatiently. "If I wanted to turn Doolittle and Dawson loose," he said, "the case would be settled before the Supreme Court in about ten or twelve years. But I don't. I want the least possible publicity."

Jane was startled and delighted to read the Times next morning. The story of her arrest made nearly a column on the front page. She had done it. Eddie Talbot would know where he could see her on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. If he did not act on the information, she would know it was all over.

VIII

JANE drove over to Darien with her father's principal lawyers. Doolittle was disgruntled at the assignment. He had never appeared in a police court in his life. His specialty was appearing before the United States Supreme Court. Dawson was amused at Doolittle. He sat back in a corner of the limousine and grinned.

By the time they reached Darien, Jane had convinced herself that it was hopeless to expect Eddie Talbot to be there. As they turned off the Post Road beside the police station she thrust her head out of the window to look. She couldn't see Eddie anywhere.

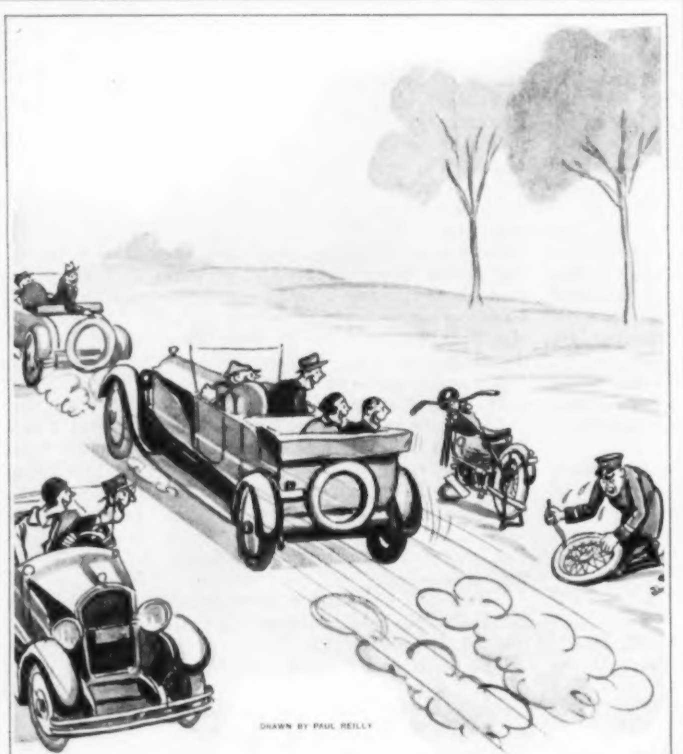
The courtroom was crowded. Jane had to walk down the center aisle and take her place on the long bench reserved for defendants. When her case was called, she stood up and faced the judge. The policeman who had arrested her told his story.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge asked.

"Guilty," Jane said.

"Twenty-five dollars and costs," the judge said.

Dawson was bustling down the aisle on his way to the clerk's desk to pay her fine. He stepped aside to let Jane pass. Jane walked wearily out into the corridor.



The Motorcycle Cop Has Tire Trouble

O'Brien and Burke were waiting for her to guard her from the newspapermen and the photographers. Doolittle took her arm.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "that's over."

"Yes," Jane said. And then she saw Eddie Talbot. She caught her breath. She had given up hope.

"Hello, Mary," he said.

"Hello, Eddie," she said.

"I'd like to drive you back in my car," Eddie said.

"That would be very nice," Jane said. She turned to the lawyer. "Mr. Doolittle," she said, "I want to introduce an old friend of mine—Mr. Edward Talbot."

Mr. Doolittle shook hands with Eddie. "It's very kind of you to offer to drive Miss Codrington back, Mr. Talbot," he said suavely, "but her car is here, and as long as I am responsible for her, I feel it would be much better if she went back with me."

"But you see, Mr. Doolittle," Jane said, "I wish to go with Mr. Talbot."

Mr. Doolittle consulted Mr. Dawson, and they both consulted O'Brien and Burke. But there really wasn't anything they could do about it. Jane got into Eddie's slightly battered old roadster. O'Brien and Burke followed as usual.

Behind them rode Doolittle and Dawson in the limousine. And behind them came three taxicabs full of newspapermen and photographers. It made a small parade.

"I'm not going to pay the slightest attention to that procession," Eddie said. "I'm going to act exactly as if they weren't there."

"I think that would be very nice," Jane said.

"What I'd like to do," Eddie said, "is this: I'd like to stop in that barway where we stopped on our way home from Westport and kiss you again."

"I think that would be very nice," Jane said.

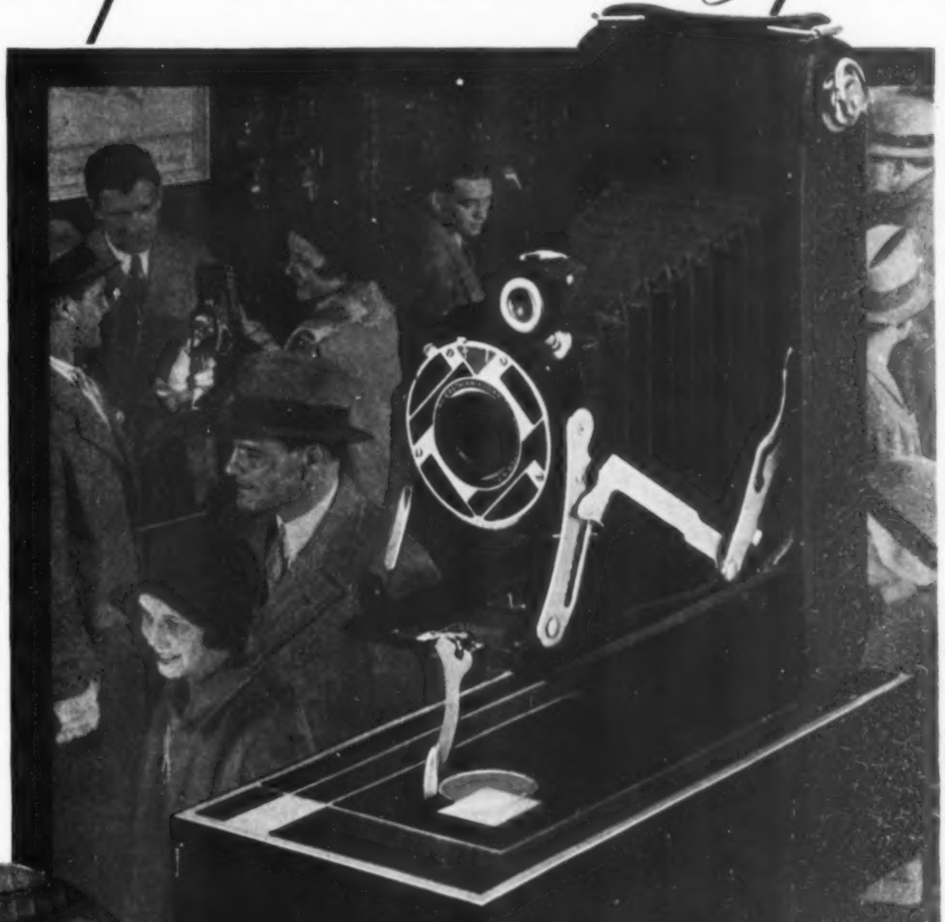
"And then," Eddie said, "I'd like to drive on to your house and tell your father that we've decided it isn't any use. There's just nothing to do about it. We'll have to get married and take a little house in Westport."

"I think that would be perfect," Jane said.

So they did just that, with one interpolation: When they reached the great stone gate of Sherwood Forest they stopped, and the newspapermen came up and asked Jane for a statement. And in spite of Doolittle and Dawson, and O'Brien and Burke, she gave a brief one.

She said: "Please say that I had a perfectly beautiful time." Jane thought her father deserved to see that in the newspapers, for stopping all of Eddie's messages to her before they reached her.

These 1931 KODAKS – just full of Christmas Spirit



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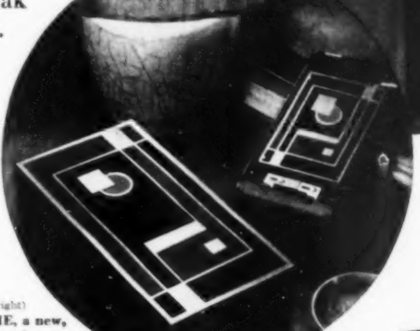
See the new Kodaks at the start of your Christmas search. Pictured here are the 1931 models, announced early for the benefit of Christmas shoppers. On display now, at your Kodak dealer's. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

(Right)

An ebony-finished cedar box is the luxurious case in which No. 1A Gift Kodak comes. Cover of cedar box and a panel of Kodak enriched by ornamental metal and colored enamels. An exquisite gift.

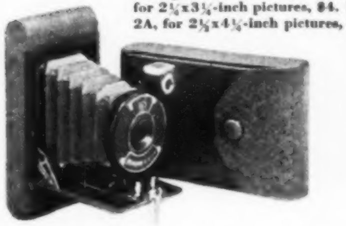


(Above)

Unique and handsome . . . yet a crack picture-maker, No. 1A GIFT KODAK will delight any man or woman. Camera is covered with brown genuine leather, ornamented with metal inlay. Picture size, 2½ x 4¼ inches. Case for this new camera is a stunning cedar box, ebony finished, with the top patterned in colored enamels and metal. The nicest looking Kodak ever offered. And the price . . . you'll think it's for the box alone . . . is $15.

(Below at right)

BEAU BROWNIE, a new, small, gaily dressed camera, with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for 2¼x3¼-inch pictures, $4. No. 2A, for 2½x4¼-inch pictures, $5.

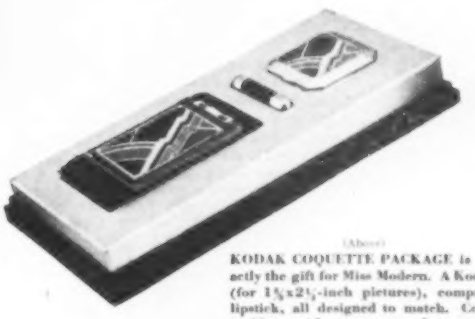


(Above)

KODAK PETITE, in lavender, blue, gray, green. For 1⅝x2½-inch pictures. $7.50, with pouch-type case to match.

(Above)

CINÉ-KODAK, the gift that thrills the family. The new Model M is only $75, with case. New Model K (shown here) is in blue, gray, black, brown. Case included, price $110 to $150. Kodascope Projectors as low as $60.



(Above)

KODAK COQUETTE PACKAGE is exactly the gift for Miss Modern. A Kodak (for 1⅝x2½-inch pictures), compact, lipstick, all designed to match. Color is blue, with a pattern of attractive enamels. Beautifully boxed, $12.50.

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THE HYPOTHESIS OF ARTEMIS

(Continued from Page 25)

"I have made some really excellent Latin puns."

"There, there," she said soothingly. "It won't hurt after mother puts on the liniment."

He arose, armored with his best classroom dignity. "I shall go to my room," he said coldly; "but before I go I desire to assure you that I am in no degree inspired by jealousy of yourself. The proposition is absurd."

"In fact, you rather dislike me."

"I believe my sentiment is rather one of indifference."

Caroline closed her eyes dreamily. "He woke up," she said crooningly, "to find himself in a new and wonderful and beautiful world all full of singing birds and humming bees and blossoming flowers, and he rubbed his eyes and asked, 'Where am I?' And then the good fairy poked him in the tummy with her wand and said, 'Be yourself, young man, you ain't nowheres but in love.'"

"You are indelicate," said the professor.

"I've found out," said Caroline, "that the way to crack a cobblestone is with a sledge hammer."

"I bid you good afternoon," said Erasmus Orson distantly.

The next day, to Caroline's expressed disgust, was spent in wandering through the vast areas of the Vatican, from which they returned so weary that a few hours of rest were demanded. As she stood in the doorway of her room Caroline turned. "Nobody," she said, "ever seems to have succeeded in making a definition of art. I've done it."

"What, then, is art?" asked Erasmus Orson with a tolerant smile.

"Art," said Caroline, "is that form of public nuisance which teaches one to hate pictures and brings on sore feet."

Three hours later she appeared refreshed and lovely, with good humor restored and eyes bright with anticipation of come what may.

"I don't want to dine with this marquis," the professor said sullenly.

"Marquises are good for professors," she said, "as quinine is good for malaria."

"I am not jealous," said Erasmus Orson.

"Certainly not," agreed Caroline demurely.

"I am glad," he said, "you have come to your senses."

"Oh, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Their motor drove up before Erasmus Orson could weigh, appraise and reply to this irritating humility. He glowered during the brief drive and scowled as they alighted at the door of the Marquis dei Pitati, and his silence vibrated with disapproval as they entered the salon to be received by their host and presented to the distinguished Doctor Cariani, of Padua, the Contessa da Congeliano and Lady Nevill, an Englishwoman who, even in her dinner gown, seemed to be wearing riding clothes.

He did not thaw until Doctor Cariani mentioned Etruscan inscriptions, and then he quite forgot the rest of the company in learned argument with the fat, bearded little savant. Just as they were going in to dinner Cariani lifted his voice and bellowed across the room to his host:

"I tell you we should make that excavation. I, Giovanpietro Cariani, say it."

"Doctor! Doctor!" expostulated the marquis good-humoredly.

"I say we should make a so-little excavation to demonstrate my theory. If I am wrong—*pouf!* It is over. If I am right, eh? And I am right. Again I say it: You must give me permission to dig."

"You really must forgive the doctor," said the marquis. "He's never happy without a spade in his hands. On the slightest excuse he would attack the dining-room floor with a mattock."

"It is not so. But that mound is not a natural mound. That farm once was the villa of a Roman senator. I must enter that mound or I die unhappy."

"What mound?" asked Caroline. "And why do you not let him dig?"

"He wants to make holes in a farm of mine about twenty miles in the country, and I don't let him because as soon as I do he will lose interest in me and no longer come to make my table brilliant with his conversation."

"If the dear man wants to dig he should be let to dig," said Lady Nevill.

"See! I have an ally." He shook his head ponderously. "I warn you. I shall come by night and dig secretly."

"If you dig at all it will have to be secretly," said the marquis, as though the subject annoyed him. "There's the government."

"Oh," exclaimed Caroline, "won't the government let you excavate?"

"They have their prejudices," said the marquis.

"Then," Caroline said enthusiastically, "let's have an excavation party. There's a social novelty for you! Sneak out with masks and dig surreptitiously under the moon. With *carabinieri* hiding behind bushes and spies lurking in the shadows."

"Caroline!" admonished Mrs. Luce.

"The two professors could do the digging, and the rest of us would watch and eat luncheon. I'm for it. It sounds like adventure."

"To excavate," said Doctor Cariani, "is not a parlor trick."

"Why not?" asked the rather opulent contessa. "It has the merit of novelty."

"Dirt and insects!" said the marquis, wrinkling his fine nose.

He succeeded adroitly in drawing them away from a topic of conversation which seemed to annoy him, but he could not hold them away from it. Again and again during the dinner it raised itself again, and at each appearance it seemed to gain new adherents. The idea of a sort of excavation picnic, illicit, under the Italian moon was one to quicken jaded imaginations.

At last the marquis shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands expressively.

"I live but to give pleasure to my friends. If they want to make holes in my property by the light of lanterns, who am I to deny them their innocent recreation? If the charming ladies have a passion for miasmas and mosquitoes, let us then set a date and arrange to do it up in style."

"I am not a monkey on a stick that I dig to make a spectacle of myself," said Doctor Cariani.

"Any sacrifice for science, doctor dear," said Lady Nevill. "To dig or not to dig. Dig on, gallant knight, fair eyes behold your deeds! Why should digging be done privately, as, for instance, cleaning the teeth? It should be a public function amid cheers and waving banners."

"At most it only can be exploratory, preliminary."

"Which will be ample, not to say sufficient," Caroline said. "I'm set on it. Please, marquis, when may we poke holes in your lawn?"

"Lawn! It is more nearly swamp than lawn. But I surrender. Shall we say Thursday night? It will give me opportunity to make some slight arrangements. But, really, there must be discretion. I invite no trouble with the government—which doesn't love me too dearly at best."

"Thursday—good," said Lady Nevill.

The doctor snorted and devoted himself tremendously to his food. The contessa signified her enthusiasm and Caroline appealed to her father. "We might dig up the mummy of a Roman senator," she said.

"We are," said Erasmus Orson severely, "in Italy, not Egypt."

"But a senator!" Caroline exclaimed. "Every senator I've met at home was a mummy anyhow. You don't have to dig him up out of a tomb. We'll go, won't we, daddy?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Luce.

So the outing was arranged, and on Thursday evening the party set out in motors for the farm. The marquis, having finally succumbed to the blandishments of his friends, entered into the affair with spirit and imagination. He invented details of secrecy and cast about the project dangers which, as they approached the dark farmhouse, had a certain effect upon the party. They actually felt stealthy; they glanced apprehensively over shoulders and conversed in whispers.

"The actual digging," whispered the marquis as they walked across a rocky pasture and downward toward what seemed to be a small stream with marshy banks, "shall be done by laborers. They wait."

"They must wait," said the doctor, "until I direct them. People do not excavate anywhere; no. It is a matter of science, of knowledge. I, Doctor Cariani, will show them where to sink the spade."

They paused in the shadows of the cypresses at the apex of a long, caterpillar-shaped mound which the moon lighted to distinctness, and the marquis, standing beside Mr. Luce, said under his breath, "It is nonsense, but it amuses the ladies."

"Doctor Cariani takes it seriously enough," said the American.

"All life is serious to the doctor. Now there will be learned argument." He smiled. "When two savants meet, then comes the tug of war."

Cariani walked slowly about the mound, studying its contours.

"Unquestionably a tumulus," said Erasmus Orson.

"In effect," said the doctor, "though not technically. Ah! Note here a considerable depression. As the excavation is to be purely exploratory, this is an excellent spot to commence. Saving of the labor. Eh, you, Giuseppe," he said in Italian, "dig here with caution."

One of the laborers advanced and sank his spade, while the others stood about in a ring, affected in their imaginations, as human beings must always be when holes are dug under the light of the moon. For the earth, from time immemorial, has been a hiding place; thus men have concealed their treasures, and thus the earth itself hides away from modern eyes that which flourished in the dawn of time.

(Continued on Page 150)

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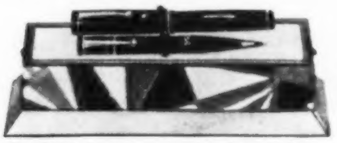

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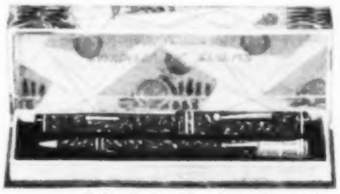

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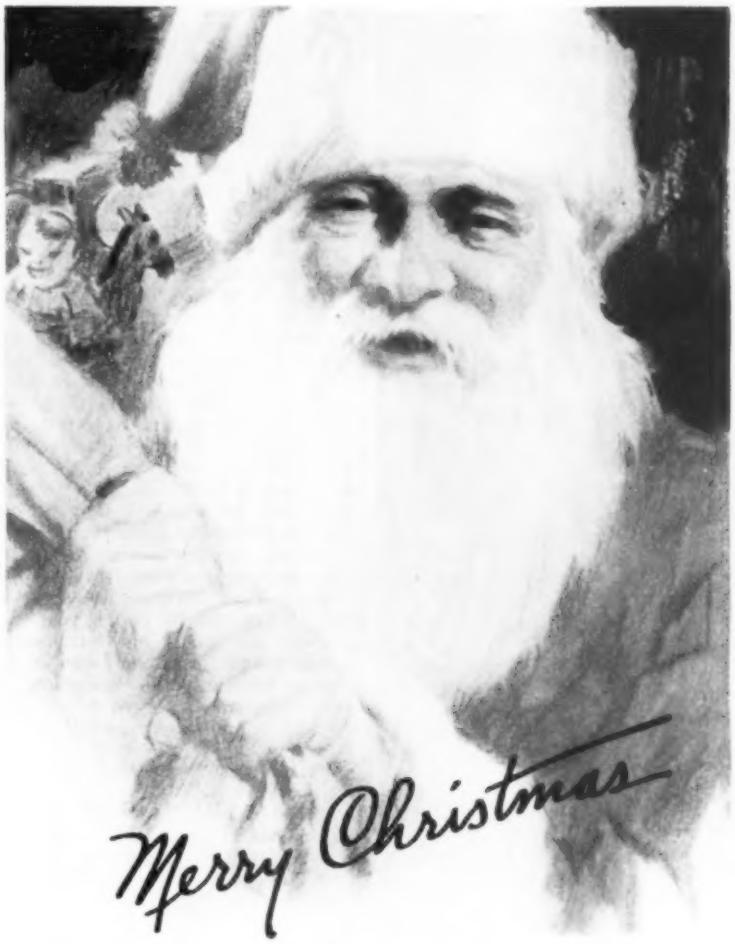

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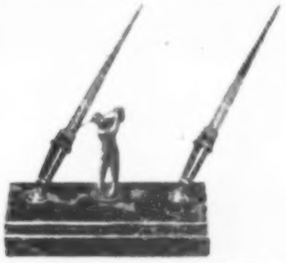

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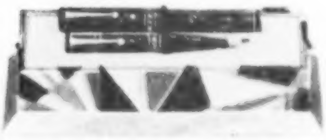

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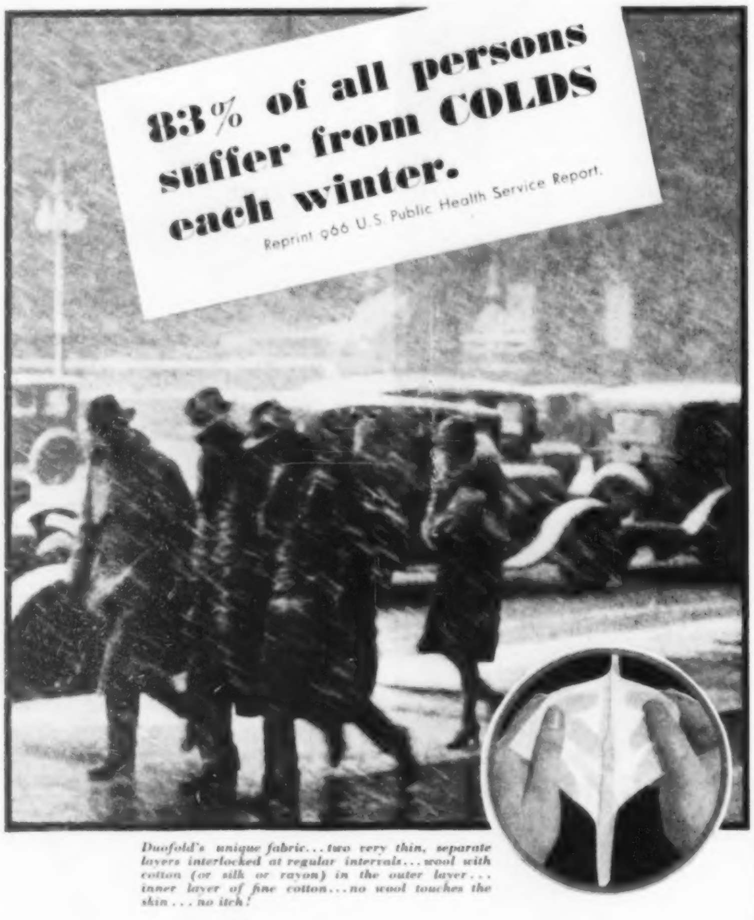

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(Continued from Page 148)

"Anyhow," said Caroline to Erasmus Orson, "we ought to get some worms for bait."

They watched the digging for a time, but as nothing was thrown from the growing excavation but earth, as the spade rang upon no object of promise, the little party strolled away or found places where they might sit and chat. But not Cariani, nor the professor. They hovered over the hole, lanterns bobbing, the two of all the group who regarded the evening as more than an excuse for a picnic.

Giuseppe continued to hurl out spadefuls of earth; then, of a sudden, he uttered a startled cry and clutched wildly at the edges of the cavity he had made in the mound—clutched and scrambled in vain, for under the eyes of the two excited watchers the earth crumbled under his feet and he sank until nothing remained in view but head and shoulders and outflung arms.

At the excited shouts the party came running, and presently Giuseppe, frightened and shivering, was drawn to the surface, where he lay panting. Cariani lay upon his protuberant stomach and threw the beam of his electric torch into the excavation. At the bottom was a jagged hole, black, seeming to proceed downward into the bowels of the earth.

"What is it? What is it?" cried the contessa.

"Who can say?" replied the doctor. "Some vault, some tomb, some cavern. Ah, one would say with vaulted roof. Behold the edges of bricks! We must uncover more."

"It's not safe," expostulated the marquis. "The whole thing may cave in, and I'm not going to have any of my men hurt."

"I dig myself," said the doctor. "See! We lay a beam across the top. We put around it a rope to fasten under my arms. Thus I cannot be engulfed. Run quickly. Run! Run!"

The laborers hastened to obey his directions, and equipped with his makeshift safety appliance he descended into the gaping hole.

"Behold! I enlarge. I make greater the orifice. So. Then at the end of a rope I descend."

"Look out for bad air, doctor," cautioned Mr. Luce as Cariani, careless of garments or of heat, worked like a veritable beaver to enlarge the entrance to the cavern.

Reaching down, he gingerly detached a brick and tossed it to the surface. "Roman, eh? Of that there is no doubt. Magnificent!" He broke into a torrent of excited Italian, and then: "Now there is space. See, I have provided the candle. I lower it into the cavern. Regard it. It burns steadily. The air is pure. Now will you be pleased to draw me up?"

The laborers hauled him to the surface of the mound, where a longer rope was secured about his rotundity.

"Lower gently," he said. "We do not know the depth. Also there may be water."

They lowered him until he disappeared in the darkness, whence his voice came presently. "It is good. I cast off the ropes. I explore."

"I can't have him down there alone," said the marquis irritably.

"I wish also to descend," said the professor.

One after the other they were lowered into the blackness until their feet rested upon an uneven, rubble-strewn floor. It seemed to be a vault or cellar, irregular in shape, with vaulted and groined roof, considerable in extent and clogged with rubbish, and the two professors tramped about feverishly, their electric torches darting here and there.

"Every ounce must be sifted," bellowed the doctor as he clawed with his hands at a heap of earth and bricks. "See—an urn, a fragment!"

Professor Fox moved away to the left and threw the beam of his torch through a low archway, which he stooped to enter. It was an apartment some eight feet square, musty, clogged with the rubbish of centuries. His light flicked to and fro until he started with a sudden exclamation as the beam came to rest upon what seemed to be a mud-incrusted human hand. The sight was unpleasant, but he forced himself to kneel and touch the fingers. They were hard and cold—not human, not flesh and blood, but stone. He picked away the hardened earth to disclose slender, tapering fingers of marble, and then a wrist and forearm of rare grace.

He arose and stepped to the archway, through which he called: "Doctor Cariani, come here. I seem to have made a discovery of interest."

The marquis and the doctor made their entrance, and at the sight of the marble hand Cariani seemed suddenly to depart into a robust sort of dementia. He fell upon his knees and dug with bare hands like a dog at a woodchuck hole, panting, muttering, exclaiming; and, infected by the excitement, both the marquis and the professor aided him until they laid bare a discolored marble of more than life size, a woman's figure, beautiful even through its disfiguring stains.

They stood back to regard it. "Artemis," said the doctor. "Greek, not Roman! Beautiful! Supreme! Behold! All this magnificence, this beauty, this conception of a master, has lain here through the centuries, and it remains for me, Cariani, to bring it to the light of day. The achievement to crown a lifetime. A masterpiece! Wrought by whom? By no clumsy Roman! No! No! No! But the facile hand of a Grecian master. Who shall say? Perhaps by the hand of Praxiteles himself!"

The marquis stood frowning, his brows bent in what seemed to be unpleasant reflection. "You think, Cariani, this is a statue of importance?"

"My friend, it is more beautiful than the Medici Venus! It will take rank with the Milo. I, Cariani, say this is the most astounding discovery of this generation."

"Ah! Then, doubtless, it is of considerable value."

"Beyond computation."

"Indeed." Again the marquis reflected. "Gentlemen," he said presently, "I must here pledge you to secrecy. You know the attitude of the government toward such matters. I think it will be well for us to ascend now, but first I ask for your pledge not to mention this discovery without my permission. I must have time to consider."

"The matter is," said Professor Fox, "your personal affair."

"But my fame! I, Cariani, who compelled the excavation, who brought to light this marvel!"

"In good time, doctor. Patience. You shall have your reward if there be any rewards. But for the time being—silence."

"It is for you to command," the doctor said surlily.

"Come then, the party will be growing anxious. When we reach the surface I will speak to them."

(Continued on Page 153)

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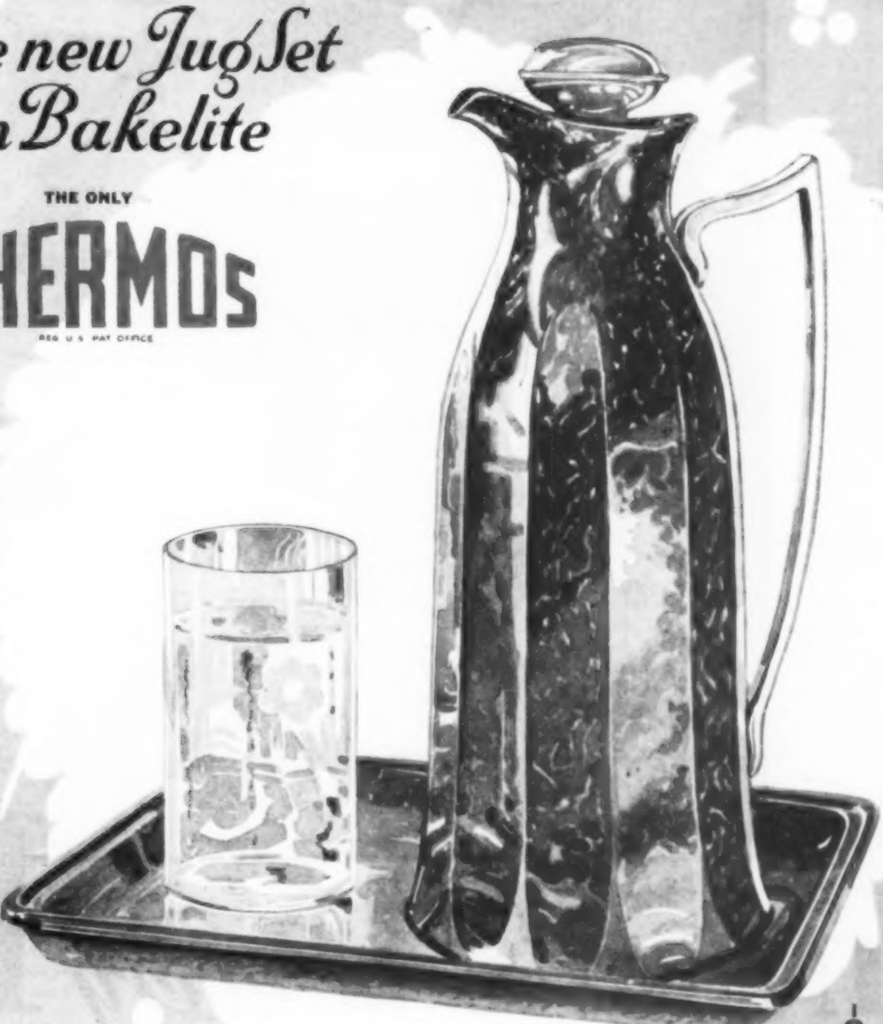

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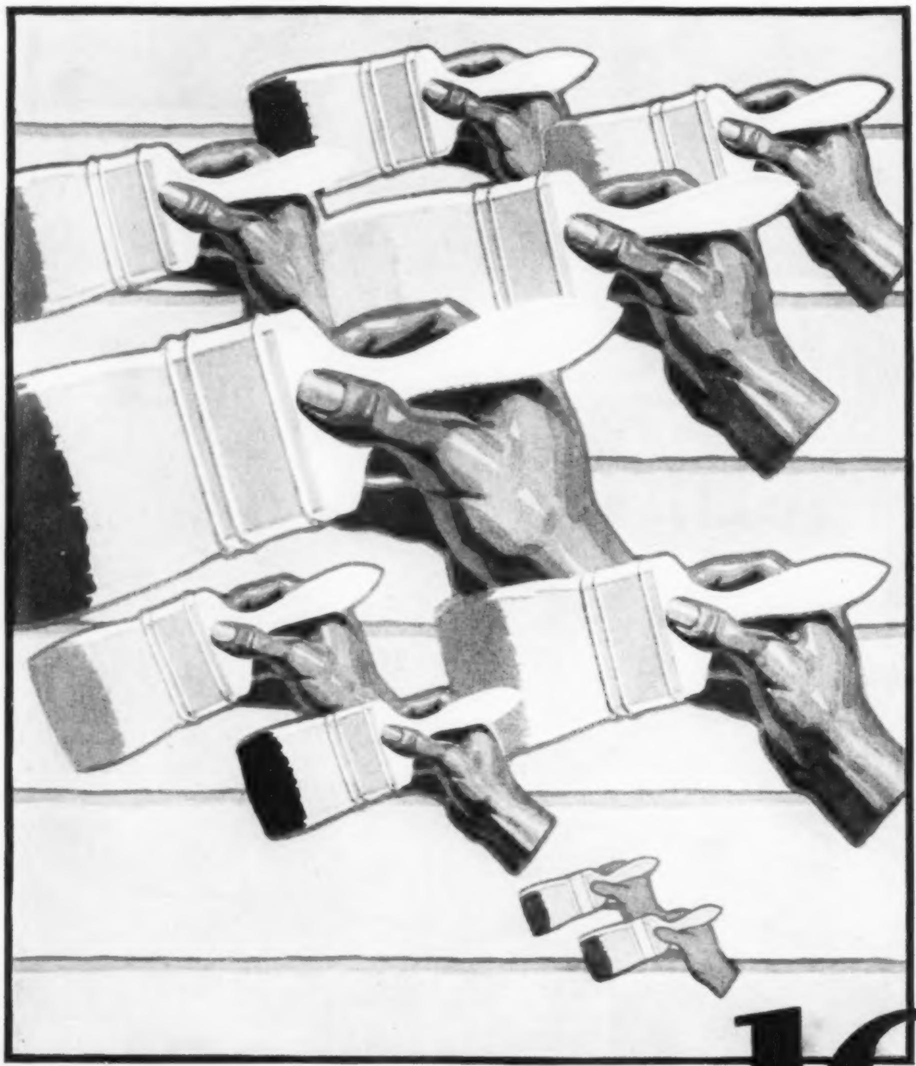

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(Continued from Page 150)

One by one they were drawn upward, to be received in a shower of questions which the marquis answered courteously and unhurriedly. He described the large vault in which they had found themselves and indicated the possibility that search might disclose objects of interest among the rubbish, but no word of the marble Artemis. The doctor was discreetly voluble, but Erasmus Orson clamped tight his lips and said nothing at all.

Supper was spread and waiting under the cypresses and, after a time, their adventure accomplished not without success, the party sped toward Rome.

"I never in my born days," said Caroline, "saw anybody so abysmally silent as you've been since you emerged from that hole. What ails you?"

"I have an aversion to crypts," said the professor, "especially such as are the property of a marquis."

"Still jealous, eh?"

"Are you," he asked irrelevantly, "familiar with hypotheses?"

"I've never kept one as a pet."

"A hypothesis is a suppositive state of things assumed as a basis of reasoning," said Erasmus Orson.

"What has that to do with jealousy?"

"I am not thinking of jealousy; I am vexed by a hypothesis."

"Is holding hands good for it? Because you may hold my hand if you like. It isn't compromising, leads to nothing in particular, and is indulged in by the best people at the full of the moon."

"I have no desire to hold your hand," said Erasmus. "If I wish to hold a hand I can hold my own. If your conversation must consist of absurdities I would be grateful if you would refrain from talking, because I desire to scrutinize certain occurrences in search of confirmative data."

"I wish I had ridden with the marquis," said Caroline.

"In that wish," he said somewhat crossly, "you may consider us as one."

"Of all things! Just for that I shan't speak to you again tonight."

"Thank you," said Erasmus Orson, and relapsed into brooding silence.

At the hotel she marched up to bed, her chin in the air, but if she expected to derive any benefit from that line of endeavor she encountered only disappointment, for Professor Fox was totally unaware of it. It is doubtful if he knew she went or when she went. He puckered his brow and concentrated. Thinking was a serious matter with him, not to be undertaken lightly or frivolously. At last he got into his bed. "I must, I fear," he said to himself, "await confirmatory phenomena."

At teatime next afternoon the marquis made his appearance and, after fulfilling the social amenities, turned to Mr. Luce. "Sir," he said, "I should be grateful for half an hour of your time. I am in somewhat of a quandary, and would be relieved if I could state the facts to you and ask your advice as to the course I should follow. Also Professor Fox, if he would be so good."

"Certainly," Mr. Luce said; "shall we go up to my room?"

They ascended and took chairs. "Naturally you regard this as odd," said the marquis. "But here is a matter in which I hesitate to consult any countryman of mine. Besides, I wish to have the opinion of a mind not given to emotional upheavals."

"Go ahead," Mr. Luce said.

"As to the facts, Professor Fox can confirm what I have to say. Last night, as you know, over my protests, Doctor Cariani was permitted to dig into a mound upon a farm of mine. You were present at the discovery of a cavern which might have been an ancient cellar or crypt. Three of us descended. It was Professor Fox who made the discovery."

"What discovery?"

"A marble Artemis," said the marquis.

"In a heap of rubbish," confirmed Erasmus Orson.

"We uncovered it as best we could, and Doctor Cariani, in his enthusiasm, declared it to be the most important artistic discovery of the generation. I do not know. He is an expert in such matters. If it is true, it is important. I therefore pledged the two to secrecy until I could consider what is best to be done. I am not, as you may suppose, a wealthy man."

"Indeed," said Mr. Fox.

"Also you are aware of the attitude of my government toward ancient works of art."

"I am," said Mr. Luce.

"Then, sir, in the circumstances, and assuming the Artemis to be of great importance and value, what would you advise?"

"You saw this statue, professor?"

"It was I who found it."

"What is your opinion of it?"

"I am not versed in art. It was the figure of a young woman in a somewhat stilted pose. Anatomically she appeared to be admirable."

"Doctor Cariani declares it to be Hellenistic, not Roman, and that she is superior to the Medici Venus and a rival of the Venus of the Louvre."

"If this is true," Mr. Luce said, "it is astounding. Its merits can be determined. But your problem, marquis? I understand you wish to be advised how best to derive a profit from the matter."

"Exactly."

"It might, I understand, be seized by the state."

"Precisely."

"It would be difficult to sell it to a private person in your country without having the fact become public."

"That is the difficulty. Also, my countrymen are not wealthy."

"The state would forbid its exportation."

"Without question."

"Nevertheless, I understand, such matters have been arranged."

"I do not know as to that, Mr. Luce."

"I should like to see this statue before advising you further. I understand it is on the market."

"I have more use for lire than I have for statues," said the marquis. "You may see the Artemis whenever you wish."

"Now," said Mr. Luce, "is as good a time as any."

"I," said the professor, "shall be occupied. I have letters to write and must visit a friend at the American Academy."

Mr. Luce nodded abstractedly. "All right, professor, see you in church."

Erasmus Orson went downstairs and paused a moment in the archway, not to watch the dancers, but rather to formulate his plans for the remainder of the afternoon. Caroline saw him, motioned, and when her signs remained unnoticed, walked across the floor to his side.

"You may dance with me," she said.

"I do not dance."

"I'll teach you tomorrow."

"Decidedly, you shall not," he said. "I am now proceeding to the American Academy—after I have dispatched a telegram."

"And I," said Caroline, "am proceeding with you."

"I do not wish your company," he said.

"But you're going to have it just the same. What is the American Academy?"

"A school of art."

"Come along, then. I've never seen a school of art."

He did not quite know what to do about it, but before he could do anything Caroline preceded him to the street, and presently he sat morosely by her side in a taxicab. She eyed him slantwise as they rode in silence, passing through squalid, grimy quarters to climb the eminence across the Tiber, and to drive through that quarter of small villas and pleasant homes until, unexpectedly, they came upon the building of the Academy.

They entered the courtyard and discovered the office, where Erasmus Orson inquired for his friend, who appeared with the hand of welcome.

"Do not," he exclaimed, "tell me this is a wedding trip!"

"It is not! Decidedly it is not! This young woman is Miss Luce. I did not want her to come, but she came nevertheless."

"That," said young Mr. Danvers, "would not have irritated me to the point of suicide."

"Show her something to amuse her," Erasmus said helplessly. "Get someone to show her pictures or—or tell her stories, or something. I want to talk with you privately."

"I wish," said Mr. Danvers, "you would talk privately with someone else so I could tell Miss Luce stories."

"Your imagination," said Erasmus, "exaggerates the pleasure you would derive from that occupation."

At which, in a most undignified manner, Caroline winked at Mr. Danvers, who returned the amenity with enthusiasm; nevertheless, he permitted himself to be led from the room by Erasmus Orson, who propounded to him a set of questions and received thereto the answers of an expert and of one well versed in his environment. Whereupon they returned to Caroline, who said gravely to Mr. Danvers:

"He acts this way because he's jealous. He can't bear to have me even meet another man."

"He was always that way about women," Danvers said confidentially.

"But I think he truly loves me," said Caroline. "It's just his manner."

"You are on the telephone?" Erasmus asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Danvers. . . . "You know, really he's a genius. A first-class man. But gone slightly cockeyed as to ethics. Can't understand him. Maybe he gets fun out of it."

"Such a sense of humor," said Erasmus, "would afford me scant satisfaction."

Danvers saw them to the car. The professor continued to be distrait until they reached the hotel again, nor could Caroline arouse him either by raillery or by the exertion of that charm which she knew so well how to use in her less perverse moments. Mr. Luce had not yet returned, but before it was time to sit down to dinner he arrived in a state of elated excitement.

"Professor," he said as they sat down at table, "it's a wonder! It's superb. I don't mind saying I've bought some pretty good stuff to present to the museum at home, but nothing like this. Magnificent! Why, all the

(Continued on Page 155)

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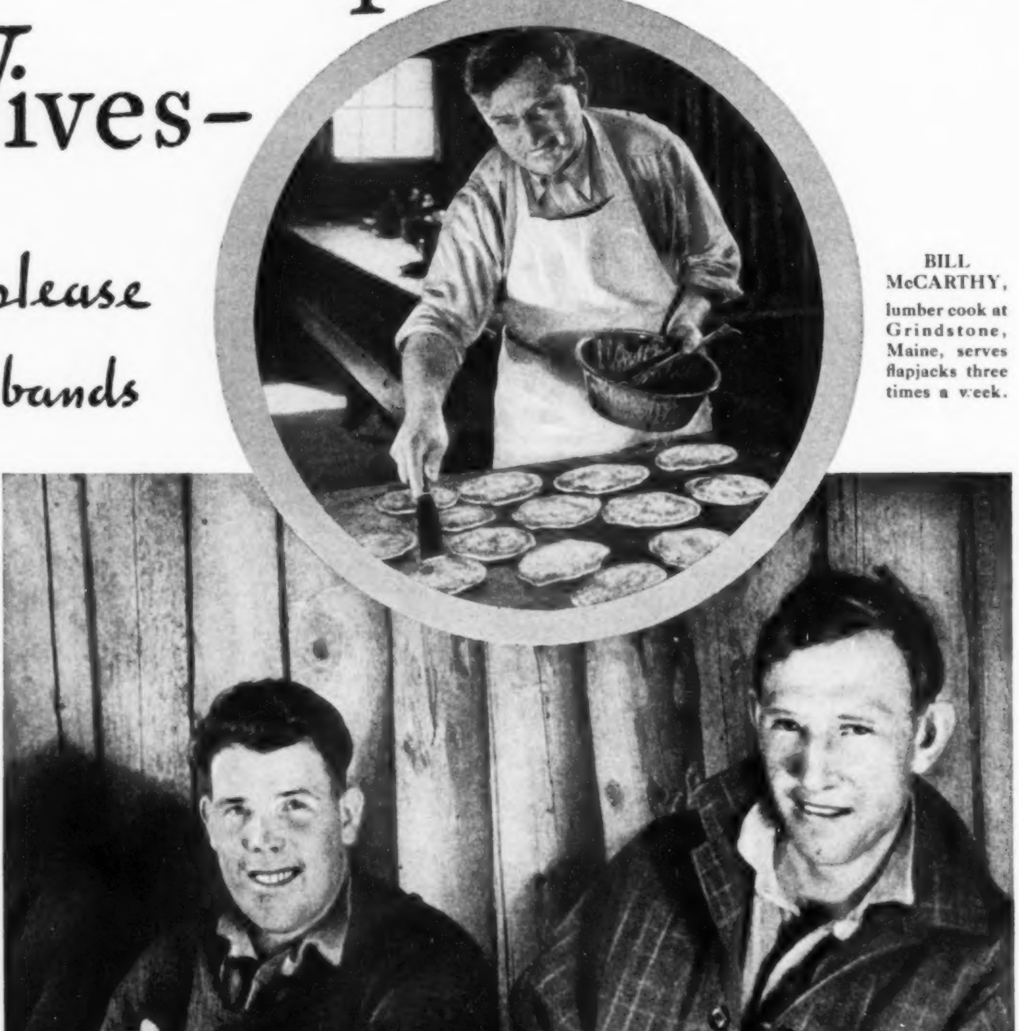

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"MEN are men, lady. Lumberjack or bank president . . . makes no difference. Same kinda food pleases 'em all."

A lumber cook was talking. In a North Woods cook shack. Giving the writer of this advertisement first-hand facts. City wives would do well to listen . . . for lumberjacks know good food.

"Know the best way to please any man alive?" asked this experienced North Woods cook. "Flapjacks three mornings a week . . . Vermont Maid Syrup . . . and plenty of it."

Try it . . . tomorrow morning . . . Surprise your husband . . . delight him with the kind of breakfast he's been longing for!

Tender flapjacks . . . crisp and brown at the edges . . . and the syrup that's won a reputation throughout the North Woods . . . Vermont Maid.

Lumberjacks discovered Vermont Maid . . . spread its fame from camp to camp.

Old-time Vermonters make it . . . in Vermont . . . maple center of the world. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With care and skill. Finest maple flavor you ever tasted. Now available for everybody. Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in convenient glass jugs. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

Vermont Maid
Syrup
Cane and Maple Sugar

"LIFT OFF THE TOP. . . let 'er pour . . . drown your flapjacks in Vermont Maid Syrup," advise North Woods lumberjacks. "It's the syrup with the richest, truest maple flavor you ever tasted."

Vermont Maid Syrup

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR—MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

PENICK AND FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. 512, Burlington, Vermont

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

(Continued from Page 153)

world will come to see it. A Praxiteles! Think of that!"

"What are you raving about, daddy?"

Mr. Luce swallowed. "I—er—a private matter as yet. It cannot be discussed."

"Then," said Caroline sensibly, "why do you discuss it?"

Her father turned again to the professor. "I shall buy it. I shall smuggle it out of this country. Watch me! It'll be standing on a pedestal right in my home town, and I guess it'll make the rest of these collectors go pop-eyed, eh? Praxiteles!"

"Did he sign it?" asked Erasmus dryly.

Mr. Luce blinked. "Of course not. But every work of art contains internal evidence of its authorship."

"Visible to experts," said Erasmus Orson.

"An expert has vouched for it."

"Ah, an expert from Padua, doubtless?"

"None other. But suppose it isn't Praxiteles? Suppose its authorship cannot be identified? It remains a great work of art from the golden period of Greece. You should know as well as anyone else that it is actually ancient. You found it, didn't you?"

"Found what, daddy?"

"You will know in good time, cunning. It's a secret yet."

"It seems to be," Caroline said with meaning. "When did you find it, professor?" Then her eyes grew big. "Oh! I know. It's what's been eating you. When you went down in that hole the other night you found something. I thought you acted sort of gaga when you came up. And you'd try to keep it from little Caroline! How perfectly absurd."

"It is not to be questioned that I found it," said Erasmus Orson.

"Come clean!" Caroline insisted. "Lay all before your little daughter."

Mr. Luce spread his hands helplessly. "We found a statue," he said.

"Of Artemis," added the professor.

"In that hole?" asked Caroline.

Her father nodded.

"And you, daddy, are going to buy it to be the crowning glory of your old museum?"

"I am."

Caroline made a grimace. "And I thought," she said dolefully, "the marquis was attracted by my beautiful eyes. And how much are you going to pay for this lady who hides in cellars?"

"The price hasn't been settled. We are to discuss that here tomorrow—and methods of getting Artemis out of Italy."

"And in the meantime," said Caroline, "we are going to a motion-picture palace where they ruin five-year-old American motion pictures with fourth-rate vaudeville. I'm pining for a movie."

"Do I have to go?" Mr. Luce asked pitifully.

"Oh, no, daddy. Professor Fox, who spends all his evenings in America at the pictures, is taking me."

"I wish to read," said Erasmus Orson.

"Utterly impossible," said Caroline, "so finish your sweet and come along."

The evening was spent in a box watching Mr. Douglas Fairbanks as d'Artagnan.

It gave no pleasure whatever to Professor Fox, but for all that he realized with misgivings that he would rather be where he was than anywhere else on earth. It was a fact, and he faced it, though he could not understand it. "I find," he said, "that I experience a certain peace of mind when I am in your company, Miss Luce. A species of contentment which I am at a loss to explain."

"I might help you if asked prettily," she said.

"I fancy not."

"Do you so? In that case I shan't try. Let's walk back to the hotel. It isn't more then eight or ten miles."

So they walked and listened to the night sounds of Rome, and Erasmus Orson found that ancient languages were not an adequate topic, nor was historical anecdote. In short, he found no adequate topic, and walked in silence. He said good night reflectively and retired to his room, there to sit upon his bed, listen to quarreling cats and clanking machinery for the cleaning of streets, and to endeavor to diagnose the peculiar mental condition in which he found himself. He reached no logical conclusion.

At three o'clock the next afternoon, according to appointment, the Marquis dei Pitati appeared with Doctor Cariani for companion. Mr. Luce had requested Professor Fox to be present at the conference, and the four secluded themselves in Mr. Luce's parlor.

"First," said Mr. Luce, "before we discuss the matter of price I would like some assurance that it will be possible to get Artemis past the inspection of the authorities."

"Perhaps," suggested Erasmus Orson, "the learned Doctor Cariani may, out of his vast experience, be enabled to make a suggestion."

"I heard once," said the doctor, "of an instance where the following expedient was successful: A statue was to be sent to America. The purchaser commissioned a certain young sculptor to fashion in plaster a replica of the statue, but larger by a trifle in all its dimensions. This replica was delivered publicly—patently new and obviously plaster—for all the world to view. It was smashed to fragments and the dust carried privately away. But the real statue, covered with a thin layer of plaster, was left in its place. To be shipped openly across the sea. No difficulties were encountered."

"Feasible," commented Mr. Luce. "But one must find a sculptor capable of such work."

"I—er—I imagine I may be of use in that respect," said Erasmus Orson.

"No need, professor," said Cariani. "I can lay hands on such a man without trouble."

"Nevertheless," said Erasmus, "I should wish you to interview my man before further steps are taken. It can be done without prejudice. Indeed, I think he waits below. I will have him brought here."

Not waiting for a reply, he stepped to the door and vanished into the corridor, to return after a few minutes accompanied by a young man, obviously American—an odd-looking young man, striking, unusual, but somehow a trifle aside from the normal. How or why one could not state with certainty, but one could not suppress the feeling that something was askew.

"May I present Mr. Hyssop?" asked Erasmus. "A sculptor of genius. Probably the world does not hold his equal in the ability to create statues of the best Grecian period. Not replicas, you understand, but originals which contain in themselves adequate evidence of antiquity. Perhaps you will remember that Michelangelo was a sponsor of this device. He once carved a Cupid which he contrived to have found, and which was pronounced by experts to be a real treasure of ancient Greece. Mr. Hyssop follows this illustrious example."

Mr. Luce arose to shake hands, but neither the marquis nor Cariani stirred. Instead they sat with set faces, in attitudes of stiffness which indicated some measure of tension. Erasmus Orson cleared his throat as if about to commence a classroom lecture.

"I propose now," he said, "to state a hypothesis, which, for the sake of clarity, I shall designate the Hypothesis of Artemis."

"But," asked Mr. Luce a trifle impatiently, "can't we go ahead with our negotiations?"

"Directly, sir, directly. One must form hypotheses for purposes of reasoning or experiment. Some hint or desire leads to the formation of a hypothesis. Or, perhaps, some prejudice. It was so in my case. A prejudice, if I may say so without offense, against the personality of the Marquis dei Pitati."

"Here, here, professor. What are you up to?" This from Mr. Luce.

"In short," said Erasmus, "I did not like him. I was repelled by his appearance; I regarded his manners as regrettable; and his conversation—er—gave me, as I have heard my students say, a pain in the neck."

"Now, now. This is not business."

But Erasmus persisted. "Therefore, when the marquis called without adequate reason; when we were invited to his dinner; when the evening reeked with suggestions of excavations; when the marquis was forced against his will to invite us to his farm for digging purposes, the hypothesis commenced to take nebulous form. In short, I formed the minor one that the marquis made our acquaintance with excavation in mind."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the marquis.

"Further," went on Professor Fox inexorably, "when the excavation was so immediately successful; when we descended into the cavern; when I was permitted to discover a marble hand extending from its bed of rubbish; when we were cautioned to secrecy, the hypothesis took form."

"You come close to the border line of insult," said the marquis.

"And," continued Erasmus Orson, "when the marquis appeared to lay his secret before Mr. Luce, the hypothesis was complete. I therefore sought data in support thereof."

"What are you getting at, professor?" asked Mr. Luce uneasily.

"I therefore wired an exchange professor at the University of Padua for information respecting Doctor Cariani. I learned that he was dismissed from the faculty for participating in certain artistic frauds—no less than the sale of forged objects of art."

Cariani started to his feet, but the professor wagged his hand at him imperatively, and he seated himself again.

"I then sought advice from one who understands such matters and learned of Mr. Hyssop, whose profession is the forging of antique sculpture. I was given the names of no less than six museums which exhibit proudly examples of his art. I was informed that he has no peer. Therefore I made contact with him and induced him to appear, as he has done. Mr. Hyssop, of course, is the sculptor of the Artemis under discussion. My hypothesis has, in brief, become a theorem after which I feel myself entitled to set down the letters Q. E. D."

There was a strained silence, which was broken by a cheerful laugh from

(Continued on Page 157)

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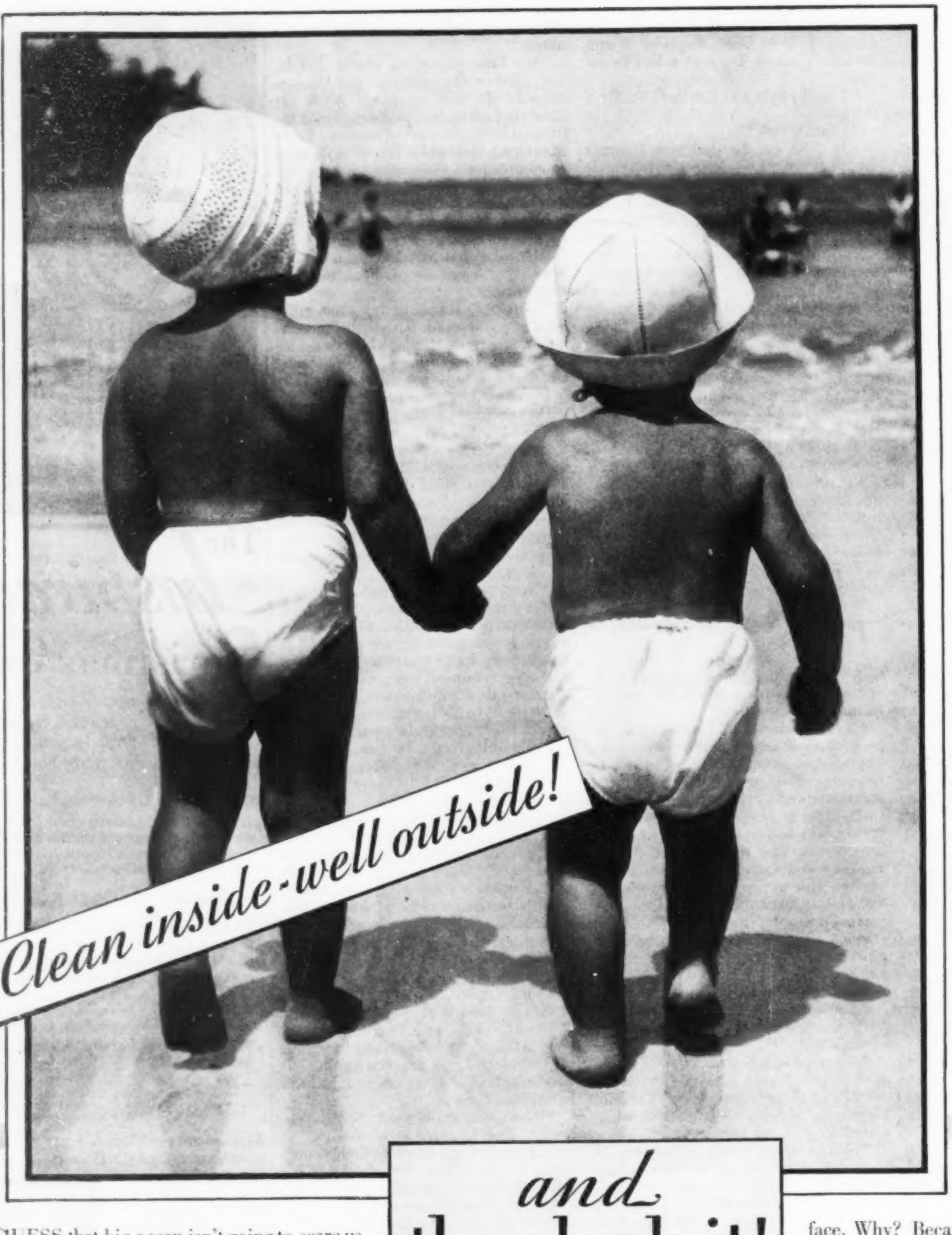
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"You think I'm looking pretty well myself? Thank the children for that. They weren't so well—and although I knew what was the matter I didn't dare give them medicines or pills. When I asked Dr. Jim, he told me all they needed was to be kept clean inside—and that there was a drugless way to do it. He said it would do me good, too. . . . the babies and I went on the Nujol treatment the same day—and we've been a well family ever since!"

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(Continued from Page 155)

young Mr. Hyssop. "This one," he said, "seems to have stepped on a banana peeling. Well, better luck next time. I think I'll be going to tea. Good afternoon, and delighted to have met you."

The marquis was on his feet. "I shall demand satisfaction for this insult to my honor," he said hotly. "A friend shall wait upon you."

"In the meantime," said Erasmus placidly, "I wish you would go away and take the doctor with you. I—er—if I may say so, I find your presence exceedingly annoying." He paused. "And about your friend—the one you propose to send: I suggest that you warn him of my irritability. My temper is regrettably hasty. If he comes and I am still in my present humor, I might forget myself to the extent of—er—throwing him out on his ear."

Mr. Luce stood up grimly. "For two cents I'd have an order of that myself." He motioned toward the door. "On your way before my blood pressure goes up another notch."

The nobleman and the savant withdrew not gloriously. Mr. Luce wilted, became the embarrassed schoolboy. "Listen, professor," he begged. "Don't give me away to my women. This is one they'd have on me till my dying day. Let's go to the bar and have one or a couple."

"I never," said Erasmus Orson, "indulge in spirituous beverages—except upon the verification of a hypothesis."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear December twentieth.

CUTTING EXPENSES

(Continued from Page 27)

or sixteen thousand dollars a year. They have a house which cost nearly thirty thousand dollars, and part of the cost was a present from one of the wife's relatives. The rest of it they carry on a mortgage. They have two children, and except in times when a trained nurse is needed for illness or a cateress for a party, they employ two competent servants, a nurse and a cook. My friend is her own housemaid, and the nursemaid doubles as a waitress. They have two cars, but no chauffeur. There is not much extravagance in dress in that household and they travel very little. But they both are fond of golf. The provision bill is about a hundred and ten dollars a month, and by having cheap meat and small oranges it can be held down to ninety. That saves two hundred and forty dollars a year. The economy on light might run to twenty-five dollars a year. The reduction in the clothes account might be a couple of hundred dollars, but as it comes in gusts and there is usually a period of reaction when my friend gets bitter at what she terms shabbiness and gets one "good coat," or one "decent evening dress," or a few new day dresses, with hats to "make her look respectable," that saving is usually canceled. With all her worry and her plunges at cuts, it is clear that she is not making much of an impression on her expenses in the way she is going about it.

Hit-or-Miss Saving

"Well, what can I do?" she asks.

I appreciate that it is none of my business, but I know as well as she does that she could do something more if she had to. For one thing, she rates most of her luxuries as necessities. Her charming house is a larger one than she needs and the taxes on it are very high. Yet I suppose that nothing but the death of her husband would make her give it up. They have two cars, both taking a steady toll of insurance, repairs and gasoline. They are convinced that they need them both, for the husband uses his all day long. They could probably get along with one servant if they had to do it. But these are not the places in which they start to cut. When they worry about money, the man stops going to his club quite so frequently or decides not to buy a new overcoat. His wife buys a pot roast and tells the cook that the gas bill is too high and wonders what happens to the butter. But a finger can stop a hole in a dike only when the finger fits the hole.

I know another woman who has a reputation for always being well dressed as well as beautiful, and yet for years I have never known her to buy anything without being oppressed by the fact that it had to be paid for. That attitude of hers antedates anything that happened in the stock market recently. Yet she has never been in want. Since her marriage her husband has always had a good position and made quite large sums of money. They are more socially minded than the first couple, and go about a good deal, stopping at expensive hotels, taking fast boats and entertaining freely wherever they are. They own no home of their own except a small cottage in the country, but they have a charming apartment in town.

Her cry invariably is, "We haven't anything to show for what we spend. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. We're going to cut down on everything."

Keeping Up With the Joneses

If you ask her what she means, she will repeat that she is going to "cut to the bone." But the next time you have dinner in her apartment, cocktails and wine and cordial will be served. The gin is the kind that costs ten to twelve dollars a bottle, and that couple wouldn't think that they could have a party without it. But I suppose that since prohibition they have spent enough money on liquor to run into the thousands which they would like to have saved.

That, again, is her business and her husband's business. But there is something very blind about it. They pick away at petty economies, they chip off little pieces of expenditure, but they never do anything to alter their manner of living, and they will not look at the whole picture of themselves and their expenses.

One can see why. They are caught. We all are caught more or less by our own possessions. They are changelings. They come to many of us as luxuries and turn to necessities before they have been in the house overnight. A woman who is used to a children's nurse cannot imagine taking the full care of her young children. A man who takes his car downtown finds it difficult to contemplate forty minutes on a street car. The extra cars, the extra rooms, the individual bathrooms slip into our lives as things which we must have.

It has been drummed into our ears that the cost of living in the United States is excessive. We spend too much money. Perhaps we do, but as long as we have it to spend, it does not seem to me to be such a desperately serious situation. There is nothing really wrong in spending money. The trouble is that we are actually beginning to regard it as at least a venial sin.

The sense of guilt which accompanies so much spending seems much more serious than the expenditures themselves. Men buy a house and worry over it instead of taking a natural pride in being householders. Women, who are the great and diversified spenders, fuss about the cost of everything. It seems abnormal. Money is only a symbol of value, and value is only power in exchange. If we exchange wisely and get what we want, there is no reason for self-reproach.

The point that brings up is that many people are not sure of what they do want, and so they live in a constant terror of being cheated. They base their wants not on their mutual desires but on what their friends and their neighbors apparently desire; and as these are loose-rooted and unconfident in turn, it makes a nervous and discontented society. It also does not tend to bring out personality. If people were not afraid to be originals instead of copies, they would not have so much trouble in cutting expenses. To pick up the old, useful truism, they would make their expenses serve them instead of serving their expenses. But in addition to the fear of slipping back, of stepping behind in the parade, is the fact that many of them have no compensations for the lack of possessions. To give a dinner without liquor, to sell a car, to get along without a nurse means that they cut the flimsy foundations from under their lives.

Budget Blues

And yet they cannot help their attacks of worry. We all have them. They begin with the feeling that what we get out of life is not worth what we are putting into it. Those hours spent with bills or budgets when we actually sum up what it has cost to maintain one or two or three people comfortably for a short period, and find invariably that our original estimates have been exceeded, can be very depressing. It is not the financial condition of the country that worries us so much as a sense of personal failure to get good values out of living. Something seems to be using all our time, taking all our energies and eating up our incomes without making a sufficient return. Those are the hours that take the life out of men and women, and wilt the hope in them. They drive in a philosophy of secret pessimism. And much of that must be unnecessary.

If we do our social duty in the extended sense and pay our debts and take care of those dependent upon us, the rest is a matter of temperament. Of course one man's thrift can be another man's poison. Or a woman's extravagance can be a man's poison when it exists under his own roof. The only possible solution in such cases is to insist that there must be no fraud, that expenses must not get beyond the reach of income, and then rest back on the philosophy that people do not see alike in money matters, and that in nine cases out of ten it does not matter

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The Saturday Evening Post
948 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

whether they do or not. The necessary thing for two people who share expenses is to be frank about them and to separate luxuries cleanly from needs, so that if the time does come when unessentials must be given up, the wrench will not be so hard. It is a curious thing, but very often people who seem the most careless spenders can stiffen up beautifully to an honest demand for retrenchment.

Among my acquaintances are a great many delightful and frugal people who enjoy saving. It gives them great pleasure. I know plenty of others who would be out of character if they tried to do it. I am not sorry for either kind. But I am very sorry for people who suffer as they spend.

Once, in a Paris shop, I saw a woman whose face I have not forgotten, though the incident occurred more than a year ago and lasted only five minutes. She was a very well-dressed American woman and she was making a terrific scene because she was convinced that she had been cheated of a pair of gloves. She had ordered a dozen pairs—there was no escaping the story, for it was being declaimed through the shop—and only eleven had reached her. They seemed to have a record that twelve pairs had been sent and the manager was reluctant to give her another pair. He suggested that if the package had been left in her hotel room one might have been taken out. The American woman was sailing the next day and she was furiously angry. She spoke of the way she had been cheated in French shops. Outside the sun was sifting down on a beautiful Paris in which she had less than a day to remain. And as I looked at her face and her concentration on that missing pair of gloves I wanted to tell her what a fool she was. She wore too many diamonds and her hotel was too expensive a one to make me disturbed about the loss she had incurred. She looked at me and, realizing that I, too, was American, exclaimed, "You get so wild when you think of the amount you spend and the way they try to cheat you!"

All for a Pair of Gloves

Then I knew what was the matter and why the incident was, as they say, "burning her up." I am really quite convinced that they were not trying to cheat her at all. There were very nice people in that shop, though they found Americans difficult. But the thing that was disturbing the woman who had lost a pair of gloves was the thought of the amount she had spent. That was what was making her suffer. Her fuss about the gloves was an attempt to make herself believe she was wise and thrifty, and the cost was considerable to her nerves, to the pleasure of being in Paris, which she had come so far to seek, and to the general reputation of Americans abroad. Besides, it was such a nice day—altogether too fine a one to deface with a quarrel over a sixty or seventy franc pair of gloves. But that was only my opinion.

It is certainly true that possessions are immediately depreciated in value when they are not enjoyed, and expenses which are only a load are usually not worth the carrying. If all the pleasure goes out of our expenditures we are on the wrong track. There are two things to do, and they can be either alternates or complements to each other. We can have as much as our incomes will allow and carry our spending like a gaudy banner, or we can do without things and cherish our economies. In any case, there should not be so many dragging consciences. Most of us know where wisdom lies. There should be something saved, many things enjoyed, something occasionally wasted. The sum total makes up a human being and allows for the variation of his mood.

A Good Lesson for Somebody Else

Hardly anyone who is always consistent about expenditures is also very interesting. There is something about extravagance and even about miserliness which adds color to personality. I know one frugal man who might be exceedingly dull if he were not willing to pay forty to a hundred dollars for peony roots. Perhaps his frugality is his charm. Perhaps it is his single stroke of lavishness.

At any rate, no one has much right to preach. That was brought home to me rather forcefully once after a certain story of mine had been published in which a young and reckless wife spent too much money on clothes and came to some bad end or other. It was one of my earlier stories and a kindly gentleman spoke well of it, as conveying what he called a very good lesson.

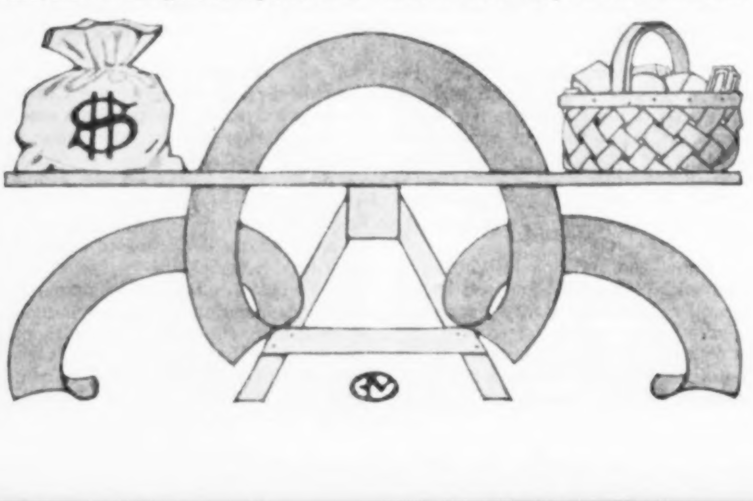
"I suppose you got a check for that," he said.

I admitted that had been one of the nice features of the story.

"And," he said with a trace of fatuousness, "what did you spend all the money for?"

Well, I thought I might as well be honest, so I told him that I spent most of it on clothes. And, fortunately, he laughed.

I still remember those clothes. In fact, looking backward, I find that I do not resent any of my extravagances as much as I do my worries about them. As for expenses, I long ago learned the way to cut my own, and that was to admit that everything I particularly liked was an extravagance and must be lopped off ruthlessly. The only trouble is that my expenses are like grass. After a good cutting, they come in thicker. However, let him who has done it successfully cast the first stone.



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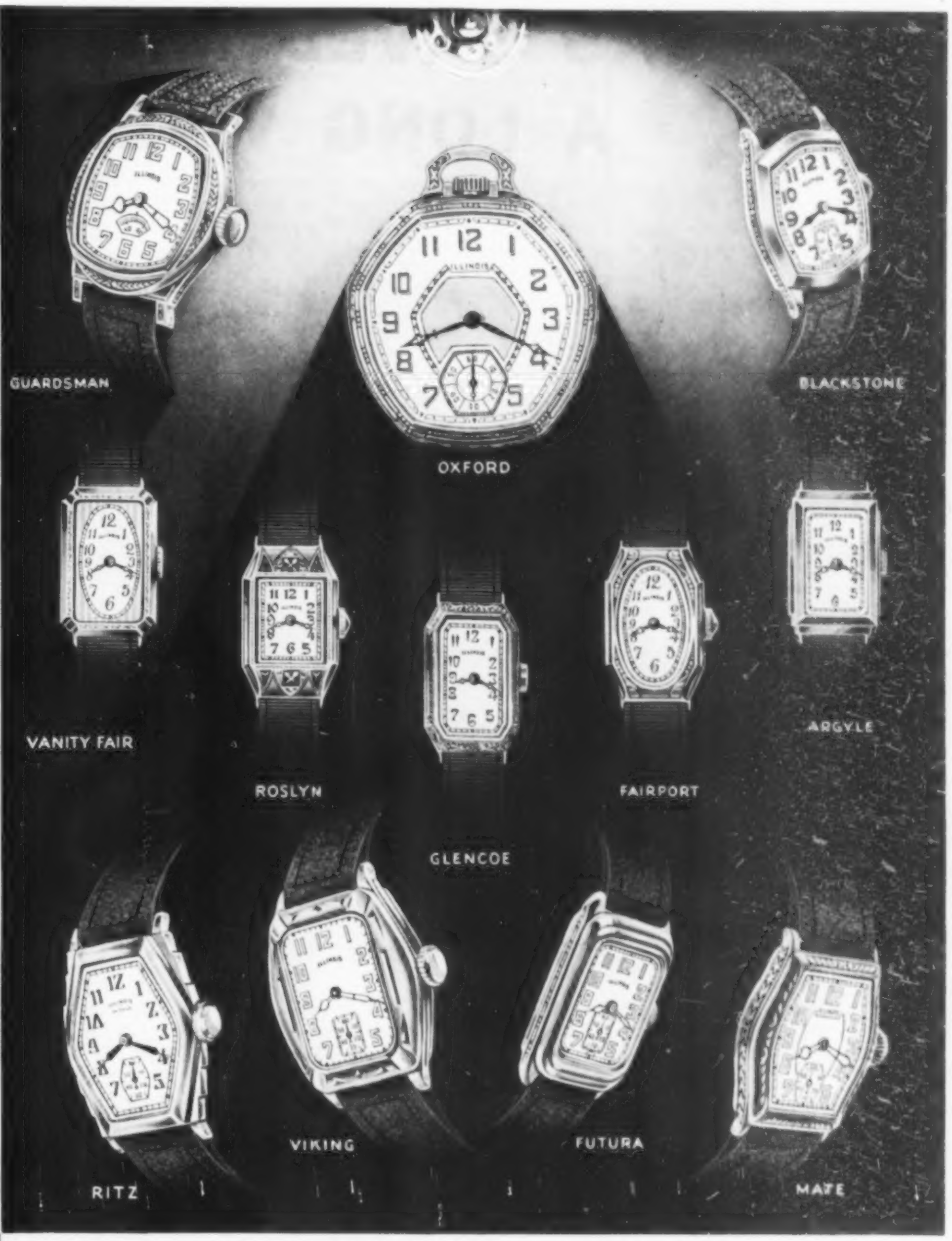

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Whiz Gold Band gives off no objectionable fumes. It is non-inflammable and, *like pure water itself, Whiz is harmless to any part of your car.* And Whiz actually costs less per season than any other brand.

Whiz Gold Band also brings you another advantage which no other type of anti-freeze offers. Because of the low "specific heat" of its special ingredients, Gold Band takes less heat from a cold motor on a cold day—and lets it get more quickly to a smooth-running temperature. *You spare the choke and save your motor on icy, metal-chilling days!*

Stop by your nearest dealer today. Get the anti-freeze that bears *the world's best-known name to people who are proud of the performance of their cars.* Buy Gold Band Anti-Freeze with equal confidence from the drum or from the can—and Whiz Gold Band will give you double protection from now on!

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

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CHAMP

(Continued from Page 40)

position where she's got to play along with them."

"Mebbe that's right," Olson insisted. "But you're goin' to see her today anyway. If I were you I'd tell her the whole story. It'd be better comin' from you first, Eddie. You can bet your last dime that those bums'll get to her soon enough. They'll try to fix her to work against you and pull in their camp. You go an' talk it over with Betty. That's my best hunch. Let's see what she says about it. After we know that, we'll know a whole lot."

Eddie called Betty on the telephone and they arranged a luncheon engagement. There was no matinée that afternoon, so they decided they would take a ride in the roadster. During the meal Eddie could not bring himself to the subject uppermost in his mind. However, when they got into the car and the city streets fell away for the calm and quiet beauty of the countryside, Eddie's courage returned and he looked suddenly at the girl and stopped the car beside the road.

"Once," he began, "you had a favor to ask of me, Betty. And you remember how you asked it?"

"Of course, I do, Eddie," the girl returned. "You promised, I remember, to do it for me before you even discovered what I was going to ask."

"That's right," Eddie nodded. "Maybe you don't know it, Betty, but I'd do anything in the world for you."

She looked up at him, her great eyes suddenly soft. This escaped Eddie's notice. He was like a man who reaches the point of a test and lunges ahead on sheer determination.

"Now," he went on, "I got a favor to ask of you. I got to tell you something, Betty—something that means everything to me. Has Scale Murphy, or Tommy, or their lawyer been asking you about our contract?"

"No," the girl said slowly. "No one has spoken to me about that, Eddie. Why?"

"Well, I'm having a battle with them. They're crooked, Betty. They're trying to steal Bat Bradford away from Oley Olson. You like Oley, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, he discovered Bat Bradford. There'll be a whole lot of money in Bat's fight with me. Those crooks are trying to cheat Oley out of his fair share of that money. I won't stand for it."

"I should say not," Betty answered simply. "I shouldn't think you would stand for it, Eddie. Oley Olson is one of the nicest men I've ever met."

"I talked with their lawyer yesterday," Eddie went on harshly. As he talked he shifted his eyes from those of the girl and would not look at her. "I got to tell you this, Betty, in my own way," he explained. "I'm not very good with words."

Suddenly she laid her hand on his knee as they sat there in the car.

"Go ahead, Eddie. I'm listening," she encouraged. "You're dreadfully upset about something. I only hope I can help you."

"It's about the contract you and I signed when we first went into this publicity business, Betty. If you remember, we agreed we wouldn't marry for five years."

"Yes," the girl answered. "Why, Eddie? Do you want to marry somebody?"

"No! No! I should say not. They're holding that contract over my head, Betty. They tell me that if I don't play along with them so that they can cheat Olson, you'll turn against me because I will be criticized in the newspapers. They say if I get a bad name with the public, you won't be able to pose any longer as my sweetheart. That will cost you thousands and thousands of dollars, they claim, and it will cost them just as much."

"But why," the girl asked, mystified, "should you get a bad name in the newspapers? What have you done that's wrong?"

"I knew I'd have to tell you these things sometime," Eddie said hopelessly. "Honest, Betty, I haven't done things that are wrong. But Tommy and Scale Murphy have. I might as well admit that three or four of my fights haven't really been fights at all. I know the Fetter match was a fake and I'm sure that others were too. I never knew it before I got in the ring. All of it was planned by Tommy and Scale Murphy when they decided to make me heavyweight champion. I used that against them when they started to cheat Olson," Eddie explained. "I charged them with fixing those fights and I swore I never would fight anybody but Bat Bradford, and unless Olson was his manager, I wouldn't even fight him."

"That was the right thing to do," Betty returned in a steady voice.

"Just as soon as I did it," Eddie answered, "they came back at me with the contract I had with you. They said that you would think I was putting Olson's interests ahead of yours and would join with them in bringing suit against me. They mentioned a quarter of a million dollars, Betty."

"They're wrong," the girl answered simply. "I never would join them to fight you, Eddie. I don't care what happens to that contract."

Eddie suddenly looked at her. "You don't want to marry anybody, do you, Betty?"

"No," she said slowly. "No, I don't want to marry anybody."

"But if a lot of scandal comes out in the papers about these fake fights," Eddie went on, "then you couldn't pose as my sweetheart any longer, could you? Of course, you couldn't," Eddie answered himself. "It would kind of ruin your reputation and spoil your career as well."

"Let's drive back to the hotel, Eddie," the girl said quickly. "I've a copy of those contracts there. I want to sit down with you and read them very carefully. Perhaps there is a way out of this thing."

The ride back to the city was one in which both occupants of the car were wrapped in silence. This silence they maintained as they entered the lobby of the small apartment hotel. However, it was suddenly shattered by the unexpected appearance of Scale Murphy's attorney. Betty herself had led the way into the hotel by way of escorting Eddie, and for a moment the lawyer did not realize who her escort was. He stepped briskly across the lobby, hat in hand, and smiled graciously upon the actress.

"How do you do, Miss Belledu?" he greeted. "I'm in good fortune to find you in this way. I was much disappointed when I called and found that you were out. It is a good thing that I waited."

Betty looked upon the man with uncertainty.

"I beg your pardon," he went on smilingly. "I have given of late so much thought to your affairs that I presumed you knew me."

He then introduced himself as the legal representative of Scale Murphy, and while this was in process he suddenly realized that Eddie was standing there at his side.

"Perhaps, Miss Belledu," he said somewhat caustically, "Mr. Riton can give you a better introduction than I can myself."

Betty glanced at Eddie and the hard look in his eyes frightened the girl.

"I think that had better wait," she said. "Come, we will go to my apartment, where we can talk uninterruptedly."

"I would much rather confer with you alone," the lawyer suggested.

"I am sorry, but that cannot be arranged. If you have anything to say to me, you can say it in the presence of Mr. Riton."

The attorney shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "As you will," he said. "I was thinking of your own convenience."

"Anything that passes between us," the girl insisted, "can be known to Mr. Riton. He has my absolute confidence."

The lawyer bowed and the girl led the way to the elevator. When they reached the apartment she suggested that the man seat himself and state his business.

"It is most unfortunate," the lawyer insisted, "that I should have come upon you together. I already have conferred with Mr. Riton and regret to state that our negotiations were productive of increased bitterness between my clients and himself. It is a foolhardy piece of business, Miss Belledu, needful of the sober consideration of intelligent and tolerant people. I look to you, more or less, for this sort of understanding. I had hoped to talk with you without any extraneous influences whatever."

"Which is a nice way," Eddie cut in disgustedly, "of trying to throw me out. But I'm not going, Mr. Lawyer, until Linda asks me to go."

"I'll not ask you to go, Eddie," the girl answered quietly. To the lawyer, "I think I already know what your business is. Perhaps I can save your valuable time. You wish to talk to me, do you not, about the publicity contract Eddie and I signed?"

"I do," the lawyer nodded. "I have here," he went on, reaching into an inner pocket, "a copy of that contract."

"That will save time also," Betty smiled. "Eddie and myself were just coming here to look over my copy of that contract."

The lawyer spread the document on his knees. "You can see," he pointed out, "that there is no possibility of breaking this contract. It is good for five years, and despite the fact that only ten thousand dollars binds the contract, there is a great deal more than that at stake. Any court in the world will declare this small sum merely a binder out of which have grown publicity relationships of tremendous value. I must point out that anything which dissipates these relationships naturally must be paid for, in the eyes of the law. If Mr. Riton, by any ill-advised action whatsoever, forces a disruption of this publicity relationship with yourself, Miss Belledu, then he becomes liable to the full extent of the damage done. I have mentioned

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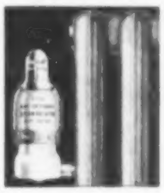

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to him the sum of a quarter of a million dollars in this connection."

"You really think," the girl asked quietly, "that this relationship and the publicity that comes out of it is worth this tremendous sum of money?"

"A quarter of a million?" the lawyer queried casually. "Yes, indeed, it is. You're on the front pages of most of the newspapers in the country. Try to buy that space at regular advertising rates!"

"And you say," the girl went on, a strange note in her voice, "that there is no way this contract can be broken?"

"None that I'm able to see," the lawyer answered confidently. "You are in a somewhat ticklish position, if I may use the expression. Both of you have got to go ahead with this thing for at least five years, or until such time as the publicity value of the arrangement, by mutual agreement, proves nil. The contract distinctly states that neither party may nullify it by marriage. This word 'marriage' may be construed to mean any sort of action by either party which would disrupt the basis of the contract. It has now reached the point where scandalous action by either of the parties hereto unquestionably creates substantial grounds for suit by the other party."

After this remark silence reigned. The three sat glancing uncertainly at one another. If there was confidence in the trio, it manifested itself in the attitude of the lawyer. He obviously was intent upon impressing the seriousness of the matter upon the actress, and from her quiet, somewhat nervous manner, the man probably thought he was succeeding. It was quite clear that Linda Belledu was very much upset. Her copy of the contract crinkled in her fingers and several times she glanced appraisingly upward at a glum Eddie Riton.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked finally of the lawyer.

"There's only one thing you can do," he stated positively. "That is to cast in your lot with my clients and make this young man hew to the line of his agreement."

"In other words," Betty said slowly, "you want me to throw in my lot to help this man Murphy rob Oley Olson of his new boxer? Is that about right?"

"You state the case too broadly," the lawyer answered suavely. "We must by all means keep personalities out of these negotiations. All that you are doing is justly and legally protecting valuable interests of your own."

"But in doing that I'm robbing Olson and probably cheating Eddie of his championship as well!"

"I wouldn't say that," the attorney began.

"Well, I won't do it," the girl said suddenly.

"But you will," the lawyer insisted calmly. "You cannot do anything else, Miss Belledu."

"Yes, I can," Betty answered. "Yes, I can do something else, Mr. Lawyer." She rose suddenly to her feet and her hand fell on Eddie's shoulder. "Don't get up, Eddie," she said. "This man is going to leave us now. There is something else I can do. And I know what it is!"

A great change had come over her, and this was manifest to Eddie. He rose and towered above her there. Protectingly he slipped his arm about her shoulder.

He began to speak, but could find no words. For reasons unknown to him, his muscles twitched and there was a lump in his throat. Betty's loyalty thrilled him.

"You're excited now, Miss Belledu," the lawyer suggested. "You were talking perhaps a little at random, not fully aware of the weight of your words. There really is nothing that you can do under the circumstances but as I suggest."

"But there is something I can do," Betty answered. Then she looked up at Eddie and quite calmly said: "There's nothing in that contract, Eddie, which says we cannot marry each other! Suppose we were to do that? What then?"

Betty felt herself swept into the embrace of Eddie's mighty arms and pressed against his broad chest to the point of suffocation. Neither of the young people ever was able to tell exactly how the lawyer got out of Betty Stanton's apartment that afternoon. Along with all that he represented, the man had suddenly become unimportant.

XX

"WE GOT thunder enough if we want to shoot it," Olson avowed in his next conference with Eddie. "Once we make this bunch realize we're ready to go through an' disclose the whole business just as it happened, they won't dare move. They'll play our game straight through. But there's one bad feature. If it comes to a showdown, Eddie, nobody'll ever believe you were innocent of helpin' fix those fights. Your character and mine, along with Betty's, will be just about as black as Seale Murphy's, Tommy's an' the rest of that den of thieves."

"What we've got to have," Eddie said slowly, "is some kind of a compromise, Oley. We're sitting now where we can both make an awful lot of money very quickly. We can make it honestly, too, if we're smart enough to figure the right angle. I'm not afraid of Battling Bradford, Oley. I know you think he can beat me. But I don't think he can. I think I'm a better fighter than all of you fellows realize. I know in the ring I always had plenty of extra steam in case I needed it." And he added slowly, "I beat Don Flaker and I'm not dead sure that fight was fixed."

"Neither am I," Olson admitted instantly. "In fact, I don't think it was. I think you were in there on your own. You did a sweet job, stoppin' that bird in fourteen rounds. But Flaker ain't Battlin' Bradford, kid. This Bradford is a hellion. He's the best I've seen in just about my whole lifetime."

"But I'm in great shape, Oley," Eddie argued. "I got two hands, and a sweet punch in both of them. I'm game and I'm strong, and I know I'm faster than he is. Even if I didn't knock him out, I'd have a pretty good chance of outboxing him."

Olson paced the room nervously. At last he said, "No man can fight as good a fighter as Bat Bradford an' not get hit every so often. Even if that bird hits you on the arm, Eddie, he hurts. He'd rob you of your speed in seven or eight rounds. I'm afraid he'd get to you after that."

"Well," Eddie mused philosophically, "what if he does? They'll pay me a million bucks for my heavyweight title, Oley. I won't fight for less than that. I'd get myself knocked stiff every Tuesday at high noon if I got a million dollars a shot."

Olson laughed understandingly. Then he took to pacing again. Eddie sat upon the bed and for a long time there was silence between these two.

After considerable pacing the manager said suddenly, "These birds won't want to go to court, Eddie. They won't

(Continued on Page 165)

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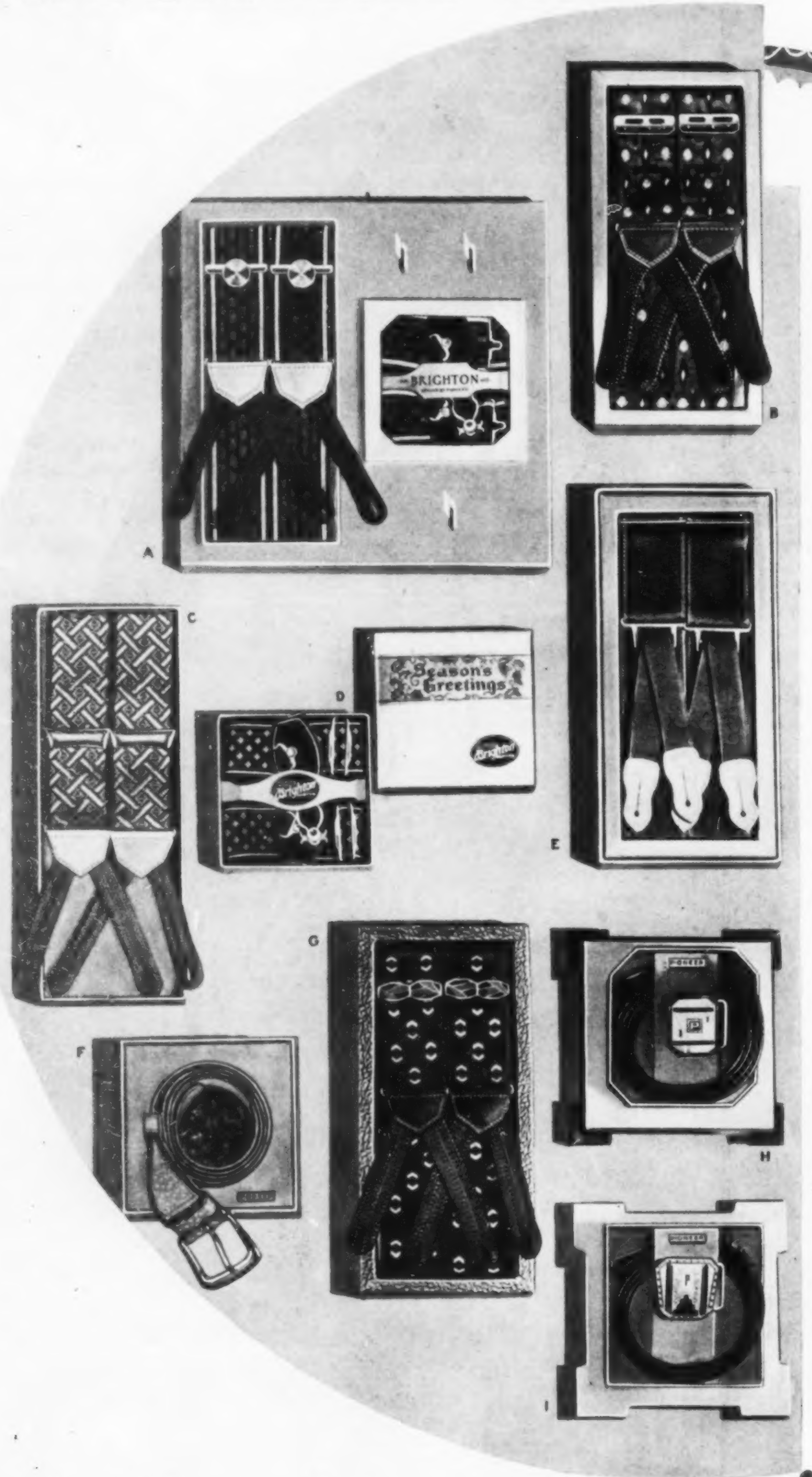
by RONSON

To Women who understand Men



THIS really is a heart-to-heart talk—about Christmas and men. You know how men are—so polite—such good sports when the little white boxes with the big red ribbons are passed around.

Their hearty thanks—their happy expressions—"Just what I wanted." "You certainly have been reading my mail." Not for the world would they have it known that anything was useless. For the poorest selection can oft-times be richest in love.

You know this, but as Mark Twain said concerning the weather—"nothing is ever done about it." So here's our friendly advice.

Few men ever have too many pairs of braces or garters. They can always use another belt. And nowadays men are buying things that harmonize. You'd be surprised to see how closely Pioneer Braces, Belts and Brighton Garters go with the authoritative ensembles for the season.

But there is one important thing you must remember—look for the Pioneer name. Men know Pioneer—they will appreciate the soundness of your choice. Smart stores all over the land are showing these Pioneer Christmas suggestions in their attractive holiday boxes.

PIONEER BRACES $1.00 *to* $5.00
PIONEER BELTS $1.00 *to* $5.00
BRIGHTON GARTERS 50c *to* $1.00

• *As Illustrated* •

A. *A smart set of Pioneer Braces, with Brighton Garters to match. Of best quality elastic, distinctively patterned. Both show off nicely in the handsome combination holiday case.*

B. *Braces in a rich embroidered effect with dot and diamond design, and with buckles, ends and trim in happy harmony. In holiday container.*

C. *Here's another pair of Pioneer Braces in an attractive criss-cross design. In handsome boxes that breathe the spirit of Christmas.*

D. *A novel effect in Brighton Garters with gold-plated metal parts and fine leather pad, and tucked attractively in a neat holiday box.*

E. *The quiet richness and beautiful craftsmanship of these Pioneer Braces will appeal to any man. And the handsome container reminds at a glance that it's Christmas.*

F. *A handsome belt of solid bridle leather, with the tongue type buckle preferred by many men. In a specially designed holiday case.*

G. *Here are braces of real distinction—the smart design, rich fabric and modern enamel buckles sparkle in their handsome holiday setting.*

H. *Imported Goatskin Belt with sterling silver initialed buckle. A smart gift in a handsome holiday setting.*

I. *Fine Moroccograin belt, with modernistic design silver-plated buckle. In smart holiday box.*

A Man's Idea of a Gift

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

PIONEER BELTS • BRACES
Brighton GARTERS

(Continued from Page 162)

want to drag this slush into the newspapers. They paid me twenty-five thousand dollars to get you an' make you a champion. Now they offer Bat Bradford fifty thousand if he signs with them on his twenty-first birthday. They could just as easy have offered me that fifty thousand, but they wouldn't do that. They wouldn't dare buy two champions in succession. That would show the public their game is crooked."

"Sure," Eddie nodded. "I can see that all right, Oley."

"Well," the manager went on, "why ain't there an angle there? Suppose I give them the contract on Battlin' Bradford an' they give me your contract? Also the one about the marryin' business? In that way I'd manage you against Battlin' Bradford. I still think you'd be pretty apt to lose, Eddie, but you'd get plenty of dough an' I'd get more than I ever will any other way. What do you think of that for an idea?"

"I think it's 100 per cent good," Eddie answered instantly. "Suppose I put it up to this lawyer? Suppose I call him on the telephone and have him up here? We can lay the cards face up. Maybe we could work out a swap like that. To tell you the truth, Oley, I think you'll get a surprise if you manage me against Bradford. I'll go in that ring hating that guy for double-crossing you, and I know I'm a faster fighter and a better thinker than he is. I think I'll beat him."

Olson smiled. "I know more about him than anybody else," he said. "I know his great strength, but I also know the spots where he's weak. Mebbe we could work together again an' I could show you those spots. In addition to that ——" He stopped shortly and his smile broadened while a thoughtful gleam came into his eyes. Suddenly he changed his tack. "Did you ever hear of Mike Mazo?" he asked. "The guy they used to call the New Zealand Murderer?"

"Sure," Eddie answered. "Sure thing, Oley. I've heard of him. He's an old-time champion."

"That's right," the manager nodded. "Mike Mazo was probably the best all-round fighter that ever came into a ring. An old-timer now, an' a drunkard. But, in my judgment, the greatest fighter that ever lived. He put the touch on me for fifty bucks the other day just to get a suit of clothes so's he wouldn't be grabbed as a vagrant! Mebbe I could get him, Eddie, an' we could work together with you. He could teach you a lot of tricks. What I know about Bat Bradford, coupled with what he knows about fightin' generally, ought to set you up at least on even terms with this new killer."

In a matter of two hours the suave lawyer again came to the hotel. This time the conference took place in Eddie's apartment and both Scale Murphy and Tommy were present. It was not a cultured conference. It was graced by considerable profanity and countercharges of duplicity and deception. But it progressed inevitably, and it rotated without deviation about the one unalterable fact which Eddie pounded home at every opportunity.

"I will not fight," was his answer to each counter proposition that the Manazita men offered him. "I've told you," he would repeat, "exactly the basis I'm ready to go ahead on. If we don't go on that basis we don't go at all. You can take that, and you can like it."

In due course they did take it, and whether they liked it or not, they pretended to. The upshot of this momentous conference was an agreement wherein Eddie Riton once again passed under the management of Oley Olson, and Oley, in turn, delivered into the hands of the Manazita organization his contract covering the services of Battling Bradford. The Manazita lawyer saw to it that the legal instruments of this conveyance were perfected.

XXI

THE training camp of Eddie Riton was an unusual one. There was in control a board of advisers consisting of Eddie himself, Oley Olson and the amazing Mike Mazo. In addition to being an object lesson, the man Mazo was a phenomenon. Tradition proclaimed him to have been one of the great fighters of ring history and the record book indicated that this claim could find substantiation. But like many old-time heroes of pugilism, Mazo had fallen into the pitfalls that await unwary feet. When he appeared at the Riton camp he was a broken-down derelict with an unnaturally bright eye, a pallid, sunken cheek, shantied eyebrows, broad nose and cauliflowered ears.

His hands, too, showed traces of his old-time activity. The knuckles were spread and swollen, and the backs of the hands bumpy where the bones had crumpled under the impact of many blows. He was nervous of manner, twitchy of countenance and uncertain of temperament. But he was amazingly keen, alert and articulate. What he knew about fighting he was able to put into words. He could even demonstrate his knowledge, provided the stress upon his physique was not too long maintained.

In other words, he could not box with Eddie Riton and assimilate punishment, but he could stand off against the boxer and display his wares without retaliation. He continuously talked of reform; promised that he would give up liquor, once he got his feet on the ground and saw some sort of a substantial future ahead. But of these promises Olson remained completely skeptical.

"Listen to every word he says, Eddie," the manager urged. "Watch the man. For even now he is a physical picture of grace and timin'. But don't let sympathy for him get too big a hold on you. Under no circumstances give him money. Just as soon as you do he'll blow it for booze an' we'll lose his services. My proposition to him is that we'll pay him so much a day, the whole amount to be paid on the mornin' you fight Battlin' Bradford. He can have a comfortable bed here, three square meals a day an' what clothes he needs. But don't give him dough or you'll lose him altogether. I know his kind."

For the first three days of the training season, Mazo was an interested spectator at the corner of the ring while Eddie boxed with various of his hired sparring partners. The bright eyes of the man followed each move as a cat might watch the struggles of a mouse beneath its paw. It was evident from his later conversation that he had missed nothing which took place in the ring. At the end of the third day he forgathered with Olson and Eddie in the latter's sleeping quarters and there gave his first lesson.

"Here's how it sets, Eddie," he explained: "You're fast enough now so you dodge a punch pretty easy. But a fellow that has just dodged a punch can't counterpunch. See what I mean? Stand up here in the center of the room and leave me show you."

Eddie took his position and, under instructions from Mazo, led with his left. The old-time champion dodged the blow perfectly, just as Eddie would have done under the circumstances. But when the lead had missed he stopped and held his position.

"See?" he inquired. "See what I mean, kid? How can I hit you now?"

It was obvious that he could not.

"You got to learn to slip punches," he explained. "By that I mean, don't block 'em or dodge 'em. If both your hands are busy blockin' punches, kid, you never get a chance to sock the other guy. If you're always too far away from him because you dodge, the same thing goes. Slip his punches, see? Now lead that left again."

They assumed fighting postures and Eddie again led with his left. This time the old champion merely tipped his body slightly to one side so that the punch flew harmlessly over his shoulder. Then he struck upward with both hands and Eddie felt himself stung by punches on the abdomen with the left hand and under the heart with the right. Before he realized what had happened Mazo's left hand darted upward from the stomach and struck him lightly on the chin. Then Mazo stepped back.

"That's what I mean, kid," he grinned. "Slippin' punches means that you don't get hit but get plenty chances to hit the other guys. That's the difference between a speedy champ an' a stumble bum. Keep practicin' that now. You're fast enough to slip punches. Try it out on your sparrin' partners tomorrow."

The soundness of Mazo's teaching was so obvious that Eddie insisted upon practicing these new punches there in the room. The slightest exertion left Mazo breathless, so that he had to lean against the wall every few seconds to recuperate. Therefore Oley Olson served as a sparring partner for Eddie in these punchless matches. And Mazo stood at the side and commented upon the action which took place.

"Keep your feet closer together, kid," he said. "Don't spraddle them out like that. Remember this: No guy ever landed a hard punch when he was uncomfortable himself. Fightin' is just like walkin'. You can walk easier than you can run. The same goes with boxin'. It's easier to hit hard from a natural position than it is from an awkward one. If you get your feet too far apart you have to jump in an' out instead o' steppin' easy. That tires you out. Just stand up there natural an' get your hands out in front of you far enough to protect your stomach an' high enough so you can shoot punches with your body back of 'em. This guy Bradford is a natural hooker of punches. You gotta learn to keep your feet close an' your shoulders hunched. Keep your hands ready so you can sock when a chance comes. You gotta keep close to this egg an' crowd him all the time, Eddie. To do that, you must be able to move easy an' fast without tirin' yourself out every time you use a little speed."

These lessons were kept from the public knowledge. Eddie progressed very rapidly under the expert tutelage of the old champion and the services of the man undoubtedly were of tremendous value.

"What I want to do," Olson explained, "is send Bradford in the ring thinkin' he's got the old Eddie Riton to beat. I want him to go in just his natural way an' figure on sluggin' you right out of the picture. That'll give you a better chance to outspeed him.

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That's why I'm tryin' to keep things secret."

Though they learned much from Mazo, at the same time he was the source of much concern. There was the time, for instance, when he sold out, despite his word of honor, to the newspapermen. With this small pittance he immediately bought liquor. He disclosed the secret that he was training with Eddie Riton and trying to build the fighter up to a point where he would have a better chance of defeating Battling Bradford. This, of course, was front-page news and it disturbed Olson and Riton no little.

"You deliberately lied to us," Olson charged the old-time fighter when he had finished his spree. "You absolutely crossed us up, an' by all rights of decency we wouldn't have to pay you a cent for what you have done here at the camp."

"It's me nerves does it," Mazo pleaded. "I cut the booze too sudden, Oley. It got me goin' an' I wasn't myself. When that reporter showed me twenty bucks an' give me one slug o' booze, I fell like a ripe apple in a gale. But I won't slip again, Oley. Not a chance. I'm good to go straight through for you now."

"You can't trust him an inch, Eddie," Oley admitted later, "an' I oughta throw him outa camp. But he's helpin' you so much I'm afraid to."

"Let the poor sap stay," Eddie agreed. "It's a bad break that the papers printed the story. But let him stay. He's a wonder, Oley. I learn something new from him every day."

Through the last stages Eddie Riton did not see a newspaper. All the vast publicity organs which trained their guns upon him and the impending battle did so completely without his knowledge. He had reached that point where he felt physical perfection must be augmented by complete mental equanimity. He wanted to enter the ring as perfectly poised and balanced mentally as he was trained physically. To this end he precluded from his daily life all contact with the outer world. Olson very much favored this program and the two were inseparable.

But there was one result which came from this that was portentous. Because of this concentration on their part they missed one thing which Mike Mazo did.

This one thing consisted of a surreptitious conference with a representative of Seale Murphy, Tommy and the Bradford camp. It took place in the cool twilight of the evening. They talked very briefly and the representative of the enemy passed into Mazo's trembling hand a tiny bottle and into his eager ear the promise of substantial financial reward.

Mike Mazo, derelict of the ring, clutched this tiny bottle and secreted it carefully in his clothing. "Don't make no mistakes," he whispered back to the representative. "I won't blow this one, kid. The prize-fight racket never give me nothin' but busted bones an' black eyes. Now I got a chance to cash, an' I'm goin' to do it regardless of who the hell it burns!"

This was the exact status of affairs when fight time arrived and Oley Olson and Mike Mazo climbed into the ring with Eddie Riton, the defending heavyweight champion of the world. Olson was tense there before the multitude, but he also was thoughtful and his eyes were bright with a keen light. Eddie Riton appeared perfectly calm. He smiled at the crowd, waved his hand in answer to their tumultuous cheering. When Bradford entered the ring, he strode all the way across to the man and held forth his hand in a friendly gesture.

Only Mike Mazo was nervous. He was extremely so. He moved buckets needlessly, handled bottles, tossed towels about his shoulder, then transferred them to the ropes of the ring and back again to his shoulder. His hands were unsteady and his gaze shifting. It appeared that his very knees were trembling under him.

As Eddie Riton returned to his own corner he paused momentarily halfway along one of the side ropes of the ring. He leaned over this rope and the crowd sensed that he was speaking to someone outside the ring. That someone they quickly realized was none other than Linda Belledu, and this gesture on the part of the heavyweight champion, coupled with the knowledge that his sweetheart was there to see him defend his title and perhaps marry him as a reward for victory, brought the crowd to its feet and sent them again into wild cheering.

"Here, kid," said Olson, drawing a telegram from his pocket and spreading it out. "Read this just before you cut loose. It was sent here to the stadium an' they give it to me. I kept it for just this time."

The eyes of Eddie Riton fell upon this telegraphic message and he smiled and glanced up at his manager. Then he waved his glove at Linda Belledu seated outside the ring. The message was a simple one:

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The message was from Betty Stanton's father and mother. While Eddie was contemplating this telegram with considerable satisfaction and happiness, he was jerked back, so to speak, to matters of the moment by a raucous and familiar voice which called to him across the ring. Thus attracted, his eyes fell upon the leering countenance of his ex-manager, Tommy. The latter grimaced and his raucous voice rose again.

"So long, punk!" Tommy called. "I'll be right here to carry you back to your corner!"

XXII

THE business of instructions, which took place in the center of the ring, was brief. Olson had taken voice in the matter of referee selection, and Eddie was confident that the official would prove fair to himself.

He listened attentively to the orders which the man laid down. They were to be permitted to hit with one arm free. They could not, however, hold and hit Upon receiving spoken instructions from the official, they must break, and break clean. No hitting on the breakaway was particularly stressed. The referee was concise and to the point.

Both fighters and managers nodded. Then the gladiators returned to their corners and the announcer again reigned supreme during the brief seconds it took to clear lingering celebrities from the ring.

After that there were few formalities. Eddie glanced again at the tense face of Linda Belledu there outside the ring. He hooked his gloved hands over the top rope and flexed his muscles. He rubbed the toes of his boxing shoes in the rosin. Olson had his arm about Eddie's shoulders and with the palm of his hand was massaging the back of his

(Continued on Page 169)

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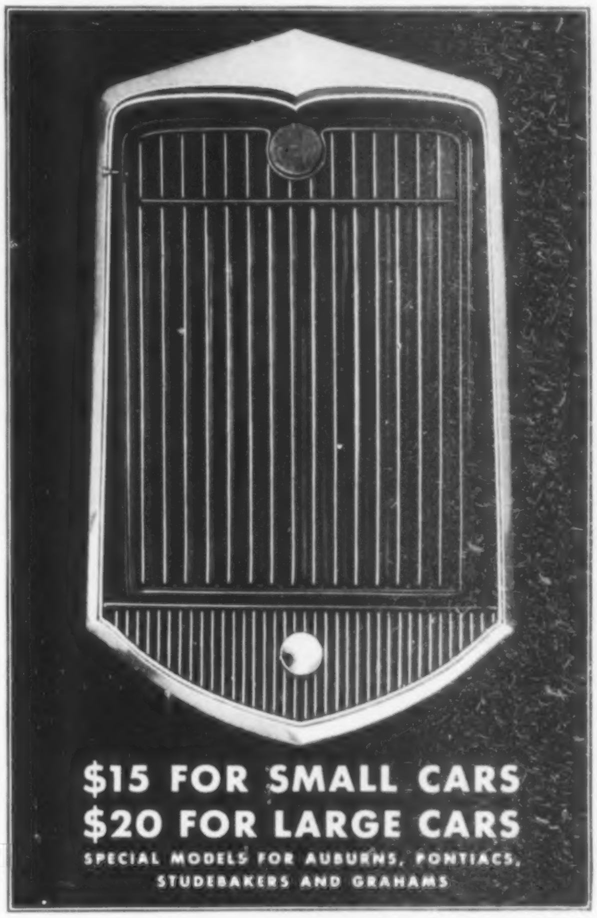
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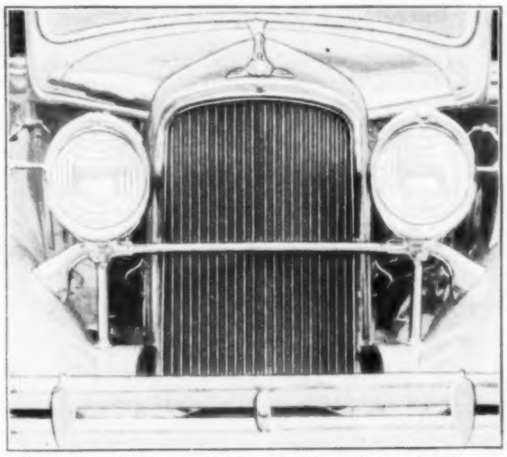

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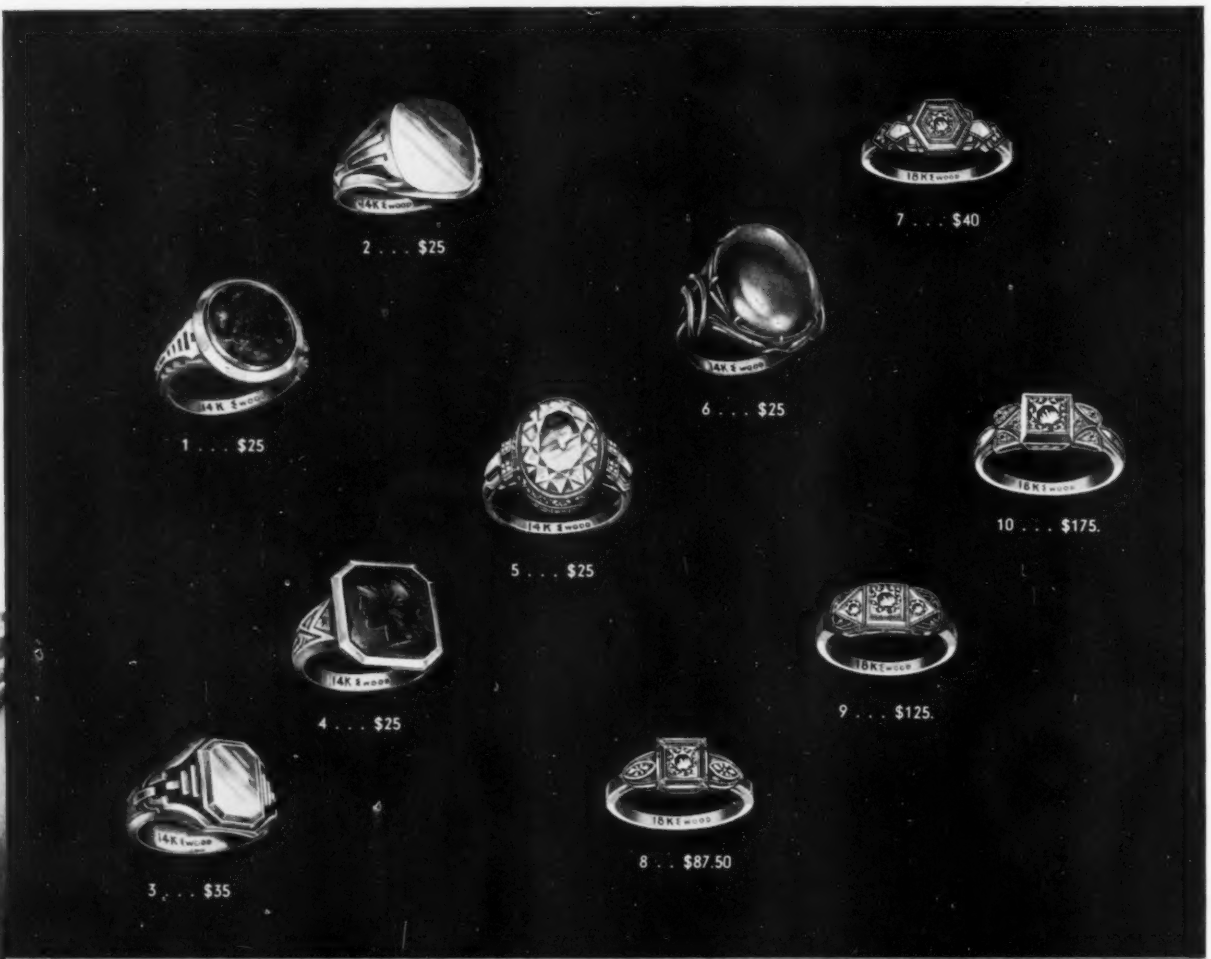

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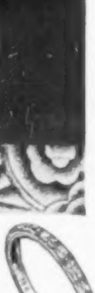

(Continued from Page 166)

neck the while he spoke earnestly into his ear.

"Take your time now, kid," he urged. "Remember that shift with a left shot to the body. An' remember, like Mazo showed you, every time you throw a punch, cock yourself for a second shot with the free hand. Once you get inside Bat's hook, keep him off balance an' punch him straight across the ring. Every time you get in there, keep throwin' punches. When you're outside, stay away from him. Circle for a while to his right, then change suddenly an' circle to his left."

Eddie heard all these words of advice but for some reason seemed impervious to them. All the concentration of his five weeks' training seemed centered now in one small spot. Suddenly he hated Tommy, hated him venomously; wished that it was Tommy he was to fight there in the ring. But despite these emotions, he was cool. His muscles were flexed and ready, his knees under him steady as the foundations of a building

There was nothing of fear or fretfulness in his mind. Those things which lay immediately before him he accepted matter-of-factly. Later, after the fight was over and he read in the newspapers various descriptions of the action of the two men, he found that during this tense period before the first bell, Battling Bradford had acted like a caged tiger, whereas Eddie Riton, the champion, was cool, calm and collected, as a champion should be.

Then the bell rang. Eddie turned to face a wild charge by the confident challenger. A cool vagrant breeze swept down over the roofs of the stadium and across the ring. It greeted him pleasantly, shifted the loose lock of hair which fell over his forehead. He smiled vaguely and side-stepped so that the charging Bradford flew into the ropes and caused a laugh and a disturbance among the newspapermen beneath him.

Though this maneuver placed Bradford in a hittable position and left him at distinct disadvantage, Eddie ignored this fact and continued circling, a calm smile upon his face. This evidence of sportsmanship evoked a cheer from the crowd and sufficed to anger Bradford, so that he whirled from the ropes for still another charge. This time Eddie measured his man well. With a long, spearing left he thrust the charging fighter off so that his chunky arms flew harmlessly by Eddie's head and body, while Eddie's own left hand clunked against Bradford's face with considerable force and frequency.

In this manner the fight opened much as prediction had said it would open: Riton with his speed and boxing skill, Bradford with his strength and charging ferocity. Before the men had been in action a minute it was clear to all about the ringside that the contest would evolve into one of the boxer against the fighter, and they nodded among themselves there and pointed out that invariably the fighter won such contests.

"He's got to hit him sooner or later, if he just keeps tryin'," one of the newspapermen muttered. "And if he hits him Riton'll stay hit."

But throughout that first round Battling Bradford's attempts to land on Eddie Riton's arms or body proved futile. At times Bradford looked foolish. Once Eddie got his man so far off balance that his feet actually crossed, and when Eddie landed a left the Battler went down. He was up, though, before the referee could start to count, and everyone realized that he was not seriously hurt by this knockdown punch.

During the rest period between the first and second rounds Olson counseled Eddie again. "You're goin' along great, kid," he assured him. "That's exactly the kind of a fight to fight. When you get him tangled up an' he goes into a crouch and covers, step back an' completely relax. That'll rest you up. Don't keep workin' all the time. Take every three or four second rest you can get. Step back from him. Keep throwin' your left straight at his face. Sooner or later, when he charges in like that, you can weave under one of those left hooks, slip the punch an' drive your own left and right under the heart. Don't do it, though, till you get a good shot an' got him comin' toward you, so he'll add the force of his own charge to the power of your punch."

Mike Mazo swabbed off Eddie's countenance with a sponge. There was no need for this, for the air of the evening was cool there in the open and Eddie had not begun to perspire by reason of his efforts.

"Don't let the cold water run down my back," the boxer said simply.

This was the only word he uttered during that rest period. He was a man with a mission which words could not achieve.

Olson rubbed his neck and patted his shoulders and talked to him confidently Linda Belledu, as she was known to the audience, looked up at him, and there was pride in her eyes and confidence in her smile.

Eddie stepped calmly forth for the second round. He knew better than anyone else the power of this Battling Bradford. In the clinches in that first round, Bradford's mighty muscles had clamped down upon his own and Eddie had felt the weight and the sheer strength of the man. All the Mike Mazos in the world, he realized, never would save him from annihilation if Bradford managed to land a punch or two. Eddie knew that he was as a man who toys with dynamite.

They met in ring center. The beetling brows of the Battler were knotted on the bridge of his nose. His mighty torso swayed from the hips as he weaved. His flail-like arms beat a constant and terrific tattoo on the atmosphere. Sooner or later, Eddie realized, some of those blows would necessarily come in contact with his flesh. When they did, his stamina and his courage would be put to the test.

So he played carefully with the man; kept away from him and dodged, in spite of the excellent instructions given him by Mike Mazo. Time enough to try that fast shift, with the slipping of these terrific punches, later on, when Eddie was more sure of himself. He was fighting calmly, figuring every angle, fully aware of the fact that absolute defeat rested in each flying fist that Bradford threw in his direction. He did not attempt to deceive himself in this matter. He was perfectly able to gauge the power of those punches and quite content to await a foolproof opportunity before he tried to counter them.

Toward the close of the second round such an opportunity appeared. Eddie, more or less frightened as he did it, slipped a vicious left hook and drove his own left upward toward Bradford's heart exactly as Mazo had instructed him. He slipped Bradford's punch perfectly, but did not properly time the man's charge. The result was that he twisted his wrist against Bat's ribs and did little effectual damage. He heard Mazo call some direction to him and sensed that the trouble had been with his feet rather than his hand.

As a result of this he became self-conscious and let his mind center too much upon getting his feet properly fixed on the floor. This lapse enabled Bradford to land a right-hand punch. The blow struck high on his temple and the lights overhead, it seemed to Eddie, shook upward and downward and rattled in their sockets. The terrific power of this punch sent Eddie into a defensive battle which lasted throughout the next three rounds. The crowd realized what had happened, and, as a result, jeered Eddie and challenged him to go in and fight.

"Don't be too careful, kid," Olson counseled in the rest period preceding the sixth round. "You look a little bad in there. Outspeed him an' don't be sucker enough to trade punches with him. Try slippin' more of his shots. Do like Mike showed you. Don't get excited. You got plenty time. Fifteen rounds is a long route."

"You got a longer reach than he has," Mazo said. "When he goes into that crouch, Eddie, just reach out with your left and push him off balance. Even if you push his head or his shoulders, that's all right. Get him off balance. An' if you happen to get him bad charge in an' sock him."

As he spoke he again wiped Eddie's face with the sponge, and the water was cooling and seemed to revive the fighter.

It was in the seventh round that Eddie took matters into his own hands and drove ahead into his first real offensive. He reached out and pushed Bradford off balance as Mazo had instructed. This angered the battling one and he whirled into a sudden charge. He shot a left hook for Eddie's chin and this punch Eddie slipped perfectly. Instantly he drove his own left hand under Bradford's heart. The delivery of this blow swung his body so that it cocked his right hand for another punch. This punch he also drove under the heart, and Bradford grunted and staggered under the impact. As he took a backward step Eddie followed him and swung his left hand upward so that it crashed against Bradford's jaw.

This time the man's knees buckled and he staggered backward three or four quick steps. The vast crowd burst into a roar of appreciation. However, Bradford was strong and threw both arms around Eddie's body when Eddie charged in upon him, and so held him in a bearlike clinch.

The referee darted to the two fighters and with the palms of his hands slapped Bradford's gloves from under Eddie's arms. Bradford had been clinging desperately so that he might have time to rest and recuperate from those three hard punches. When they were apart again Eddie circled, and this time Bradford was not so anxious to follow. They were moving slowly about ring center when the bell rang ending the round.

Mike Mazo's clear eyes and pallid face were alert with understanding when Eddie returned after that round.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked. "Didn't I tell you you could sock that bimbo? I guess he learned somethin' in that little swat fest all right!"

Olson joined in this admiring conversation: "You're great, kid. You timed that out to perfection. Nobody's goin' to take that kind of punishment very long. Take plenty of time. If you don't catch him with that shift again next round, then you will the next, or the tenth or the twelfth. You got all the time in the world. An' you're

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beatin' this guy so far that he ain't even in the same ring with you! Work on him just like you did on Flaker, Eddie."

"He's strong, this Bradford," Eddie said simply. "I hit him three beautiful punches there and all I did was bend his knees."

"Yeah," Olson assured him confidently, "but three more an' his knees'll stay bent."

"I was just beginning to get my second wind when that round ended, Oley," Eddie said.

Immediately Olson sat the fighter erect in his corner and both himself and Mazo set up a violent massaging of the abdominal muscles and the diaphragm.

As they worked Olson said, "Keep away from him this round, Eddie. Don't go anywhere near him Don't give him a chance to drop in one of those hooks on your body. This will be your bad round, kid, if you're just gettin' second wind. Take your time. Work fast at the start, so's he won't suspect what's happenin'. But step back a lot and bicycle. Keep yourself relaxed. Breathe deep when you get a chance."

As a result of this advice the audience took to booing Riton during the next round. They could not understand why, after staggering Bradford as he had done, he did not now go out ferociously to finish his man. Instead, he did bicycle and circle slowly about the ring. He slipped along the ropes and weaved gently from his hips. He worked almost entirely with his left hand, jabbing it into Bradford's face as the other fighter charged in trying to get to close quarters. When the round was half over he began to feel better. His breathing was becoming more easy and he felt that his heart and his liver and the other organs of his body were functioning in accordance with second-wind requirements. The feeling of congestion in the diaphragm was fading and new strength came running into his veins and muscles.

Toward the end of the round, Tommy, ever the smart manager, called out to Bradford and ordered the fighter to dash in and finish his man; pile in with every ounce of strength and fighting power he could summon while Eddie was handicapped. Bradford did his best to carry out these instructions, but as a result of his efforts he opened his defense in such a way that Eddie landed a sharp right cross above the left eye and a cut appeared there, and Bradford stepped back nervously, a look of concern upon his features.

During that rest period Olson, smiling, told Eddie that the next round would be his big round But he instantly warned the youngster not to try to knock Bradford out, even though things came well for him.

"He'll get his second wind this round, kid," the manager said. "It began to get him just as he tried to finish you when Tommy hollered at him. Tommy may be the best manager in the world, but he don't know how to rub a guy when his second wind's comin' along. I'm watchin' him even as I talk to you. Play on Bat's body for the first minute and a half of the round, Eddie. If you get anywhere with that, try a right cross to the chin. If he blocks that, go into that shift again an' give him plenty under the heart."

All this worked out as the fight progressed. The ninth round was probably the roughest that Battling Bradford had to contend with throughout the fight. Coördination seemed to have left him. He acted tired, lethargic. His feet dragged and it was obvious that his arms were heavy, as though each of his boxing gloves weighed pounds. Eddie opened the cut over his eye again and three times staggered the man with punches to the side of the head. Once he rushed him into the ropes and so vicious was his attack that Bradford was pushed through and tumbled outside them to the edge of the ring platform

While the crowd howled their delight at this terrific action, Eddie reached through the ropes and assisted the man back into the ring. Then, after he had squared away, he continued his violent attack, beating Bradford about the head, the shoulders and the body. It was a weary, a tired and a somewhat discouraged Battling Bradford who went to his corner at the end of that round.

But he came up strong for the tenth. They battled the first forty seconds of this round toe to toe. This was a mistaken policy on Eddie's part and Olson called to him repeatedly, though such calling violated the rules, warning him to get back, to keep away. This, however, Eddie had to learn for himself, and the method of learning it was an expensive one. Bradford, for the first time in the fight, hit Eddie with a left hook on the side of the head, and Eddie went down and took a four count.

When he rose it was against his own judgment, and certainly against that of Olson, for his head was not entirely clear and his knees had a rubbery feeling which he found it difficult to control. Had Bradford been a smarter fighter he might easily have finished Eddie, even that early in the fight. But he was not smart and he missed this great opportunity, while Eddie, through superior thinking and speed, managed to keep out of harm's way.

"You can't do that, Eddie," Olson warned him repeatedly when, with great relief, he received him back into the corner and began reviving him by the use of smelling salts and ice water. "I tell you, you can't do that. Don't trade punches with that blacksmith. Your best bet is to keep away from him. Don't think about knockin' him out. Outpoint him, kid. Outsmart him. Outdance him. Use your long reach, an' now and then, when a good chance comes along, slip inside his punch an' sock him that three-way trick."

"I thought I had him there, Oley," Eddie admitted through short, deep breaths. "I thought I had him on the run."

"Don't be a mug," Mike Mazo ventured.

"Box him, box him, box him," Olson repeated over and over again. "Keep away from him, kid. You're outtimin' him now, an' outsmartin' him too. You haven't got very many more rounds to go an' you're miles in front. The only way he can win is on a knockout. You're doin' a thousand per cent better than I ever hoped you'd do. The fight is in the bag for you if you'll just stay smart. Don't fight him. Don't get close. Don't get proud of yourself."

But not all the generalship in that ring centered in Eddie Riton's corner. Tommy himself was smart and knew that the fight was slipping away from his challenger unless the tide of battle changed. Accordingly, in the eleventh round, he sent Bradford out to fight as he never had fought before. From the beginning of the round, Bradford battered Eddie Riton's arms, shoulders and head.

(Continued on Page 173)

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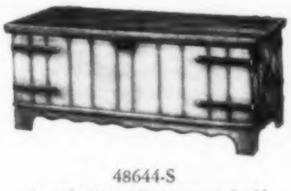

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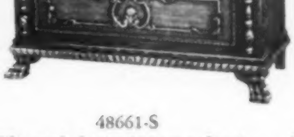

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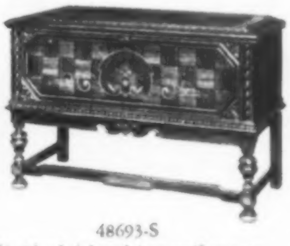

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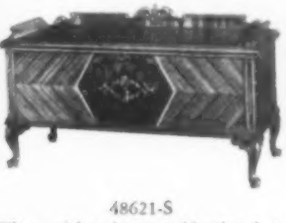

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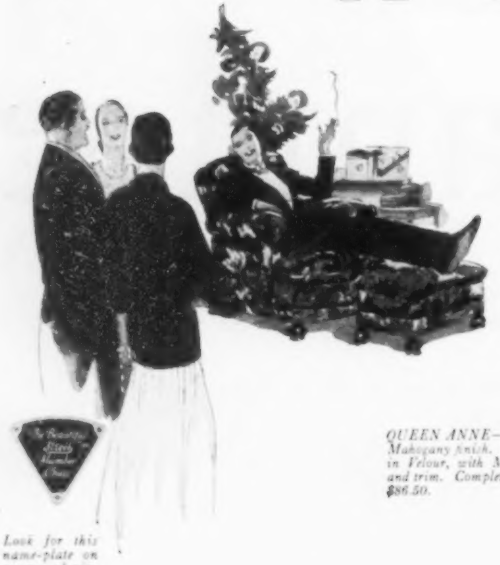

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Notice how the seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body.

The Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair

(Continued from Page 170)

He fought like a whirling dervish. Never for an instant was he quiet, and of all the punches which he directed at Eddie, it was inevitable that a few of them should land. Eddie's lips showed a moist crimson. A bruise appeared under his left eye. Once or twice during the round he became dazed and confused, and could not orient himself or think clearly. Every instant of his time was centered in fending off this terrific attack, and Bradford took the round by a wide margin.

During this terrific action Linda Belledu found it impossible to keep her eyes upon the two men in the ring. For the first time since the fight began she became apprehensive for the defeat of her sweetheart. Nothing that Eddie did seemed to stem the tide of defeat that was enveloping him. At the end of the round the crowd was in a turmoil. They anticipated a knockout in the immediate future and with this knockout the crowning of a new heavyweight champion.

"Keep cool, kid," Olson counseled when they were back in the corner. "By any way of scorin' in the world, you're still miles in front. The best they can give Bradford is the round he knocked you down in and this last one. Don't forget, when you get tired, boy, he's just as tired. Mebbe more so. He's workin' harder'n you are. He can't keep that pace up forever. Try to stay away from him. Outspeed him. Outbox him. An' when you get a chance, slip those swings and pommel his body."

Throughout the first two minutes of the twelfth round Bradford maintained that windmill pace and Eddie suffered accordingly. Once Eddie was on the point of dropping to his knees when the next punch landed, so that he might benefit by a nine count. His gloves suddenly were become heavy. His head spun and the perspiration that streamed over his face bit into the pores and stung there for some reason which he could not fathom.

Once Bradford's crushing right landed against Eddie's side and the champion knew a definite nausea, which for a second threatened to overcome him. The crowd had gone mad with excitement. They stood upon their seats and bellowed encouragement to this man who bid so dramatically for the greatest laurels of the prize ring. Many there were, doubtless, who looked with sympathy upon a fading champion whose best efforts succeeded only in enabling him to slip along the ropes, weave, dodge, side-step, and avoid such punishment as he could.

But even Bradford must slow from the terrific pace he was setting. The last minute of this twelfth round his punches became fewer, and when Eddie stepped back the Battler was not so anxious to follow. Because he was instinctively a fighter, Eddie knew that this was the time for him to offset at least some of the advantage gained by Bradford. Accordingly, though he was weary beyond description, he promptly went on the offensive. His left jab set up a tattoo against Bradford's battered countenance. Twice he tried one-two punches, and with one of these sent his right crashing against Bradford's sore eye, and the challenger half spun around. Now the crowd was gone mad and their cheering roused Bradford. He attempted to match Riton's offensive.

Therein he made the mistake of throwing a wild left hook once more. Eddie was set to slip this punch as Mazo had shown him, and again Bradford had to absorb a left under the heart which lifted sharply upward to the chin, followed by a terrific right smash under the heart. This time the challenger hurtled into the ropes and covered there against further damage. Eddie followed him in and was pounding him upon the back when the bell rang, ending the round.

"He didn't have much on you in that round, after all," Olson assured Eddie as he worked over him feverishly. "Sponge off his face there, Mike," he instructed Mazo. "Give him plenty of water around the back of the neck. Slip that cake of ice behind his ears and hold it there a few minutes."

"How about a whiff of smellin' salts, kid?" Mazo queried.

Eddie nodded and Mazo passed the smelling salts near his nostrils. The pungent fumes cleared his brain and the cool water on his shoulders served to revive him.

"Now," Olson said again, "he didn't win that one by much. When a guy winds up helpless on the ropes at the end of a round, they can't very well give him credit for winnin' it. But don't slug with him too much. Stay away, Eddie. Pace yourself and outspeed this guy. That's your only chance. Just remember that any minute you're in there swappin' punches, he's apt to connect clean. The minute he does, you'll go out like a light. Don't kid yourself about this. You got the championship held tight if you just use your bean. How do you feel—fairly strong?"

"No," Eddie admitted. "No, Oley, I'm about all in."

"Well," Olson answered, "you do feel pretty lousy, I suppose. It sure must cheer you up to realize how that guy feels! He's worse off'n you are. Just use your bean. Use your bean every second. Keep away. Keep away. Box him. Box him. Box him."

If Olson's remarks lacked coherence, they made up for this deficiency by their earnestness and the power of repetition. At least twenty times he repeated that Eddie must keep away from this Battling Bradford, outspeed him, outbox him and outsmart him.

Both men showed evidences of the terrific action that had just taken place. The thirteenth round saw them boxing more carefully. Each was tired. At this sort of warfare, Eddie had the distinct edge. He walked off with this round by a very comfortable margin. His left bounced against Bradford's face and now and then he found it possible to slip inside with rights to the body or left hooks to Bradford's suffering chin. Once, before the bell ending this round, Eddie found it possible to land a solid left under the heart, and he knew that Bradford winced under this punch and that it cost him considerable in strength.

The fourteenth was a round destined to live long in the memories of the fans. Bradford made his great bid in that round and fought as he had a few rounds previously. Not for a single instant did the man stop throwing his punches, and to the vast audience this looked like a triumph for him. But to Eddie, there in the ring, who felt those punches and had to weave under them or block them, it was clear that Bradford's strength was somewhat on the wane. His blows lacked their old power and snap, and they did not come so fast. Bradford was slower in starting them, had difficulty in keeping his balance with his feet solidly under him.

At the close of this next-to-last round Eddie was very distinctly tired, but as he walked to his corner he managed to glance out over the ropes, locate Betty Stanton there and flash her a smile of confidence. As he seated himself in the corner Olson set to work upon him once more.

"I'm going to win, Oley," Eddie said slowly. "I'm going to win. Nothing can stop me this last round. He's as well shot as I am, and I've got the speed. I told you I could beat him. I always told you I could."

Olson interrupted with more directions; warned Eddie against overconfidence, assured him that no matter what happened in this last round, Bradford could not win the fight unless it was by a complete knock-out.

"The most they can give him, kid," he said, "is four rounds. I figger only three The rest of 'em are on your side of the ledger. But don't get fresh. Don't try to beat this guy by a knock-out. Don't swap punches with him. Just go out an' box him. Outthink him. Outspeed him Kid, you've done the biggest thing a heavyweight ever did in beatin' this Bradford. I never was so proud of anybody in my life. All this time you been right an' I been wrong. Don't throw it all away by gettin' fresh with only three minutes to go."

It was while these two talked in this manner that Mike Mazo's trembling fingers reached within his clothing to the secret receptacle there and drew forth the tiny bottle. The contents of this bottle he spilled over the sponge with which he had been sopping Eddie's head. As the fluid spread, Mazo suddenly dashed the sponge full into Eddie's face. Instantly the fighter swung free of his chair, whirled around and uttered a sharp exclamation of pain and surprise. The lights over the ring danced before him and shimmered there in a hazy blur. Before anyone sensed what had happened Mike Mazo dropped the sponge into the bucket and slid between the ropes and out of the ring.

"My eyes!" Eddie called to his manager. "My eyes, Oley. It's mustard or ammonia! I can't see!"

Olson instantly took a towel and did what he could to repair the damage. As he worked frantically he called to the referee and brought that official to the corner. The referee stepped quickly to one of the judges at the side of the ring but that official refused to take a definite stand. The brief rest period passed quickly and no decision had been reached. Eddie took it upon himself, however, to settle matters.

"I'll answer the bell, Oley," he said. "I'll answer it and do my best. I'm afraid of Scale Murphy and Tommy. If I don't answer it, they'll give the fight and the championship to Bradford."

"But you can't fight," Olson howled. "How can a man fight when he can't see? Your eyes are streamin' water like fire hoses!"

"I want to try," Eddie insisted. "I want to try, Oley. Get out of the way when that bell rings. We'll do our complaining if I lose."

The timekeeper, reckoning affairs only in the medium of seconds, clanged the bell promptly upon the sixtieth second of the rest period. Hearing it, Eddie Riton cast Olson and the referee aside, rose and answered the bell. He could not see clearly even the faces in the press row, so he crouched and covered and Bradford charged down upon him with the velocity of a locomotive.

Eddie Riton never had a very clear recollection of what happened through the cataclysmic three minutes of that

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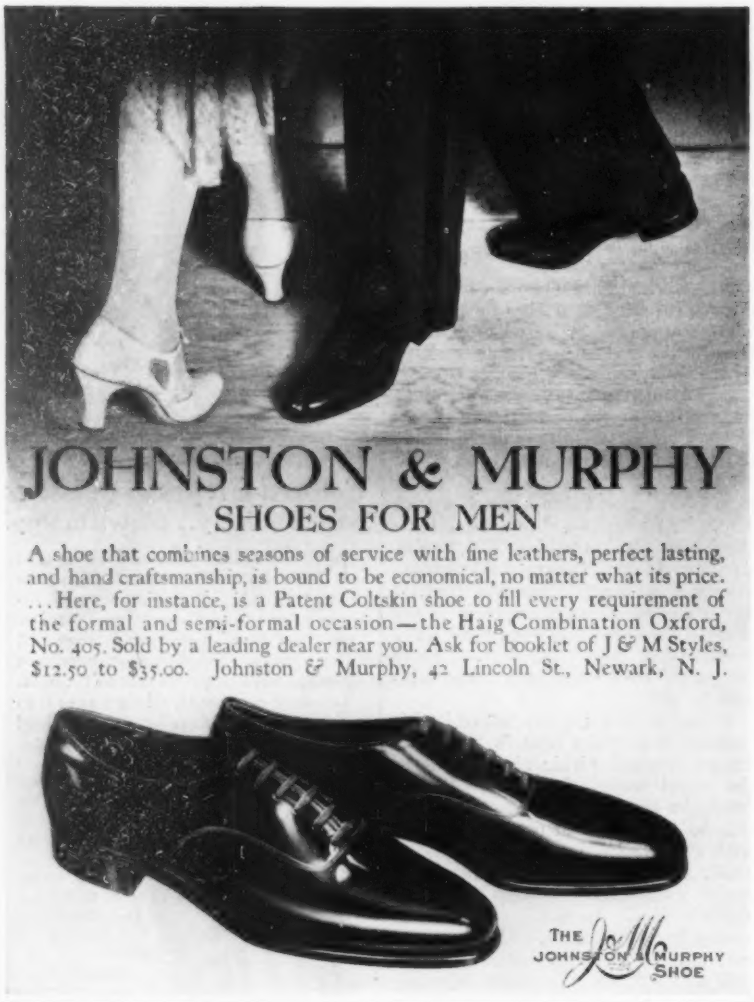

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final round. The lights overhead seared his eyes with unspeakable pain. Battling Bradford, fighting like a demon, was visible to him only at infrequent intervals.

He felt, thudding against his body and his head, the terrific blows of his opponent. The audience, not realizing what had happened, came to the conclusion that Bradford finally had landed his terrific punch and now was battling in a final frantic effort to gain the heavyweight championship through a knockout. Scarcely had the round got under way when Eddie was down from a right to the head. He crouched on one knee from the count of four until nine, then rose. When Bradford came close he staggered Eddie with a left to the body. But Eddie caught his arm and swung Bradford within his own reach, and they stood shoulder to shoulder and toe to toe and traded punches there as no two heavyweights ever had traded punches. To the amazement of all concerned, it was Bradford who backed away.

Everything was hazy to Eddie. His mind seemed a dull lump, conscious of but one thought, and that was to punch and fight and wait. He was down again in the first minute of the round, and the tumultuous uproar of the crowd made a din through which no coherent thoughts came to him. But he could see and hear vaguely the count of the referee, for the man swung his right arm up and down as each count was tolled off. At nine he rose again. It did not seem to him that he was particularly weak; merely dizzy and numb.

He hooked his arms protectingly about his chin and stood there until he could locate Bradford by the man's own charge against him. Bradford came in and again set up that terrific, agonizing, pounding of shoulders and body and head. Eddie flung out one arm in an attempt to catch the man and clinch again. His eyes were streaming so that he could not see to direct a punch of his own. Bradford, however, avoided this gesture and hooked for Eddie's head. By some stroke of fate Eddie happened to see this punch, and he slipped it and stepped in, just as Mike Mazo had taught him, with those three driving punches—two to the body and one to the chin.

His luck was true to him at this point, for the left hook to the chin was exactly the one with which he had hit Billy Walton back in the Manazita Club. It landed full upon Bradford's unprotected face. The man staggered back, and reports later said that had Riton been able to see him, he perhaps could have knocked him out in the next few seconds.

Eddie, however, could not see his man and simply had to wait and rub his eyes while Bradford recovered from the effects of this blow and under the wild urging of Tommy back in his corner, charged once more to try to finish the heavyweight champion.

No gamer exhibition ever was given than that given by Eddie Riton during those last terrible three minutes. Four times he took a count of nine, and three times shorter counts; in this manner, stalling along and doing his best to live out the three-minute period. But he was on his feet at the end, though he did not hear the bell. His eye had been cut, his cheek bruised and both sides of his body were almost plum-colored from the pommeling Bradford had administered.

But he was up. He was against the ropes, leering unseeingly across the ring, his hands raised, ready to go on with the battle, when that final bell rang.

He did, in fact, strike blindly at Olson when the manager came to get him, and it was not until Olson slipped within his arms and shouted in his ear that Eddie recognized him and knew that the fight was over.

"Was I knocked out?" he mumbled. "Tell me, Oley, did he finish me?"

Before Olson could make coherent answer they were back in Eddie's corner and Eddie felt a softer hand than ever before had caressed him.

He heard dimly the cheers and the shouts of the thousands and thousands of people as Linda Belledu mounted to his corner and leaned unafraid across the top rope and kissed his bruised cheek.

Olson administered smelling salts and put some soothing bandage over Eddie's eyes. Linda clung tight to his sodden glove. While the crowd milled wildly around the vast stadium the announcer came into the ring and walked thoughtfully, first to the referee, then to each of the judges, and so gathered the decision.

He paused a moment, unseen by Eddie Riton, there under the great glaring light. A hush fell over the multitude, followed almost instantly by a pandemoniac roar of recognition. It was all confusing to Eddie. He was sure of nothing.

He heard someone holler, "You win! You're the champ!"

He presumed that this was meant for Battling Bradford. Then the announcer came to him and despite the soft bandage over his eyes, dragged him to ring center, and he felt his right hand raised, so acclaiming him still champion of the world.

(THE END)

FORE!

(Continued from Page 52)

twenty-five yards in the direction of the first green.

"Straight as a die," said Mr. Bullfinch with an admiring nod. "Give me a straight ball every time. Y'understand what I mean? Direction. No matter how fast a man could run, if he went in the wrong direction from where he was headed he should better be walking backwards."

The frayed edges of the gray mustache belonging to the president of Consolidated Tobacco quivered with obvious pleasure.

"Direction does help," he confessed.

"It's everything. Positively everything," Mr. Bullfinch assured him magnanimously.

Mr. Peterson reached into the upper pocket of his gray sweater coat and produced two small light-colored cigars.

"Smoke?" he inquired. "You need a fresh one."

"With pleasure Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Your shot, Sparks!" shouted Mr. Brodie.

"All quiet on the tee," Hubert J. K. warned them with mock seriousness as he stepped forward. "Here is direction, plus."

His ball fell, in a drooping slice, into a trap two hundred yards down the fairway to the right.

"You came across the ball," Mr. Bullfinch advised him.

(Continued on Page 177)

THREE WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART

AND ways to a man's heart are always important — particularly at Christmas time. For how often you have said: "I wish I knew what to get for Dad and Jim and Bill."

Now you know. For the Puritan sweaters shown find a happy echo in any man's heart — and at surprisingly moderate prices. They're real man style—in smartness, comfort and color. And the Puritan guarantee of 100% virgin wool and double strength two-ply yarn makes a Puritan gift a lasting gift.

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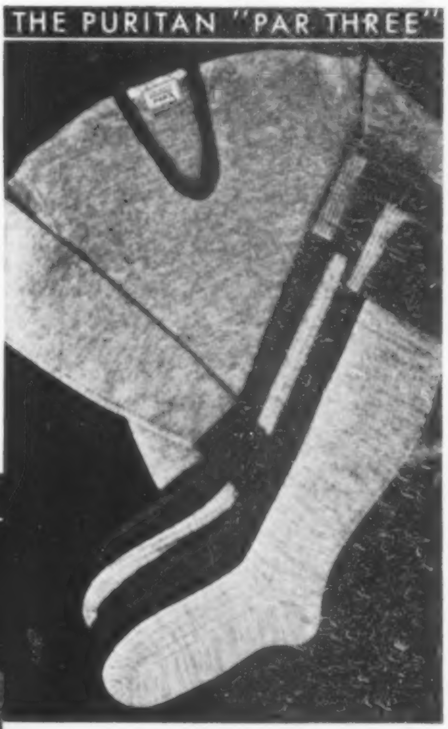

THE PURITAN V KOTE

(Above) The Puritan "Par Three"
The Christmas answer to the Golfer's prayer

(Left) The Puritan V Kote for a V Note
Any man's idea of a real Christmas gift

(Lower Left) The Puritan Modernist
An all-around present for all-around fellows

THE PURITAN MODERNIST

The Puritan "Par Three"—A soft, fleecy U-neck pull-over sweater with two pairs of golf hose. One pair matches the sweater itself—the other the sweater's trim. Entire set 100% virgin wool — double strength two-ply yarn. In a striking variety of smart colors and shades. And when the dealer tells you the price, you'll really be surprised.

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The Puritan V Kote—A knit jacket that combines good looks with the ease so much desired. The V Kote answers for every sport—and relaxed moments about the home. Never sags—never binds. 100% virgin wool, double strength two-ply yarn. In a striking array of colors. The Puritan V Kote for a V Note — $5.00 everywhere. The original quality sweater coat at the $5.00 price.

PURITAN

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"PAR THREE"

— three ways to a man's heart

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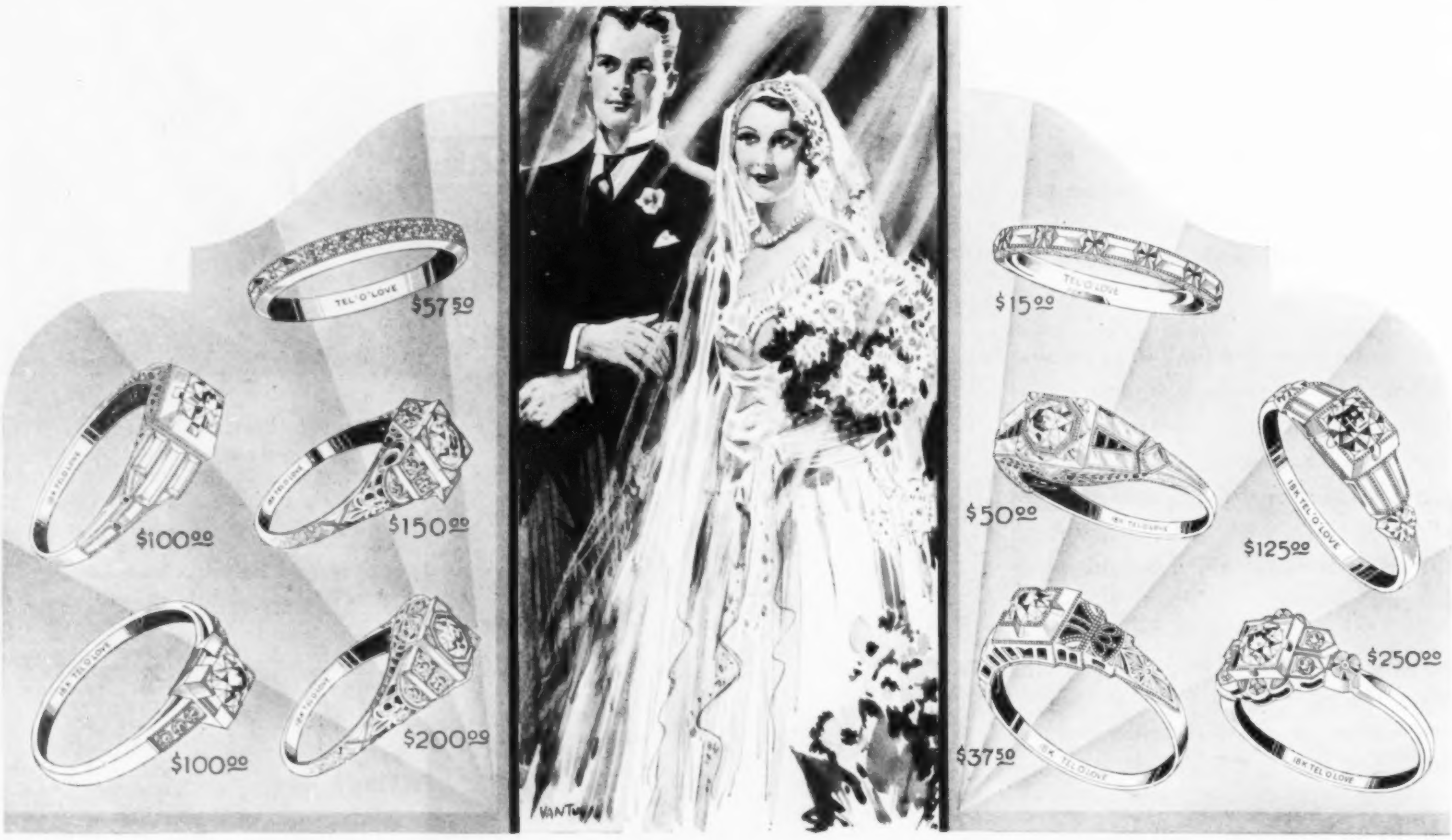

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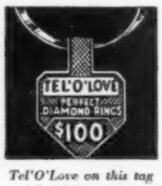

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Think of all this *before* you buy a diamond ring. Remember Tel'O'Love offers you a wide assortment of exquisite designs in the most modern mountings at prices ranging from $25 to $300 . . . . plus a written guarantee which assures you of a perfect diamond and a definite trade-in value. Ask your Tel'O'Love jeweler.

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MACK M. BURNSTINE . . . *Creator of Tel'O'Love Perfect Diamond Rings* . . . Arcade Building . . . Saint Louis

(Continued from Page 174)

Mr. Brodie, about to grin, sensed the eyes of the valued client upon him and coughed violently.

They came together again at the first green.

"How many, partner?" inquired Mr. Brodie.

"Four. It would have been three, Brodie, only I used a spoon when I should have used an iron."

"We lie alike," the thin man told him. "Mr. Brodie lies two and Sparks three."

Hubert J. K. was away, thirty-five feet of rolling green before him.

"Watch this, gentlemen," he called out.

The ball came steadily for the hole, seemed to hesitate at the top of the last little rise, and then rolled gently down into the cup.

"I could tell, from the way you stroked that ball, it was going in," Mr. Bullfinch told him calmly.

Mr. Brodie, with a twenty-footer, came next. The ball trickled a foot beyond the cup and stopped.

"Try playing it more off your right foot," Mr. Bullfinch advised him kindly.

Robert Lee Peterson studied the line of his putt carefully. Then, dangling like a great spider over a little white pill, he stroked his ball over nine feet of sloping green to the edge of the hole, where for a full moment it seemed to teeter uncertainly.

"Damn!" swore the head of Consolidated Tobacco.

"They ought to watch the grass around these cups," said Mr. Bullfinch. "That ball should have been in. A dirty shame, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Your shot, Mr. Bullfinch," his partner shouted.

The Bullfinch ball lay two and one half feet from the pin, on a straight line to the hole. That gentleman, with a slight grunt, knelt behind the ball and studied the situation carefully. Then he arose, wiped both fleshy palms on his white linen pants and putted. The ball rolled six inches and stopped.

The president of Wet Smacks, Inc., swung about and eyed his partner coldly.

"After this, don't shout at me just when I am about to play. Y'understand what I mean, Brodie? It makes me nervous."

"Sorry," murmured his partner humbly. "We need your next shot for a half."

"Don't I know it?" snapped Mr. Bullfinch.

At this critical moment of customer-client relationship, the thin tones of Mr. Peterson broke the tension.

"We concede the putt."

As they walked toward the second tee, Mr. Bullfinch fell in beside the new-business manager of the Atlas Advertising Agency.

"That's the way I like to play golf," he confided. "With gentlemen like your friend. Not that I wouldn't have made the putt, y'understand, Sparks, but it was the sportsmanship of the thing. By the way, I didn't get the name of your friend when ——"

Something happened to one of Mr. Sparks' feet. He pitched forward with a wild clawing of air. It was not until Mr. Bullfinch was ready to drive that he fully recovered.

Mr. Bullfinch looped a fierce hook in the general direction of a small pine wood far to the left, and eyed the dark green shadows into which the ball had disappeared so blithely with a plaintive stare.

"Ain't that tough?" he ejaculated. "If I had kept my left shoulder down a coupla more inches, that ball would be two hundred yards straight down the course."

II

AS THE match progressed it became a duel between William Alexander Brodie's sterling golf, offset by his client's terrific wildness, and Hubert J. K. Sparks' occasional brilliance, plus his partner's straight—but weak—game.

At the short fourth, the Brodie-Bullfinch combination became one down when Mr. Bullfinch dropped four balls into the small pond in front of the tee before he discovered that he was standing too far ahead of the ball, thus proving that he had not been toeing in on the first ball as he had suspected; that he had not been placing too much weight on his right foot, as the second plop had hinted; that he had been wrong when, as the third ball scuttled down the hill to the water, he was sure he was gripping his mashie too tightly.

Though he had only a casual nod for his partner's perfect mashie-niblick to the green, he had a number of complimentary things to say about the tall, thin man's use of the driver to reach the same spot.

"It's a wise man that knows his own limitations," he declared oracularly. "It ain't how you get there, y'understand; it's do you get there that counts."

"My own theory exactly," Mr. Peterson agreed, his mustache clearly indicating his appreciation of his opponent's discernment. "We older men get to understand that, don't we? Now take your own case. You know every mistake you make."

Smiling broadly, Mr. Bullfinch produced a pair of his famous long, black cigars.

"Have another smoke," he invited cordially.

The tall man took it with a little nod. "You must come over some day and play my course. These—these young men here are all right once in a while, but they set too swift a pace."

Mr. Bullfinch's smile broadened to an engulfing grin.

"I should be dee-lighted, Mr.—Mr ——"

"They're coming up on the tee behind us," cried Mr. Brodie. "You're away, Mr. Bullfinch."

As the boy put the flag back in the cup, Hubert J. K. Sparks managed to get in a quickly muttered aside to his associate.

"For heaven's sake keep this mutual-admiration society apart," he commanded. "If Bullfinch ever finds out now—good night!"

"If it would only rain, or snow, or something," prayed his associate.

By the aid of two successive pars on the long five-hundred-and-eighty-yard seventh and the tricky eighth, Mr. Brodie and his partner came to the turn one up.

Mr. Bullfinch was in high good humor. A half-topped pitch shot to the green had run up to within six inches of the cup—thereby proving, as Mr. Bullfinch explained to his lanky opponent, that in golf, as in baseball, a good grounder was equal to a good fly.

"Though if I hadn't looked up I would have got the same result with a pitch shot," he went on brightly.

"Of course you would," agreed Mr. Peterson warmly.

"Just like that shot you made on No. 6." Mr. Bullfinch rolled his eyes in admiration. "Never did I see a prettier approach. Just like a bird to its nest. Beautiful."

"If I only had your strength," mourned his opponent, but his mustache quivered.

Mr. Bullfinch matched his lament with equal feeling.

"If I only had your direction."

"Get the dovecot ready," whispered Mr. Sparks to his associate.

"We'll need an ambulance, if Bullfinch ever finds out the truth," Mr. Brodie assured him.

Ahead, having painstakingly noted the respective scores for the first nine holes, the tall, lanky man issued a reedy comment on golf on its relationship to human nature. Mr. Brodie dropped his driver in his agitation. The sweat stood out on Mr. Sparks' salmon brow.

"For instance," Mr. Peterson pointed out, "we have built up a mutuality of interest in nine holes of golf which we might never have attained in a business way."

The president of Wet Smacks, Inc., nodded forcefully. "Ain't it the truth? Nothing in the world is there like golf for fellowship. Just what I said to Brodie, didn't I, Brodie? For instance, how could a man like the fresh air an' the sunshine an' the birds an' still stick a knife in the back of somebody that never did anything to him? Y'understand what I mean? Like I said to Brodie here; how could I be the kind of a man that always counts my strokes in golf an' at the same time, y'understand, kick my ball out of the tall grass in business?"

"In other words, golf brings out a man's true nature," assented Mr. Peterson.

"Exactly. Take your case. After nine holes I could tell how you play business as well as golf. Not like one of these cheap, dirty tobac——" Mr. Brodie swung around hurriedly as his partner began to gasp. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

Mr. Brodie fanned his face feebly.

"I—I—I swallowed my gum," he croaked, truthfully.

Hubert J. K. Sparks pounded him violently on the back.

"A man should have more control of himself," observed Mr. Bullfinch tartly.

For a moment Mr. Brodie stared at him. "Control?" He repeated the word with the swiftly rising inflection of approaching hysteria. Then he began to laugh.

III

A MAN cannot carry the burden of responsibility entailed by the absolute necessity of keeping a highly valued client from learning that his newly acquired bosom friend is, in reality, a detested business foe, and still play lower-eighties golf. On the thirteenth green, the strain of keeping ever on the alert to shout, to cough, to see imaginary foursomes coming up in the rear, to push caddies together and then rush forward to stop the fight, proved too great for human endurance. Under the reproachful eye of his partner, Mr. Brodie missed a short putt which evened the match, and sent his next drive screaming into the rough.

"Away off on your timing," Mr. Bullfinch counseled him. "You act like a man that has a ninety-day note to pay off."

Mr. Bullfinch dropped his own ball into the creek, a scant fifty yards from the tee.

"You see?" he pointed out. "You see what happens? I am thinking of how bad your timing is an' I throw my own all off."

On the fourteenth, an easy par three, Mr. Brodie, still weighed down by the cares of business and the growing coldness of his partner, as he dubbed stroke after stroke, dumped his ball into a trap beside the green and holed out in five.

When SHE is still dressing at 9 for an 8:30 show... start the Crosley ROAMIO

Such primping! Will she ever be ready? Missed the whole first act by this time! etc., etc., etc. You know you can't hurry her, but you can enjoy yourself while waiting. Just start your CROSLEY ROAMIO Automobile Radio Receiving Set. That fight you wanted to see is coming in just as though you had a ringside seat. Side-splitting jokes—latest song hits—symphonies—all at your finger-tips with a CROSLEY ROAMIO. And instead of being nervous and irritable, you'll start the evening off in the highest of spirits—ready to have the time of your life.

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The CROSLEY ROAMIO can quickly and easily be installed in your car no matter what its make. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash entirely out of the way. It will give you hours of satisfying pleasure and delightful relaxation. Consider too, that the price of this marvelous set is amazingly low. Go to your nearest Crosley dealer today—see the CROSLEY ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it. Or write for circular and name of nearest Crosley distributor who will arrange for installation. The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

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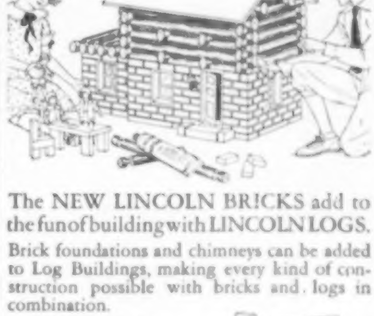

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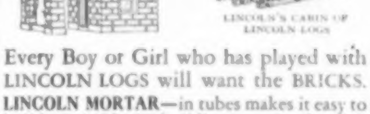
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BASED upon years of experience with subscription offers similar to this, two out of three who write us will neither win nor lose—principally because they will not take advantage of the friendly opportunity we give them.

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If you want extra money—fifty or so would be fine for Christmas, wouldn't it?—just mail the coupon above. Then join the happy "third" who, even without experience, will earn many extra dollars.

"That makes us two down, Brodie," his partner observed coldly.

As they walked toward the fifteenth tee, William Alexander Brodie dropped back and gripped Mr. Sparks' arm. "Listen," he whispered tensely. "Take it easy. You know how Bullfinch is; he can't bear to lose anything."

Mr. Sparks laughed mirthlessly, deep down in his throat. He made a motion indicative of cutting one's throat with neatness and dispatch.

"That's my tip on Peterson," he shot back. "Can't bear to lose either. What's your plan?"

"Bring 'em in even," hissed his associate. "The old besarks!"

In order to lose the next hole it was necessary for the head of the new-business department of the Atlas Advertising Agency to play his chip shot over the green to a trap.

"You should have played it safe," Mr. Peterson snapped.

"Sorry," mumbled his partner.

Mr. Peterson blew through his mustache and nodded shortly.

The sixteenth was halved when both Mr. Sparks and Mr. Brodie missed short putts, Hubert J. K. because of his promise, his associate because of the continuing strain.

The seventeenth hole of the Seekowkie Country Club is a long par four with a sharp dog leg to the right. With the menacing eye of his business associate upon him, Mr. Sparks drove his ball deep into the woods at the beginning of the angle. His partner, jaw clenched, popped straight down the fairway.

"Beautiful," applauded Mr. Bullfinch.

Due, absolutely, to faulty wrists, Mr. Bullfinch's ball scampered off the tee, dived into the tall grass, hit a large bowlder and leaped high in the air, finally to rest on the edge of the fairway.

"That took steam," applauded Mr. Peterson.

William Alexander Brodie put every ounce of power he possessed into a mighty slice which curved around the edge of the wood, like a wheeling swallow, and ran straight for the unseen green.

Mr. Bullfinch grunted his approval. "You kept your head down that time."

He even smiled at his advertising counsel when that gentleman's birdie three cinched the hole and left the match even, with one hole to play.

The last hole got off to a flying start all the way around. Mr. Sparks' long, straight drive won the approval of his partner's mustache in no uncertain fashion.

The same mustache extended itself in pride when its owner, instead of sending his ball high into the air, shot a low ball straight for the direction flag atop a little knoll to the left of the clubhouse.

Mr. Bullfinch slapped his new-found friend on the back. "That one didn't go up in Minnie's room!" he shouted enthusiastically. "A wow! A positive wow, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Brodie is shooting," hissed Mr. Sparks.

Mr. Bullfinch's frown, germinating quickly at the hiss, changed to a smile as he watched his partner's ball speed high and fast down the middle of the course.

"I couldn't find a fault with it," he declared.

For the first time during the afternoon, his own ball rose in a high arc and soared a hundred and fifty yards, straight and true.

Mr. Bullfinch turned around.

"You see what happens," he inquired, "when I do everything right?"

"Beautiful," said Mr. Peterson fervidly, "beautiful."

The eighteenth green lies wide and shaded on the top of a knoll before the porch of the Seekowkie Country Club. The deep traps to the right and left hide the average golfer as he seeks to lift his ball from the sand and out above the high overhang which guards the edges of the green. The sand is deep and the average pitch shot buries itself beyond the reach of anything but a mighty explosion shot.

All these things William Alexander Brodie remembered as his mashie shot hit the deep turf of the overhang and dropped back into the sand. Behind him he could hear Hubert J. K. Sparks snarling.

"What do you expect me to do now? Put one on the clubhouse porch?"

He could hear his client's mumbled: "Never up, never in, Brodie."

He strode forward, jaw clenched.

The others evaded the traps—Bullfinch with five on the green, Sparks with three, the president of Consolidated Tobacco with six. With both hands clenched tightly around his niblick Brodie waded into the sand and out of sight of the trio on the green.

Suddenly from above he heard the thin, reedy voice of Mr. Sparks' guest.

"I've got it!" it piped. "I knew your name was familiar, Bullfinch! But I couldn't place it. You are the president of this Wet Smack Company, aren't you? The one that makes these candy bars? I guess ——"

Came the familiar Bullfinch barytone, sonorous with modest pride:

"Sure I am. Exactly. Maybe I should know you too. Only I didn't catch your name, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"It's Brodie's shot!" screamed Hubert J. K. Sparks. "Fore!"

But S. Bullfinch, Esquire, was not to be balked. The tall, gaunt man was eying him queerly.

"Brodie can wait," he announced calmly. "All afternoon I have been trying to get this gentleman's name and always it is somebody's something or other. Now if you please ——"

Hardly realizing what he did, William Alexander Brodie reached down and plucked his ball from the clinging sand. High above him the bright orange sweater of his highly valued customer presented a broad expanse of vivid orange. Without stopping to think or reason, he hurled the ball at the splash of color. All the pent-up emotion of the afternoon flowed into his arm. The orange sweater dropped with a sickening thud, Mr. Brodie dropped limply into the sand.

It was Hubert J. K. Sparks who saved the day. As his partner busied himself with the stricken Bullfinch he rushed to the edge of the green and shouted loudly down the vacant fairway:

"What the hell do you fellows mean by driving into us?"

They were nearly to the highly ornate menage of the Bullfinches, known as The Nest, before the president of the Wet Smack Corporation ceased to groan and rub his broad back against the leather of Mr. Brodie's little coupé.

"Who hit me?" he inquired weakly.

Mr. Brodie blushed, but answered truthfully, "A ball from behind."

Mr. Bullfinch nodded feebly.

"A dirty trick," he muttered. "The kind of a trick a golfer like Peterson would play if he was out there this afternoon."

WHOSE FINGER........BEFORE... DID YOUR DIAMOND ADORN?

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★

WHAT!

No more WORLDS!

• • • **"NO MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER,"** sighed Alexander the Great some 2300 years ago. His "era of expansion" was ended. He had been everywhere and annexed everything . . . with the trifling exception of ninety per cent of Europe, most of Asia, the bulk of Africa and two undiscovered American continents!

If you believe the pessimists, Business today is echoing Alexander's famous lament, with variations. No more expansion in sight! Nothing left but a dead level of cautious plodding!

But, before you join the doleful refrain, go into the laboratories, drafting rooms and market study departments of Industry. Find out whether today's captains think that progress has reached a stalemate. And you will quickly discover that the spirit of exploration is still alive.

These modern explorers . . . business leaders of tomorrow . . . have profitably used the last twelve months to study and survey, to investigate the creaks and rattles in their business machinery that couldn't be heard until the clamor of a bullish bedlam died down—to find new worlds to conquer!

And they have found them.

For instance:

Up in Massachusetts, a new kind of factory is being erected. No windows. Lighting, temperature and humidity automatically controlled—uniform working conditions winter and summer. A challenge to present-day construction . . . and new worlds for the building industry to conquer!

Meanwhile, a manufacturer in Milwaukee charts new worlds for steel in making *continuous* pipe to link industrial centers with gas wells hundreds of miles away.

Aluminum finds new uses in transmission line cable, street car construction and office furniture.

The photo-electric cell, a laboratory plaything yesterday, supports a growing industry today . . . and finds a whole new universe in fire protection apparatus, counting and sorting machines, smoke control, television and the talkies.

Retailing turns scientific, rearranges its tables and shelves, develops "pick-up" merchandise and cuts its cost while it makes new business for the package manufacturers.

And purveyors of food, sailing fresh seas, find still newer ways to preserve fruits and vegetables by fast freezing.

No new worlds? Look again! While modern Alexanders bewail the limits of their fate, the modern Magellans, Columbuses and Balboas of business lift their eyes to never ending horizons.

★

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 320,000 circulation

MERLE THORPE, Editor

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Skin specialists everywhere recommend VALET shaving . . .

PHYSICIANS and dermatologists everywhere agree that Valet shaving is easier on the face—that it prevents and relieves skin disorders caused by harsh, incorrect shaving.

Nine out of ten physicians in Chicago's famous Cook County Hospital (the world's largest) prefer Valet. Thirteen out of fourteen graduate dermatologists of the University of Louisville use the new Valet themselves and say that it helps to eliminate skin irritation and infection. The entire Dermatological Society of the University of Cincinnati expresses the same preference for Valet. The Dean of Dermatology at another great university—after months of testing different razors on dozens of patients—found the Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor "far superior" in materials, workmanship and shaving results.

These medical reports are written and signed. They are supported by growing numbers of dermatologists who actually prescribe Valet shaving for patients whose tender skins must be shaved as gently as a cool caress.

The Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor are made exclusively for each other—and make a perfect combination. The blade is triple-hardened, Valetite-processed steel, honed to a true razor edge and magnifying-mirror inspected to insure perfection. The razor always holds this super-keen blade at the friendliest shaving angle. You clean and *strop* the blade in split-second time—without removing it from the razor.

Keep your face young—your skin clear. Try the shaving method prescribed by physicians who know faces. Get your Valet blades today—and the razor if you haven't one.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

By *Edwin Lefèvre*

In which it is shown that there is nothing new under the sun—not even among the bears in Wall Street.

THE PROJECT

By *Lucy Stone Terrill*

A delightful romance that will please all who like to see the right man get the right girl.

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by Barrett Willoughby, Arthur T. Munyan, Brooke Hanlon, Charles F. Kettering, Sam Hellman, Octavus Roy Cohen, Philip Wylie, J. P. McEvoy and Mara Evans.

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She already has a vacuum cleaner? But you know, old cleaners often lose effectiveness through wear. Though they seem to run as well as ever, they make a woman's work harder instead of easier. A new Eureka will soon save its cost . . . through greater suction power which cleans so much more thoroughly and quickly, and through the new sanitizing, deodorizing and moth control features.

Let's give sensible gifts this Christmas . . . give the Better Way of cleaning, preferred and used by more than 2,500,000 women. The Eureka Man will gladly demonstrate in your home. Or, if you prefer to make the gift a surprise, that can easily be arranged. Just call the nearest dealer, listed in your classified telephone directory under the heading "Eureka".

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he *knows . . .*
likes . . .
trusts . . .
wears

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$1.95 to $3.50

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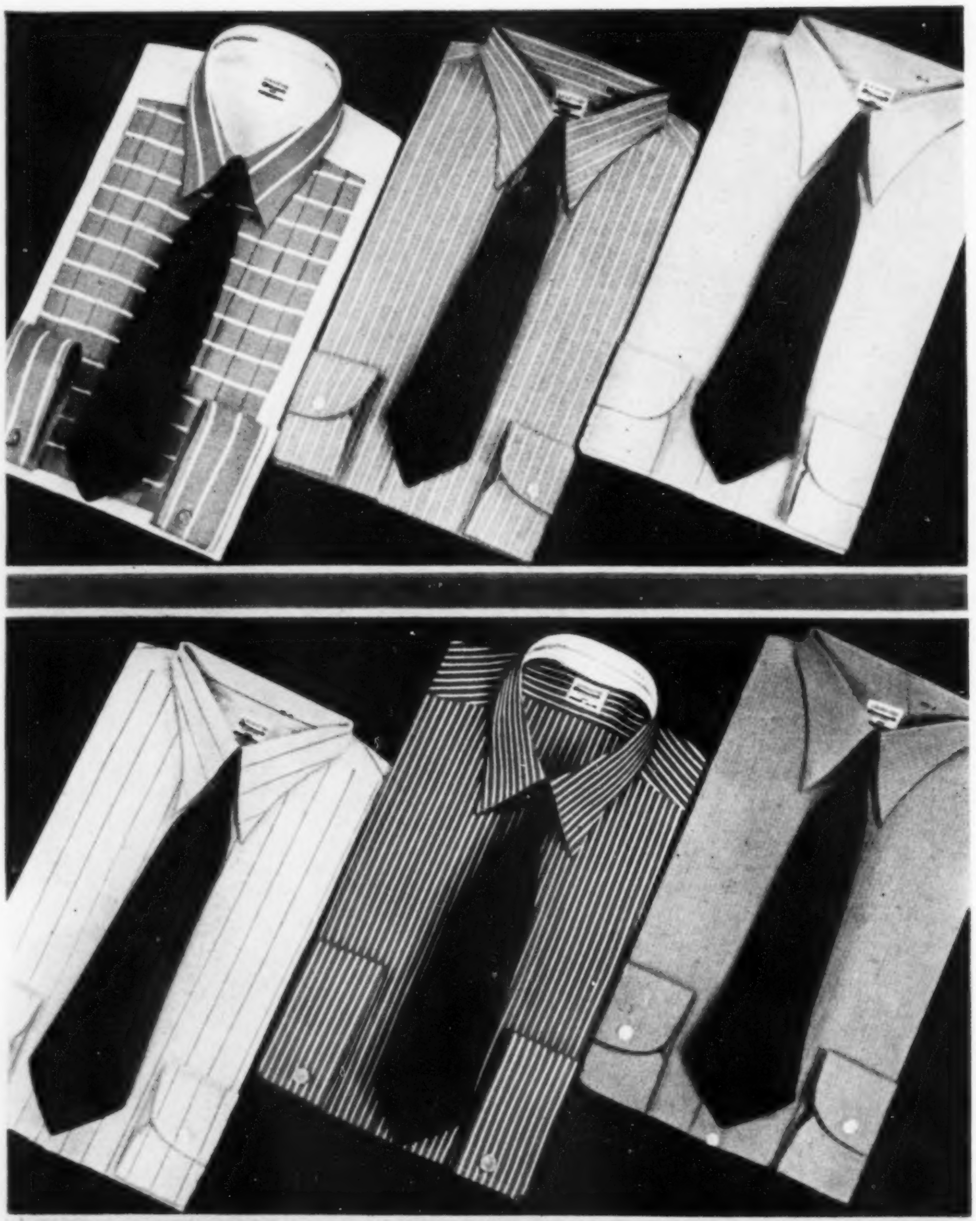

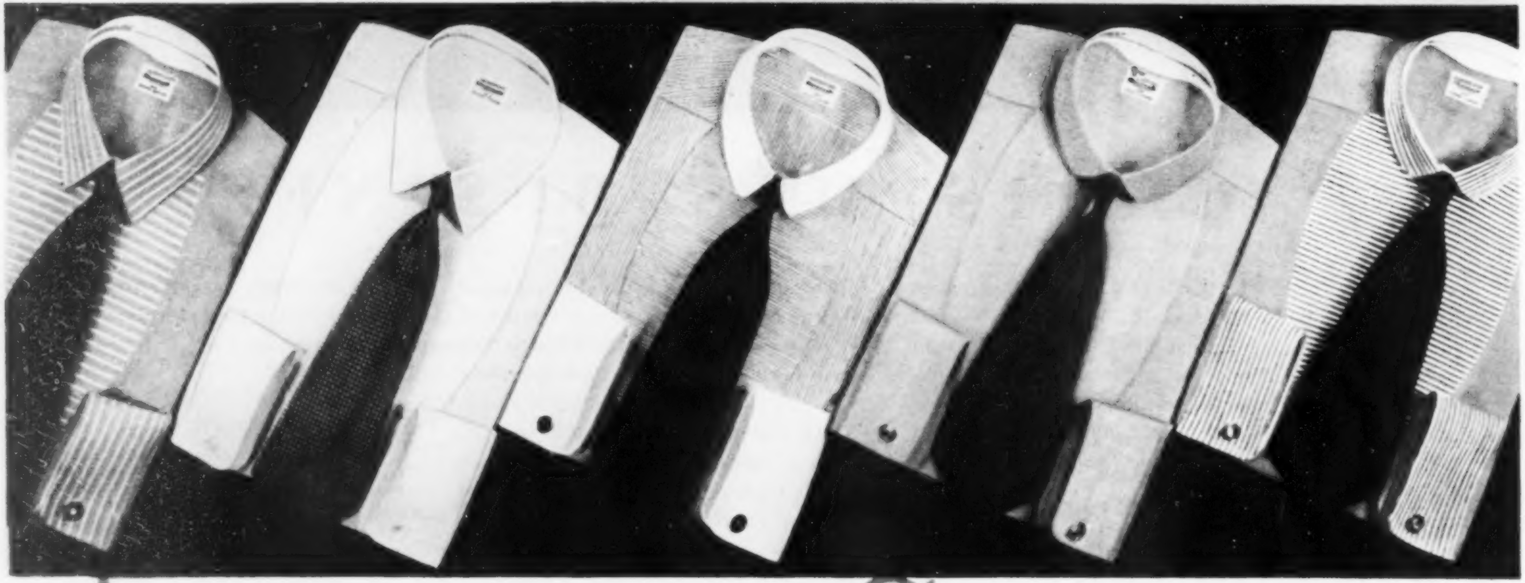

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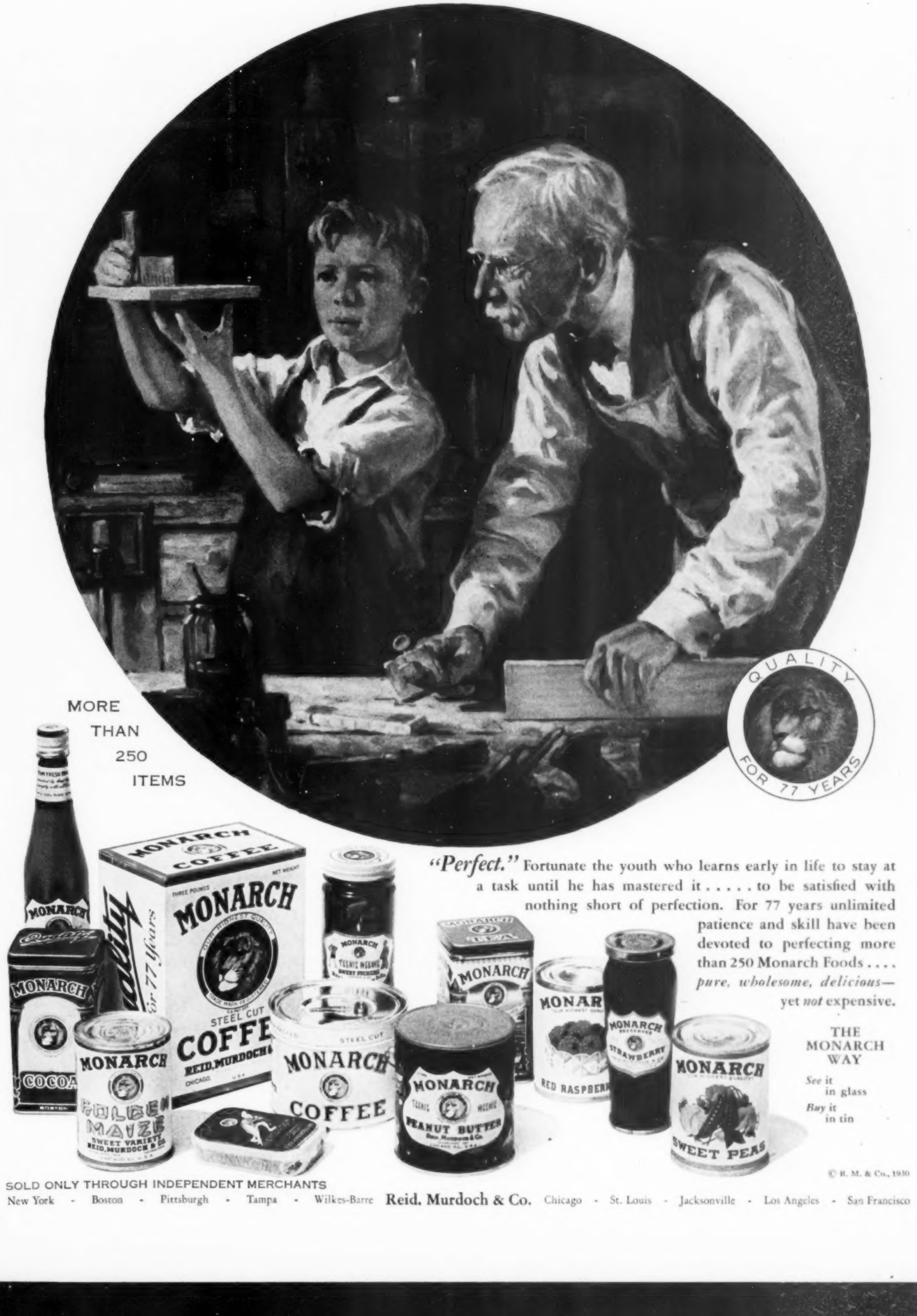
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in glass
Buy it
in tin

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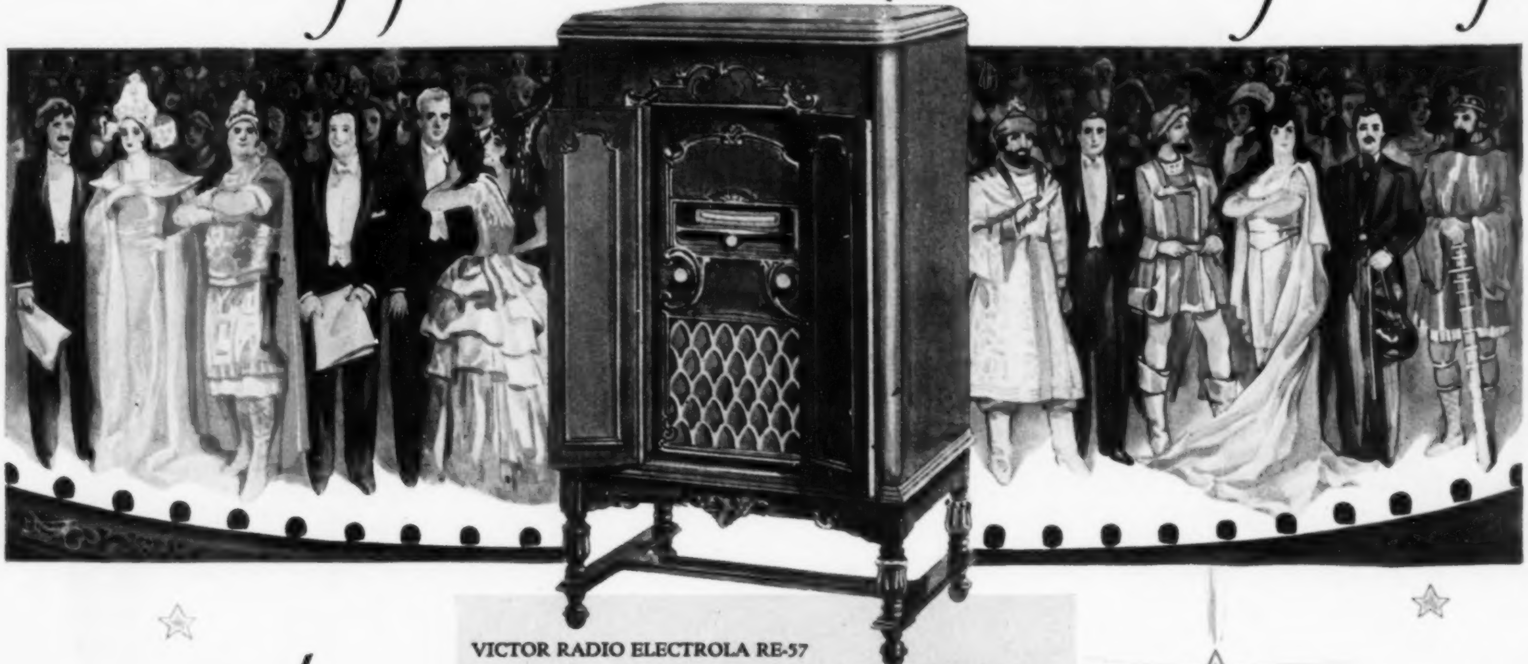


VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA RE-57

Combines Victor Micro-Synchronous, Screen-Grid, Five-Circuit Radio, the New Victor Electrola, and Victor Home Recording in one cabinet. Makes and plays records electrically in your own home—of your own voice or selections from radio. List price $285, less Radiotrons.

The NEW Victor Radio

For those you love...a joyous, generous gift...more lasting happiness than ever possible before...the NEW VICTOR RADIO reveals an added measure of radio enjoyment...of *new* musical beauty.

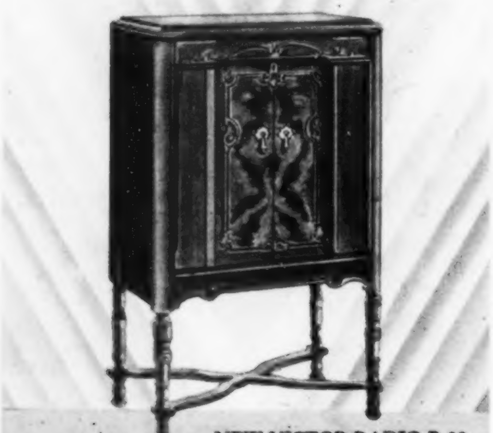
The great NEW VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA not only gives you *all* that radio can give, but also brings you unrivalled joy from the New VICTOR RECORDS...VICTOR TONE, and the music you want *when* you want it... And that is not all! This instrument creates the new sport of easily making your own records... living, speaking "vocal snapshots" of yourself, your children, your friends!

The compelling beauty of the new Victor cabinets is such that they have been called *"a totally new conception of radio designing."*

Why wait another day. *You* can easily afford the exquisite Victor model of your choice TODAY! Never before have such sensationally low prices been possible with supreme Victor quality and craftsmanship.

Only Victor's 30 years of musical leadership could bring you so much . . . at *any* price. The Victor name is your guarantee of dependability. By all means see and hear the NEW VICTOR RADIO.

1 *First five-circuit, micro-synchronous, screen-grid radio.*
2 *Home Recording*—Victor's latest development!
3 *Victor Acoustic Tone Control*—created by Victor.
4 *Victor Tone*—More beautiful than ever!
5 *New Beauty of Appearance*—most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.
6 *The New Improved Electrola*—plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.
7 *Micro-Synchronous Tuning*... is precision tuning. Slide indicator to the station number, there's your station.
8 *New Sensitivity*—Bringing you the station you want—*when* you want it.
9 *New Selectivity*—sharply separates the station you want from all others!



NEW VICTOR RADIO R-39

Identical in equipment and performance with R-35... In distinctive de luxe classical Italian cabinet of alluring beauty, 43¾" high, 27" wide and 16⅛" deep. List price $185, less Radiotrons.

The New Victor Radio

HOME RECORDING

Electrola

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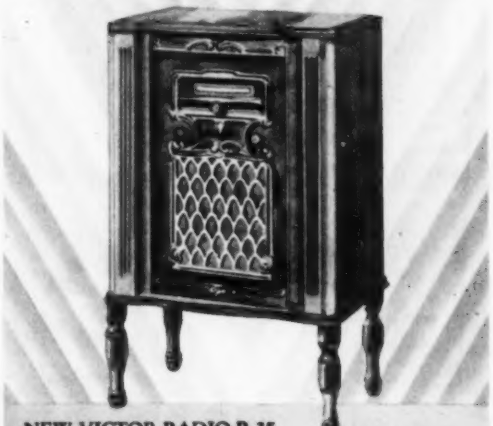

NEW VICTOR RADIO R-35

The great new micro-synchronous, screen-grid, 5-circuit radio... New sensitivity, selectivity and power... Matchless Victor Tone. Walnut finished cabinet. Victor quality throughout. List price $152.50, less Radiotrons.